



Dialogues of
Plato: Jowett

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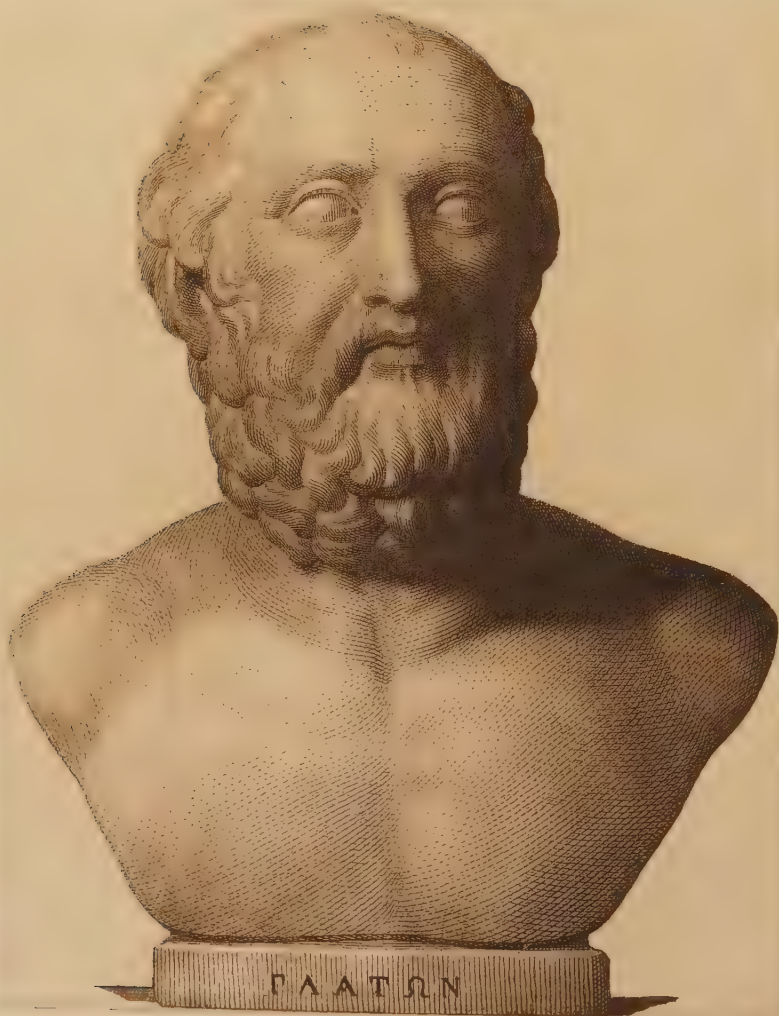
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PLATO.

Photogravure from a bust.

Dialogues of Plato

Translated by
Benjamin Jowett

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction
by Josiah Royce

Illustrated



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THE WORLD'S GREAT BOOKS



INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES

THOUGH the precept "Get the best" has become somewhat hackneyed, its wisdom remains as sound as when it was first uttered. It is peculiarly applicable to books; because it costs as much money to buy the most trashy as the most profitable, and, what is vastly more important, as much precious time to read them. It is true that many books which cannot be classed among the best are still worth reading, and worth owning, temporarily, at least. But every book-lover knows there are a few of such superlative excellence and permanent value that he wants them, in fine editions, for perpetual friends. "A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

To own a good book, after reading it once, is to be able to give it many more readings, even without opening the covers. The volume that you get from the public library, read, and return, is a lost companion. You may remember it, like any other absent friend; but the more vivid your memory the keener the sense of absence, and the recollection itself will inevitably become imperfect and grow dim with time. But when you sit in your own home and look up occasionally at those books that you have read and loved, the very labels on their backs, and the familiar bindings, remind you of the contents. Perhaps you are confined to the house for a day or two by illness. Your eye wanders to the book-shelves and catches the words "Essays of Elia," and at once you remember that delicately shrewd treatise on "The Convalescent."

And then, without leaving the lounge, you seem to saunter through the rest of the volume. You recall the quaint "Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," and almost see one emerge from the fireplace, and the character of Mrs. Battle, and the philosophy of "Distant Correspondents," and the humor of the "Dissertation on Roast Pig"; and you remember just how the words looked in the print, and at what point on the page you laughed most heartily; and then perhaps you begin to fancy yourself one of his ethereal "Dream Children," and so you fall asleep. Or your eye may happen to light on a volume of Ruskin, and presently you find yourself wandering through the woods of your native town, looking still with a boy's interest, but now also with a man's knowledge, at the strength of the old pine, and the forms of the clouds as they sail across the openings in the tree-tops, and the slope of the mountain, and the shadow of the fern. Or, mayhap, your life has been running persistently in commonplace and wearisome channels, when you glance at your mute but eloquent friends on the shelf, and your eye catches a volume of Hawthorne's miniature romances, and you think of David Swan and the wonderful possibilities that floated over him and almost alighted upon him while he slumbered by the roadside; or the exquisite story of "The Birthmark" returns to your memory and rebukes you for your lack of patience at life's imperfections. Or you have been striving ardently after riches, and justifying yourself to your conscience by imagining the vast good that you will do with them, when you happen to see your familiar copy of Dickens's last great novel, and in a twinkling, without opening the book, you read again the moral running through its whole structure—that neither riches nor poverty can change a character; that prosperity, in whatever degree, will only expand natural goodness and intensify natural meanness. Or your look may run along the shelf of the best beloved, and with the quickness of thought take review lessons in human sympathy from the Opium-Eater, in the breeziness of boyhood from Hughes, in the pathos of brute life from Rab and the Dog of Flanders, in the hollowness of high pretension from Cervantes, in the heroism of humble life from Kingsley, in the value of concentrated thought from Emerson, in the patience of hope

from Brontë, in the sublimity of fate from Shakespeare. Lastly, perhaps, you come to Byron, with his mighty rushing inspiration, which never falters, because it is forever sure of itself; and while stanza after stanza marches through your memory, you realize that you have in the author himself a vivid illustration of his "Eternal spirit of the chainless mind."

The Parthenon is a ruin; the most impressive statue in the world is an armless enigma; the Pyramids have lost their significance; a blockhead destroyed the Temple at Ephesus; the Tower of Babel has yet to be discovered; and Columbus's landfall is disputed. But Job and Solomon and Isaiah still speak as they spoke four thousand years ago; Herodotus defies the wear of time and outlives the slanders of his critics; Scott appears to be indifferent to changes of literary fashion; and the flood of matter that has poured from the press for nearly two centuries has not yet been able to submerge Crusoe's island. Irving, in his charming essay on "The Mutability of Literature," hard'y does justice to the masters of prose when he leads up to the conclusion that poetry alone has a chance of immortality.

A book that is once your friend is your friend forever; its character never changes, its fidelity never fails. If in the course of time you find yourself weary of it, or at odds with it, you may be certain that it is you who have changed—perhaps to higher wisdom, perhaps to a lower plane of naturalness and simplicity; and by the changes thus indicated you may often mark the progress of your intellectual growth or decay. The borrowing of good books is reprehensible; the hiring of them from a public library is unsatisfactory; the owning of them is a never-failing delight.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

FAMOUS AND UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT AND
BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

A series of fac-similes, showing the development of manuscript and
book illustrating during 4000 years.

THE FOOL.

After a miniature from a manuscript of the XVth Century in the
Library of the Arsenal at Paris.



PLATO, AND HIS MEANING FOR EURO- PEAN THOUGHT

SOCRATES was born in 469 B.C. Aristotle died in the year 322. Within the period of nearly one hundred and fifty years defined by these two dates, falls the most remarkable movement in the history of European philosophy, and one of the most remarkable in all the annals of the human spirit. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle are the heroes of this movement; and it is difficult to name three individual minds to whom the intellectual progress of mankind owes a larger debt than to these thinkers. In the case of all three men this debt is even more decidedly an indirect obligation than it is a direct one, since they influenced, and still influence, the lives and thoughts of countless persons who hardly know about them more than their names. Yet their direct influence, also, upon later thought, extends far beyond the limits of pure philosophy, and can be traced in the history of religion, of politics, and of general science. A word must here suffice to indicate the nature and extent of the obligations in question.

Viewed as to their indirect influence, our three philosophers have profoundly affected a considerable portion of our more thoughtful speech, so that their terms often appear in our daily vocabulary. Moreover, their general views of life are felt as a part of the common spirit of civilization. Their methods of inquiry have moulded, in a measure, the ordinary processes of discussion, of argument, and of exposition. Our popular conceptions of God, of the natural world, of immortality, of virtue, and of wisdom, show, in manifold fashions, traces of their teachings and of their spirit. As to their more direct influence, which has come to us through those who have actually studied the literature of antiquity, we may see their

thoughts crystallized in an important portion of the technical theology of the Christian faith, their methods of work embodied in certain of the most fruitful canons of scientific investigation, their ideas inspiring some even of the freest and least traditional of modern critical intellects, their ideals effective, in a measure, in not a few political and social undertakings of comparatively recent times, and their inspiration a prominent factor in many significant literary movements. And thus, despite the very genuine originality and significance of the best of our purely modern ideas, and ideals, despite that vast transformation of our conception of scientific method and of the natural universe which the past few centuries have brought to pass, we have not yet reached a point in human progress where it is hard to trace, even amidst all our wealth of spiritual possessions, the influence of our heritage from these three minds. The Socratic method in thinking, the Platonic conception of the world of ideal truth, the Aristotelian creation of a scientific vocabulary, and of an organized, if provisional, scheme of the visible cosmos,—these remain, amidst all changes, real and obvious influences in our modern world, despite the inadequacies and errors by which these gifts, in their original form, were marred.

A reader who makes his first acquaintance with Plato through translations, and through selections, must approach this author with some such sense of our common debt to him, and to his age, as the foregoing words are meant to arouse. For otherwise one fails to take the right attitude toward the author. When you read a modern writer, on topics of theory or of opinion, you read to learn from him, in some direct way, how to deal with the problems of your own day. But when you begin to read Plato, you may fail to observe your true relation to his interests. You will indeed soon feel, if you read rightly, that many of his problems are yours, and that some of his inquiries may directly help you. But you will also find that much of his thought has a remote and archaic seeming, and that you can neither agree nor disagree with him as you might with a man of to-day. Your agreement must always be accompanied by qualifications and provisos; your disagreement must be joined with an admission that perhaps, after all, you fail to comprehend what he wishes to say;

and often you will be disposed neither to agree nor to disagree, but merely to wonder at his skill—and at his seemingly far-off world. In view of these difficulties, your best way is, of course, to come to him not in the controversial, but in the historical, spirit; and your best means of here attaining the true historical spirit is to try to find out what elements of your own thinking, as it goes on to-day, you owe to Plato,—upon what ideas that you learned in childhood, or that have inspired you in youth, his spirit has been breathed,—in brief, in what sense you are, and always have been, since you began to think, an intellectual or a moral child of Plato. Difficult as is the scholarly work of expounding the Platonic writings in their evolution, their meanings, and their relations, the task of thus pointing out to the modern reader what, in general terms, he, as child of the past, owes to Plato, is not hopelessly hard. To this end, and to this almost wholly, the few following words are devoted.

Of Plato as a man, but the most necessary facts can here be premised. The philosopher was born in 427 B.C., being thus not far from forty years the junior of Socrates, and about the same number of years the senior of Aristotle (who was born in 384). Plato was of an aristocratic Athenian family, and, despite the misfortunes brought upon Athens by the Peloponnesian war, his private fortune seems not to have been at any time very narrow. In the midst of this war, which ended in 404, Plato's early years were passed. In the time immediately after that war, when the Athenian power had fallen, and when the best material prosperity of Greece had passed away, Plato's study of philosophy, and his main doctrines, came to maturity. Under the personal influence of Socrates, his early thought was moulded. The master's death by the hemlock, in 399, deeply shocked the now ardent disciple, who thenceforth devoted his life to interpreting the lesson and the spirit of Socrates, to developing the philosophical germs that were latent in the Socratic method, and, in the end, to founding a school for philosophical instruction and inquiry. The vast undertakings involved in these ideals developed slowly. Immediately after the death of Socrates, Plato spent some time in the circle of Socratic philosophical students at Megara, and then went upon extended travels. In the course of these

he visited Egypt, Cyrene, and Sicily, studied mathematics and Pythagorean philosophy, and met with dangerous adventures. In the Sicilian visit, at the court of the tyrant Dionysius the Elder, he was sold as a slave, but was ransomed, and was finally enabled to return to his native city. Here, shortly after 387, he began, in the gymnasium called the Academy, his instruction of members of a voluntary philosophical association, which later was more and more organized into a school of philosophy. This institution, named after its meeting-place, was destined to be associated for generations with the tradition of the Platonic doctrine. Beginning thus his work as public teacher at about forty years of age, Plato continued his voluntary calling until his death in 347. His career was interrupted only by two further visits to Sicily, brought about by his efforts, after the death of Dionysius the Elder, to influence Dionysius the Younger to govern in the spirit of Plato's philosophy. Both visits proved fruitless, and Plato's long-cherished hopes of practical efficacy as a social reformer were never fulfilled in his lifetime. For he could not even dream that his ideas were in a measure to inspire in a far-off age the moral and social enterprises of Christianity.

The writings of Plato are in the form of dialogues. Certainly genuine among the thirty-five dialogues which tradition attributes to the philosopher are, above all, the works entitled, "Protagoras," "Phædrus," "Gorgias," "Theætetus," "Phædo," "The Republic," "The Symposium," and "Timæus." These are the ones that Zeller, the noted historian of Greek philosophy, arranges first in certainty in his list of the genuine dialogues. Several others, as "The Apology of Socrates," "Crito," "Lysis," "Charmides," "The Sophist," "Philebus," "The Politicus," "Parmenides," "Cratylus," "Critias," "Meno," "Euthydemus," and "The Laws," despite doubts which, for very various reasons, have occasionally been urged against one or another of them, are also to be regarded as genuine. Of the remainder, some are doubtful, and a few are almost certainly not genuine works of Plato at all. Of great importance for the understanding of our author's development, and of his whole doctrine, would be a positive assurance as to the order in which the various dialogues were produced, and as to the date of each. But here very great

uncertainty exists. The "Apology," "Crito," and "Charmides" belong to the early Socratic period in our thinker's development; the two well-known dialogues, "Protagoras" and "Gorgias," are also comparatively early works; the dialogue entitled "Phædrus" is often regarded as belonging to the date when Plato began his instruction at the academy; the "Republic" is now very frequently viewed as composed of two or three different parts, written at different periods of the philosopher's maturer life; the "Phædo" is also one of the author's maturer works; "The Laws" must be regarded as the product of his old age. Beyond these general assertions, a very great variety of opinion exists amongst scholars; and even these matters themselves are of unequal certainty.

Turning from these more external considerations to Plato's philosophy itself, every one knows that Plato's central doctrine was the famous theory of "Ideas." In speaking of this theory, we must be content with a mere indication of its spirit. Yet even this spirit can be understood only by means of some notion of the nature and result of the previous philosophy of Greece.

The early Greek philosophers, before Socrates, had begun by an effort to understand outer nature. The substance of which the world was made, the process whereby heaven and earth, the heavenly bodies, land and water and living beings, had come into existence, — these formed the topics of a type of speculation that began among the Ionian Greeks not far from 600 B.C., and that continued throughout the whole period before Socrates. These early thinkers were bold and ingenious; they wove together their fragments of knowledge with marvellous skill; they began, however rudely, the labors that have at last culminated in modern science. Their crudity is obvious to us now; but none the less we wonder at their often prophetic depth of insight. One thing they did indeed ere long certainly discover, namely, that the right way of comprehending nature could only be won, if at all, through a very careful study of the methods of sound thinking. They became, as they disputed, constantly keener critics of one another, of the popular mind, and of the nature of the human reason. For reason was their instrument, which they used at first with childish and unconscious naïveté, but which

they came to know as their instrument in the very process of employing it. They went forth to conquer outer nature; but what, for the time, they most fully won, was a certain skill in logic. They sought to comprehend the outer universe. What they really discovered was the inner world, — the world of the rational conduct of inquiries, the realm of clear thinking.

This was the most important result of that early and hasty attempt to take nature by storm. The actual and serious failure of the early physical speculations to reach a satisfactory agreement with one another, and with the nature of things, was, so to speak, the Bull Run of the warfare of European science. Thenceforth men came nearer to knowing that thinking was a serious and problematic business, and that the philosophical kingdom of heaven, if in one sense open even to the little children, is still, in the end, to be taken only by a patient sort of long-continued violence. Thus opened the era of a thought that was no longer naïve, but that was, literally speaking, sophisticated. For the Sophists, the popular teachers of wisdom, whose age follows that of the earlier physicists, were the conscious representatives of a universal and skeptical criticism of all tradition, of all current science, and especially of all the known methods of human thinking. In the disorganization that temporarily followed thought's first great defeat, the Sophists thus appear as the assailants of every more profound assurance. In their eyes, all is mere opinion. They represent the intellectual skill, the conscious cultivation, and the destructive tendencies, of an age of doubt. But thereby they only made surer the approach of an age of the profoundest speculative thinking, which was to profit by the early failures of thought, and by the reflective skill now won.

The negative tendencies of the Sophists awakened the earnest mind of Socrates to a close and careful consideration of the right way of investigation. Socrates was a representative of a very important intellectual type, the type of the essentially reverent, the sincerely pious rationalist. Rationalist he was, because he would never say that he knew unless he saw clearly and had acutely observed every step of the way to conviction. Rationalist he was, moreover, because, like the Sophists, and even more than they, he had become

conscious of the existence, of the nature, and of the paradoxes, of the reasoning process. His favorite questions were those of morals, and not of physics; of man, and not of the outer world. But the central problem of philosophy was for him, whatever special questions he studied, a problem of method. In constant intercourse with his fellow men, he labored to bring to light thought itself, and all its most secret doings. He carried on these tasks by constant dialogues, that is, by the aid of an endless contrasting of ideas with ideas, of one mind with another, of opinion with opinion. His work as a public teacher was altogether confined to such actual conversations with his fellows. He wrote nothing, and had no system to teach. He lived in his art, and his art was to become conscious of what he meant, and of why he meant it, and to help others, especially plastic youth, to become conscious of what was in their own meanings also. In all these ways Socrates showed himself the ideal rationalist, was feared by the conservative minds of his day as such, and died a martyr to the cause of clear thinking and of enlightened humanity. But Socrates was also more than a rationalist. He was a lover not merely of the process of reasoning, but of that whole human nature which reasoning was to ennoble. Hence his aim was never destruction, but what he called the midwifery of souls,—of souls that were, by the reasoner's art, to be delivered of the truth that was in them, to be brought to delight in their own thought's offspring, to be lifted to a higher organization and self-control by means of the moral insight into life which right method might give them. Hence Socrates conceived the thinker's mission as the service of a divine order. He had faith that Wisdom would be justified of her children. His spirit was one of the sincerest piety. His love of clearness was essentially reverent. His service of keenly critical method was based upon a wholesome and vital confidence in life and in the reasonableness of things. Hence his vast influence upon his countrymen and upon posterity.

Plato followed Socrates. No less humane in his purpose than was his master, he was essentially the more constructive spirit of the two. His was a nobly aristocratic nature, with a large sense for the architectural unity of thought and of

things, with a passionate love of ideals, with a profound contempt for vulgarity, with the sensitiveness of an artist, with the eloquence of a poet, with an originality of intellect such as with difficulty can find its equal. Plato, thus endowed, learned the lesson of Socrates, applied it to nearly the whole range of known philosophical problems, reviewed, in a measure, the most characteristic issues of the earlier philosophers, and thereupon undertook afresh the whole task of philosophy. But the world upon which Plato now looked was remote enough from the world of the earlier physical philosophers.

The former thinkers had been, until the very age of the doubting Sophists, one and all materialists. Whatever else they had discovered or doubted, they had all proceeded upon the assumption that the world to be investigated is the well-known world yonder in space, the corporeal world. To this corporeal world, soul as well as body, meanings as well as facts, the divine as well as the natural order, alike belonged. If an earlier philosopher tells you that soul pervades all things, you must not suppose him on that account to be an idealist. What he means is simply that the same fine warm stuff of which the vital principle of your body seems to him to be made, is, in his opinion, to be found anywhere and everywhere in nature. If, again, he tells you that Intelligence orders all things, you find, if you look closer, that he means by Intelligence merely that peculiarly ethereal and orderly matter of which the regularly moving and permanent heavens above you appear to be constituted. This stuff, he declares, is the principal and ruling type of matter in the natural world. Thus, in the earlier philosophers, all is corporeal. When they talk of Being, or of some such seemingly pure abstraction, they really mean simply body, and such body as you daily see or touch.

But in Plato's time the Sophists had already come to doubt the power of the human mind to know justly any corporeal world at all; and Socrates, "calling philosophy down from heaven to earth," had devoted himself to a study of certain invisible and incorporeal facts called "Virtue," "the Good," "Wisdom," and the other ideal objects to which he directed the eager discussions of his disciples. Moreover, in considering the right methods of thinking, Socrates had attracted

renewed attention to the human reason itself, which, when studied in the light of his spirit, came to appear as something very real but by no means corporeal. The center of gravity of the world, for the philosopher, was thus shifted. Plato has the honor of first fully realizing the change. To his mind, philosophy is the art of discovering, and of conquering, an essentially incorporeal world. This is the realm of the Platonic Ideas. This, to our philosopher's mind, is the world of Truth. The physical world is the world of seeming, whose only reality comes from the hints that it gives of the realm of pure truth beyond it.

It is easy to misunderstand the meaning of Plato's Ideas, because his language in speaking of them is often open to extremely obvious and sometimes trivial objections. But, passing for the moment such objections, one comes nearest to a preliminary sense of Plato's thought if one views his world of Ideas in three senses: (1) as a world of Values, or of Meanings; (2) as a world of Truths; (3) as a world of Ideals, or of Models, after which lesser grades of being are fashioned. In all three senses the Platonic Ideas are, on occasion, expounded by their author. In all three senses they are represented in later doctrines, and in all three capacities they determine what may be called the Platonic tradition in the history of thought. A word as to each sense will help to make it familiar.

We all speak of facts, and we also speak of the value of facts. The artist's paint is a fact. The pictures that he makes when he spreads the paint upon canvas embody artistic values. The paint you can touch. It is corporeal. The artistic value of the picture is incorporeal. You may indeed object that this value of the picture seems to exist only in the mind of any appreciative observer. But no — Plato would point out in reply — the value is viewed by the appreciative observer himself as something independent of himself, as something that he *ought* to recognize, whether he chances to feel it at any one moment or not, as a value existent for anybody, — in brief, as a sort of independent reality. The value of the artist's work, if viewed as an independent reality, which any observer ought to recognize, and which is independent of anybody's whim or present feeling, is an incorporeal reality

of the type which Plato ascribed to his Ideas. As a fact, in this special case, Plato would say that the picture, as an object of sense, is beautiful only because it "reminds" the soul of "Beauty in itself," or of the "Idea of the Beautiful," — a fact not to be found in the physical picture alone, nor in the observer alone, and so a fact to be referred to an incorporeal world of ideals.

"Values" and "meanings" are words whereby we often name characters that seem to us to belong to facts, but that cannot easily be identified with the mere facts themselves. In moral and æsthetic doctrines we have names for such values and meanings. The just, the worthy, the good, the fair, the genuine, are examples of such names. Many later psychological theories have tried to show why we come to view these names as standing for realities external to the individual observer, and at the same time as different from the physical facts to which the values seem to belong. This is not the place to study such psychological theories, or to defend Plato against them, or to surrender Plato's conception to theirs. It is enough to say, by way of mere exposition, that Plato found in the world of reality values which seemed to him real, and in fact more real than those literal or visible facts to which value is usually attributed. In consequence, he refused, on the other hand, to regard these values as mere states of feeling or of estimate in this or in that man's mind. And therefore, in the ethical spirit that determines all his philosophy, he declared the values to be permanent and incorporeal verities, known to us as something that we ought to recognize, and that we must regard as objectively real. The world of values is thus, already, for the philosopher a world of ideas, in his sense of that term.

It is already plain to any reader of ethical, of poetical, or of religious literature, that this disposition to recognize values as having a being outside of your private mind or of mine, and equally independent of this or of that physical fact, is very widespread and influential. Orators and poets presuppose this disposition whenever they talk of authoritative laws, of inspiring moral ideals, of the realm of the beautiful, and of the higher unseen world in general. What interests us here is, that all more recent doctrines of this type

are directly or indirectly the outcome of the influence of Plato; and that whenever the reader speaks, as he will often speak, in terms of notions of this kind, he is voicing afresh the spirit of the Platonic philosophy.

To turn to the second sense of the Platonic Ideas. Physical facts are said to *exist*, but truths are said to be *valid*. What is valid is, as truth, independent of you or of me. It is, just like a value, something that you and I ought to recognize. It is there, in reality, whether we admit it or not. But validity is no corporeal fact. What makes a true proposition valid is not identical with any fact that we see or touch. Plato's theory explains validity by regarding the world of ideas as the source, the cause, the dwelling-place, of eternal truth, or of what makes true assertions valid. Here, again, many later theories have been put forth to explain otherwise the facts about validity. But such explanations concern us not now. And to any reader of discourses and questions concerning truth as truth, it is plain that there exists, and has long existed, a strong tendency to speak of truth as something distinct from physical fact, as independent of such fact, as incorporeal, as independent also of you or of me, and so as real in a sense in which nothing transient is real. The reader himself often speaks thus, and views truth thus, — whether justly or unjustly concerns us not now. Enough, the tradition that thus speaks of the realm of truth as an incorporeal and eternal reality, outside of your mind and of mine, is the tradition of the Platonic philosophy. And wherever, in literature or in the creeds, in faith or in teaching, men speak thus of truth, they are speaking of it as Plato spoke of the world of ideas.

But, finally, the realm of values and the realm of truth are often viewed as realms of ideal Models, according to which our lives and thoughts ought to be moulded. So to speak of values and of truth is to speak of them as objects whose very interest lies in the consideration that, while our present life, as it is in mere fact, does not fully realize them, they are the goal of our more ideal activities, the aim of existence. Our ideal or goal is not any corporeal fact, or any one state of feeling as such. If, however, one regards an aim, a goal, a model, a guiding ideal, as a reality, independent of you or

of me, but incorporeal, higher than merely existing present fact, but not on that account lacking in genuineness, he views this reality in a fashion to which Plato's doctrine of ideas gave an early expression. Whenever the reader thus speaks of ideals, he makes use of the Platonic tradition in philosophy. Moreover, the reader will remember how similar conceptions have been popularly, and, at times, technically, used as means of explaining natural, especially biological, processes; namely, whenever these processes have been conceived as nature's efforts to "realize" her "types." A "type," viewed as something that never is quite realized, but that nature tries to realize, that is not a corporeal fact, but that is equally not in your mind nor in mine, nor in any observer's mind,—such a type, as nature's ideal model, is conceived in the way in which Plato conceived his ideas.

In these three ways, the characters of the ideas of Plato, and senses in which they still influence men's thoughts and expressions, have now been brought out. To sum up and to develop a little the whole theory: Plato held that the world we see and touch is not the genuinely real world, but is the hint, or imitation, or shadow, of a world of ideas. These ideas are to be discovered by reason, not seen with our bodily eyes. Yet, on the other hand, they are not merely our inner or private ideas, but external and objective truths,—eternal, independent of sense, of anybody's mind, and of time. They form an incorporeal world, eternal, separate from the physical world, and complete in itself. If you ask what in particular the ideas are, Plato replies that they correspond to your own universal conceptions, to what you define when you think the meaning of a term, to what you grasp intellectually when you inwardly observe the true nature of any general object of your thought. Whenever you form any general concept, your thought corresponds to a Platonic idea. So viewed, the ideas appear as numerous, in fact as correspondent in multitude to your actual and possible universal conceptions. Yet the ideas are not a mere multitude. They form an organized realm of truth, whose laws and inter-relationships Plato made various profound and critical efforts to study and to exhibit, not wholly consistent, and never finished. But his theory of this hierarchy of the ideas seems never to have

assumed a final shape in his own mind. Yet the ideas are to form such a hierarchy. The "Idea of the Good," the highest of the ideas, "the sun in the realm of truth," is to be conceived as the source of the others, and as the principle of the whole unity of this realm. And the realm of ideas itself is at once the world of values (for value is in things only in so far as things embody or imitate ideas); the realm of truth (for no mere fact has truth except in so far as it participates in eternal being); and the model, or ideal, or type, which temporal facts seek to imitate in their transiency, and which explains the order and significance of natural objects wherever these objects have any significance whatever. In man, the soul, especially by virtue of its rational part, is allied in nature to the ideas, and so, partaking of their eternity, is immortal. Ethical doctrine, wherein lies, after all, Plato's principal philosophical interest, depends upon the true apprehension of the nature of the ideas. To turn from the world of sense, to dwell in the unseen and the eternal, is man's highest good.

In speaking of these last considerations, mention has been made of two of the most important of Plato's contributions to the later history of opinion. The conception of individual immortality, in the form in which Christianity later adopted it, is very largely due to Plato, and, in fact, could hardly be recognized if its Platonic elements were taken away. The conception of virtue and of the good that Plato developed, upon the basis of the theory of ideas, forms a very important element of Christian ethics, and of every more ideal view of the practical problems of life. In brief, whoever conceives or loves an unseen world of truth, of beauty, and of goodness, and longs to participate therein, is, amongst us of European origin, a more or less conscious disciple of Plato.

With these considerations once clearly in mind, the reader may well turn to Plato himself for further guidance as to his thought.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

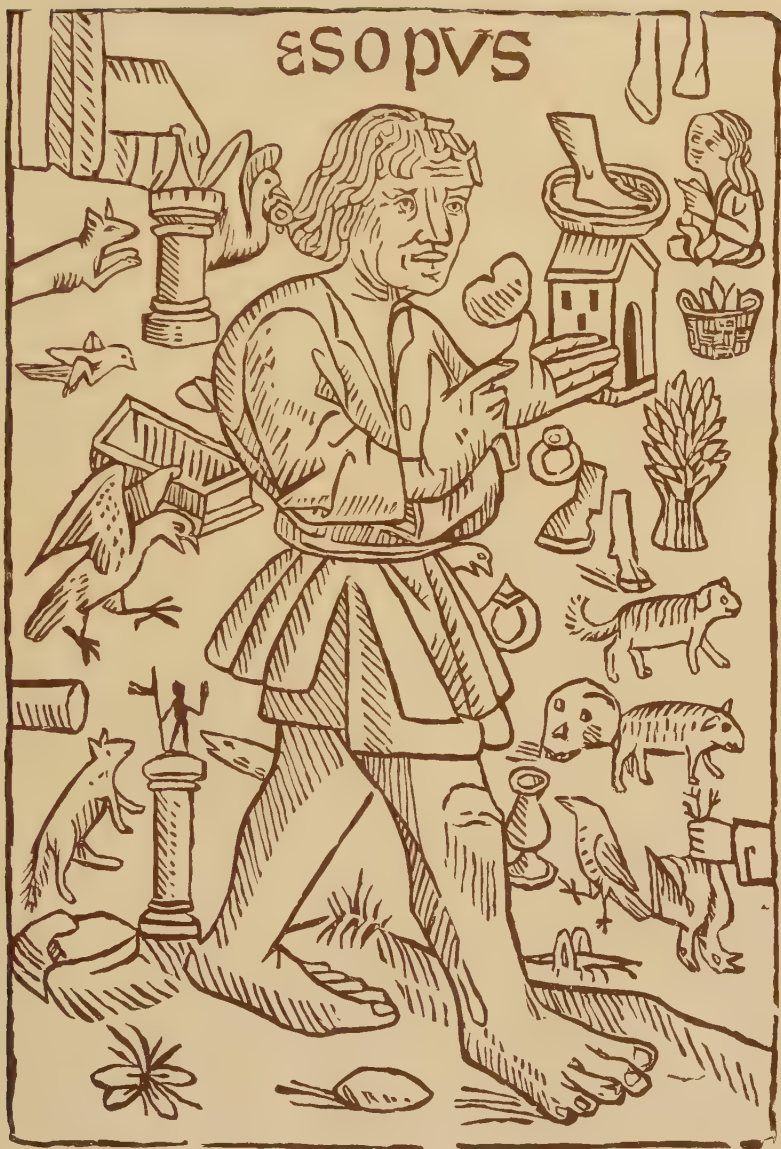
FAMOUS AND UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT AND BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

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book illustrating during 4000 years.

FRONTISPIECE OF CAXTON'S "ÆSOP."

Caxton, the father of English printing, was for many years of his life a professional writer of manuscripts, and after having spent thirty years of his manhood in Flanders as governor of the guild of merchant adventurers, we find him engaged as copyist in the service of Margaret of Burgandy, sister of King Edward IV. At an age when most men are thinking of retiring from active life, Caxton dropped the tedious work of a copyist, and brought into England the printing press and established a new industry, which he followed for fifteen years with diligence and industry. Not only was Caxton a printer and publisher but he was a man of letters as well; he translated many of the works of Virgil and other Latin writers, and fully 4,000 of the pages that came from his press were the products of his own scholarly taste and skill, among them a translation of the Fables of Æsop from which our plate is taken. He printed such historical works as were available, and one, an English history, he brought down to his own time. He was greatly favored in his work by the patronage of royalty, and one of the nobility supplied him with a partial support when the work of author, publisher and printer was more than he could follow at the same time with profit.

ÆSOPVS



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INTRODUCTION TO CHARMIDES

THE subject of the "Charmides" is Temperance or σωφροσύνη, a peculiarly Greek notion, which may also be rendered Moderation, Modesty, Discretion, Wisdom, without completely exhausting by all these terms the various associations of the word. It may be described as "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the harmony or due proportion of the higher and lower elements of human nature which "makes a man his own master," according to the definition of the "Republic." In the accompanying translation the word has been rendered in different places either Temperance or Wisdom, as the connection seemed to require: for in the philosophy of Plato σωφροσύνη still retains an intellectual element, and is not yet relegated to the sphere of moral virtue, as in the "Nicomachean Ethics" of Aristotle.

The beautiful youth, Charmides, who is also the most temperate of human beings, is asked by Socrates, "What is temperance?" He answers characteristically, (1) "Quietness." "But temperance is a fine and noble thing; and quietness in many or most cases is not so fine a thing as quickness." He tries again, and says (2) that temperance is modesty. But this again is set aside by a sophistical application of Homer: for temperance is good as well as noble, and Homer has declared that "modesty is not good for a needy man." (3) Once more Charmides makes the attempt. This time he gives a definition which he has heard, and of which he insinuates that Critias is the author: "Temperance is doing one's own business." But the artisan who makes another man's shoes may be temperate, and yet he is not doing his own business. How is this riddle to be explained?

Critias, who takes the place of Charmides, distinguishes in his answer between "making" and "doing," and with the help of a misapplied quotation from Hesiod assigns to the words "doing" and "work" an exclusively good sense: temperance is doing one's own business; (4) is doing good.

Still an element of knowledge is wanting which Critias is readily

induced to admit at the suggestion of Socrates ; and, in the spirit of Socrates and of Greek life generally, proposes as a fifth definition, (5) Temperance is self-knowledge. But all sciences have a subject : number is the subject of arithmetic, health of medicine ; what is the subject of temperance or wisdom ? The answer is that (6) Temperance is the knowledge of what a man knows and of what he does not know. But this is contrary to analogy ; there is no vision of vision, but only of visible things ; no love of loves, but only of beautiful things ; how then can there be a knowledge of knowledge ? That which is older, heavier, lighter, is older, heavier, and lighter than something else, not than itself, and this seems to be true of all relative notions — the object of relation is outside of them ; at any rate they can only have relation to themselves in the form of that object. Whether there are any such cases of reflex relation or not, and whether that sort of knowledge which we term Temperance is of this reflex nature, has yet to be determined by the great metaphysician. But even if knowledge can know itself, how does the knowledge of what we know imply the knowledge of what we do not know ? Besides this knowledge is an abstraction only, and will not inform us of any particular subject, such as medicine, building, and the like. It may tell us that we or other men know something, but can never tell what we know.

But admitting further that there is such a knowledge of what we know and do not know, which would supply a rule and measure of all things, still there would be no good in this. For temperance is a good, and the knowledge which temperance gives must be of a kind which will do us good. But this universal knowledge does not tend to our happiness or good : the only kind of knowledge which brings happiness is the knowledge of good and evil. To this Critias replies that the science or knowledge of good and evil, and all the other sciences, are regulated by the higher science or knowledge of knowledge. Socrates replies by again dividing the abstract from the concrete, and asks how this knowledge conduces to happiness in the same definite way that medicine conduces to health.

And now, after making all these concessions, which are really inadmissible, we are still as far as ever from ascertaining the nature of temperance, which Charmides has already discovered, and had therefore better rest in the knowledge that the more temperate he is the happier he will be, and not trouble himself with the speculations of Socrates.

In this Dialogue may be noted (1) The Greek ideal of beauty and

goodness, the vision of the fair soul in the fair body, realized in the beautiful Charmides; (2) The true conception of medicine as a science of the whole as well as the parts, and of the mind as well as the body, which is playfully intimated in the story of the Thracian; (3) The tendency of the age to verbal distinctions, which here, as in the "Protagoras" and "Cratylus," are ascribed to the ingenuity of Prodicus; also the interpretations or rather parodies of Homer and Hesiod which are eminently characteristic of Plato and of his age; (4) The germ of an ethical principle contained in the notion that temperance is "doing one's own business," which in the "Republic" (such is the shifting character of the Platonic philosophy) is given as the definition, not of temperance, but of justice; (5) The beginnings of logic and metaphysics implied in the two questions, whether there can be a science of science? and whether the knowledge of what you know is the same as the knowledge of what you do not know? also in the distinction between "what you know," and "that you know," *ἃ οἶδεν* and *ὅτι οἶδεν*; here arises the first conception of an absolute, self-determined science (the claims of which, however, are set aside by Socrates); as well as the first suggestion of the difficulty of the abstract and concrete, and one of the earliest anticipations of the relation of subject and object, and of the subjective element in knowledge; (6) The conception of a science of good and evil also first occurs here, and may be regarded as an anticipation of the "Philebus" and "Republic," as well as of moral philosophy in later ages.

The dramatic interest of the Dialogue chiefly centers in the youth Charmides, with whom Socrates talks in the kindly spirit of an elder. Some contrast appears to be intended between his youthful simplicity and ingenuousness and the dialectical and rhetorical arts of Critias, who is the grown-up man of the world, not without a tincture of philosophy. But neither in this nor in any other of the dialogues of Plato is that most hated of Athenians displayed in his true character. He is simply a cultivated person who, like his kinsman Plato, is ennobled by the connection of his family with Solon, and had been the follower, if not the disciple, both of Socrates and of the Sophists. In the argument he is not unfair, if allowance is made for a slight rhetorical tendency, and for some desire to save his reputation with the company: in some respects he is nearer the truth than Socrates. Nothing in his language or behavior is unbecoming the guardian of the beautiful Charmides. His love of reputation, which is characteristically Greek, contrasts with the utter absence of this quality and profession of ignorance on the part of Socrates.

The definitions of temperance proceed in regular order from the popular to the philosophical. The first two are simple enough and partially true, like the first thoughts of an intelligent youth ; the third, which is a real contribution to ethical philosophy, is perverted by the ingenuity of Socrates, and hardly rescued by an equal perversion on the part of Critias. The remaining definitions have a higher aim, which is to introduce the element of knowledge, and at last to unite good and truth in a single science. But the time has not yet arrived for the realization of this vision of metaphysical philosophy ; and such a science, when brought nearer to us in the "Philebus" and the "Republic," will not be called by the name of *σωφροσύνη*. Hence we see with surprise that Plato, who in his other writings identifies good and knowledge, here opposes them, and asks, almost in the spirit of Aristotle, how can there be a knowledge of knowledge, and even if attainable, how can such a knowledge be of any use ?

B. J.

CHARMIDES, OR TEMPERANCE



PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES, *who is the narrator*
CHÆREPHON

CHARMIDES
CRITIAS

SCENE:—The Palestra of Taureas, which is near the Porch of the King Archon

YESTERDAY evening I returned from the army ^{Stephen¹} at Potidæa, and having been a good while away, ¹⁵³ I thought that I would go and look at my old haunts. So I went into the palestra of Taureas, which is over against the temple adjoining the porch of the King Archon, and there I found a number of persons, most of whom I knew, but not all. My visit was unexpected, and no sooner did they see me entering than they saluted me from afar on all sides; and Chærephon, who is a kind of madman, started up and ran to me, seizing my hand, and saying, How did you escape, Socrates?—(I should explain that an engagement had taken place at Potidæa not long before we came away, the news of which had only just reached Athens.)

You see, I replied, that here I am.

There was a report, he said, that the engagement was very severe, and that many of our acquaintance had fallen.

That, I replied, was not far from the truth.

I suppose, he said, that you were present.

I was.

Then sit down and tell us the whole story, which as yet we have only heard imperfectly.

I took the place which he assigned to me, by the side of

¹ The paging of the Henry Stephen edition, used in all references to the text.

Critias the son of Callæschrus, and when I had saluted him and the rest of the company, I told them the news from the army, and answered their several inquiries.

Then, when there had been enough of this, I, in my turn, began to make inquiries about matters at home — about the present state of philosophy, and about the youth. I asked whether any of them were remarkable for beauty or sense, or
 154 both. Critias, glancing at the door, invited my attention to some youths who were coming in and talking noisily to one another, followed by a crowd. Of the beauties, Socrates, he said, I fancy that you will soon be able to form a judgment. For those who are just entering are the advanced guard of the great beauty of the day, and he is likely to be not far off himself.

Who is he, I said; and who is his father?

Charmides, he replied, is his name; he is my cousin, and the son of my uncle Glaucon: I rather think that you know him, although he was not grown up at the time of your departure.

Certainly, I know him, I said, for he was remarkable even then when he was still a child, and now I should imagine that he must be almost a young man.

You will see, he said, in a moment what progress he has made and what he is like. He had scarcely said the word, when Charmides entered.

Now you know, my friend, that I cannot measure anything, and of the beautiful, I am simply such a measure as a white line is of chalk; for almost all young persons are alike beautiful in my eyes. But at that moment, when I saw him coming in, I must admit that I was quite astonished at his beauty and stature; all the world seemed to be enamored of him; amazement and confusion reigned when he entered; and a troop of lovers followed him. That grown-up men like ourselves should have been affected in this way was not surprising, but I observed that there was the same feeling among the boys: all of them, down to the very least child, turned and looked at him as if he had been a statue.

Chærephon called me and said: What do you think of him, Socrates? Has he not a beautiful face?

That he has, indeed, I said.

But you would think nothing of his face, he replied, if you could see his naked form: he is absolutely perfect.

And to this they all agreed.

By Heracles, I said, there never was such a paragon, if he has only one other slight addition.

What is that? said Critias.

If he has a noble soul; and being of your house, Critias, he may be expected to have this.

He is as fair and good within, as he is without, replied Critias.

Shall we ask him then, I said, to show us, not his body, but his soul, naked and undisguised? he is just of an age at which he will like to talk.

That he will, said Critias, and I can tell you that he is a philosopher already, and also a considerable poet, not ¹⁵⁵ in his own opinion only, but in that of others.

That, my dear Critias, I replied, is a distinction which has long been in your family, and is inherited by you from Solon. But why don't you call him, and show him to us? for even if he were younger than he is, there could be no impropriety in his talking to us in the presence of you, who are his guardian and cousin.

Very well, he said, then I will call him; and turning to the attendant, he said, Call Charmides, and tell him that I want him to come and see a physician about the illness of which he spoke to me the day before yesterday. Then again addressing me, he added: He has been complaining lately of having a headache when he rises in the morning: now why should you not make believe to him that you know a cure for the headache?

There will be no difficulty about that, I said, if he comes.

He will be sure to come, he replied.

He came as he was bidden, and sat down between Critias and me. Great amusement was occasioned by every one pushing with might and main at his neighbor in order to make a place for him next to them, until at the two ends of the row one had to get up and the other was rolled over sideways. Now I, my friend, was beginning to feel awkward; my former bold belief in my powers of conversing with him had vanished. And when Critias told him that I was the person who had the cure, he looked at me in such an inde-

scribable manner, and was about to ask a question ; and then all the people in the palestra crowded about us, and, O rare ! I caught a sight of the inwards of his garment, and took the flame. Then I could no longer contain myself. I thought how well Cydias understood the nature of love, when, in speaking of a fair youth, he warns some one "not to bring the fawn in sight of the lion lest he devour him," for I felt that I had been overcome by a sort of wild beast appetite. But I controlled myself, and when he asked me if I knew the cure of the headache, I answered, but with an effort, that I did know.

And what is it ? he said.

I replied that it was a kind of leaf, which required to be accompanied by a charm, and if a person would repeat the charm at the same time that he used the cure, he would be made whole ; but that without the charm the leaf would be of no avail.

156 Then I will write out the charm from your dictation, he said.

With my good-will ? I said, or without my good-will ?

With your good-will, Socrates, he said, laughing.

Very good, I said ; and are you quite sure that you know my name ?

I ought to know you, he replied, for there is a great deal said about you among my companions ; and I remember when I was a child seeing you in company with my cousin Critias.

That is very good of you, I said, and will make me more at home with you in explaining the nature of the charm ; I was thinking that I might have a difficulty about this. For the charm will do more, Charmides, than only cure the headache. I dare say that you may have heard eminent physicians say to a person who comes to them with bad eyes, that they cannot cure his eyes by themselves, but that if his eyes are to be cured, his head must be treated ; and then again they say that to think of curing the head alone, and not the rest of the body also, is the height of folly. And arguing in this way, they apply their methods to the whole body, and try to treat and heal the whole and the part together. Did you ever observe that this is what they say ?

Yes, he said.

And they are right, and you would agree with them?

Yes, he said, certainly I should.

His approving answers reassured me, and I began by degrees to regain confidence, and the vital heat returned. Such, Charmides, I said, is the nature of the charm. Now I learnt it when serving with the army, of one of the physicians of the Thracian king, Zamolxis. He was one of those who are said to give immortality. This Thracian told me that the Greek physicians are quite right in these notions of theirs, which I was mentioning, as far as they go; but Zamolxis, he added, our king, who is also a god, says further, "that as you ought not to attempt to cure the eyes without the head, or the head without the eyes, so neither ought you to attempt to cure the body without the soul; and this," he said, "is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas, because they are ignorant of the whole, which ought to be studied also; for the part can never be well unless the whole is well." For all good and evil, whether in the body or in human nature, originates, as he declared, in the soul, and overflows from thence, as from the head into the eyes. And therefore, if the head and the body ¹⁵⁷ are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing. And the cure, my dear youth, has to be effected by the use of certain charms, and these charms are fair words; and by them temperance is implanted in the soul, and where temperance is, there health is speedily imparted, not only to the head, but to the whole body. And he who taught me the cure and the charm added a special direction: "Let no one," he said, "persuade you to cure the head, until he has first given you his soul to be cured by the charm. For this," he said, "is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body." And he added with emphasis, at the same time making me swear to his words, "Let no one, however rich, or noble, or fair, persuade you to give him the cure, without the charm." Now I have sworn, and I must keep my oath, and therefore if you will allow me to apply the Thracian charm first to your soul, as the stranger directed, I will afterwards proceed to apply the cure to your head. But if not, I do not know what I am to do with you, my dear Charmides.

Critias, when he heard this, said: The headache will be an unexpected benefit to my young relation, if the pain in his head compels him to improve his mind: and I can tell you, Socrates, that Charmides is not only preeminent in beauty among his equals, but also in that quality which is given by the charm; and this, as you say, is temperance, is it not?

Yes, I said.

Then let me tell you that he is the most temperate of human beings, and for his age inferior to none in any quality.

Yes, I said, Charmides; and indeed I think that you ought to excel others in all good qualities; for if I am not mistaken, there is no one present who could easily point out two Athenian houses, the alliance of which was likely to produce a better or nobler son than the two from which you are sprung. There is your father's house, which is descended from Critias the son of Dropidas, whose family has been commemorated in the panegyrical verses of Anacreon, Solon, and many other poets, as famous for beauty and virtue, and all other high fortune: and your mother's house is equally distinguished; for your maternal uncle, Pyrilampes, never met with his equal in Persia at the court of the great king, or on the whole continent in all the places to which he went as ambassador, for stature and beauty; that whole family is not a whit inferior to the other. Having such ancestors you ought to be first in all things, and as far as I can see, sweet son of Glaucon, your outward form is no dishonor to them. And if you have temperance as well as beauty, as Critias declares, then blessed art thou, dear Charmides, in being the son of thy mother. And this is the question: if this gift of temperance is already yours, as Critias declares, and you are temperate enough, in that case you have no need of any charms, whether of Zamolxis, or of Abaris the Hyperborean, and I may as well give you the cure of the head at once; but if you are wanting in these qualities, I must use the charm before I give you the medicine. Please, therefore, to inform me whether you admit the truth of what Critias has been saying about your gift of temperance, or are you wanting in this particular?

Charmides blushed, and the blush heightened his beauty,

for modesty is becoming in youth; he then said very ingeniously, that he really could not say at once, either yes, or no, in answer to the question which I had asked: For, said he, if I affirm that I am not temperate, that would be a strange thing to say of myself, and also I should have to give the lie to Critias, and many others, who think that I am temperate, as he tells you: but, on the other hand, if I say that I am, I shall have to praise myself, which would be ill manners; and therefore I have no answer to make to you.

I said to him: That is a natural reply, Charmides, and I think that you and I may as well inquire together whether you have this quality about which I am asking or not; and then you will not be compelled to say what you do not like; neither shall I be a rash practitioner of medicine: therefore, if you please, I will join with you in the inquiry, but I will not press you if you would rather not.

There is nothing which I should like better, he said; and as far as I am concerned you may proceed in the way which you think best.

I think, I said, that I had better begin by asking you, What is temperance? for you must have an opinion about this: if temperance abides in you, she must give some intimation of her nature and qualities, which may enable ¹⁵⁹ you to form some notion of her. Is not that true?

Yes, he said, that I think is true.

And as you speak Greek, I said, you can surely describe what this appears to be, which you have within you.

Certainly, he said.

In order, then, that I may form a conjecture whether you have temperance abiding in you or not, tell me, I said, what, in your opinion, is temperance?

At first he hesitated, and was very unwilling to answer: then he said that he thought temperance was doing things orderly and quietly, such things, for example, as walking in the streets, and talking, or anything else of that nature. In a word, he said, I should answer that, in my opinion, temperance is quietness.

Are you right, Charmides? I said. No doubt the opinion is held that the quiet are the temperate; but let us see whether they are right who say this; and first tell me

whether you would not acknowledge temperance to be of the class of the honorable and good?

Yes.

But which is best when you are at the writing-master's, to write the same letters quickly or quietly?

Quickly.

And to read quickly or slowly?

Quickly again.

And in playing the lyre, or wrestling, quickness or cleverness are far better than quietness and slowness?

Yes.

And the same holds in boxing and the pancratiun?

Certainly.

And in leaping and running, and bodily exercises generally, quickness and agility are good; slowness, and inactivity, and quietness, are bad?

That is evident.

Then, I said, in all bodily actions, not quietness, but the greatest agility and quickness, is noblest and best?

Yes, certainly.

And is temperance a good?

Yes.

Then, in reference to the body, not quietness, but quickness, will be the higher degree of temperance, if temperance is a good?

True, he said.

And which, I said, is better — facility in learning, or difficulty in learning?

Facility.

Yes, I said; and facility in learning is learning quickly, and difficulty in learning is learning quietly and slowly?

True.

And is it not better to teach one another quickly and energetically, rather than quietly and slowly?

Yes.

And to call to mind, and to remember, quickly and readily — that is also better than to remember quietly and slowly?

Yes.

160 And is not shrewdness a quickness or cleverness of the soul, and not a quietness?

True.

And is it not best to understand what is said, whether at the writing-master's or the music-master's, or anywhere else, not as quietly as possible, but as quickly as possible?

Yes.

And when the soul inquires, and in deliberations, not the quietest, as I imagine, and he who with difficulty deliberates and discovers, is thought worthy of praise, but he who does this most easily and quickly?

That is true, he said.

And in all that concerns either body or soul, swiftness and activity are clearly better than slowness and quietness?

That, he said, is the inference.

Then temperance is not quietness, nor is the temperate life quiet, upon this view; for the life which is temperate is supposed to be the good. And of two things, one is true,—either never, or very seldom, do the quiet actions in life appear to be better than the quick and energetic ones; or, granting ever so much that of the nobler sort of actions, there are as many quiet, as quick and vehement ones: still, even if we admit this, temperance will not be acting quietly any more than acting quickly and vehemently, either in walking, talking, or anything else; nor will the quiet life be more temperate than the unquiet, seeing that temperance is reckoned by us in the class of good and honorable, and the quick have been shown to be as good as the quiet.

I think, he said, Socrates, that you are right in saying that.

Then once more, Charmides, I said, fix your attention, and look within; consider the effect which temperance has upon yourself, and the nature of that which has the effect. Think over that, and, like a brave youth, tell me—what is temperance.

After a moment's pause, in which he made a real manly effort to think, he said: My opinion is, Socrates, that temperance makes a man ashamed or modest, and that temperance is the same as modesty.

Very good, I said; and did you not admit, just now, that temperance is honorable?

Yes, certainly, he said.

And the temperate are also good?

Yes.

And can that be good which does not make men good?

Certainly not.

And you would infer that temperance is not only honorable, but also good?

That is my opinion.

161 Well, I said; and surely you would agree with Homer when he says,

“Modesty is not good for a needy man?”

Yes, he said; I agree to that.

Then I suppose that modesty is and is not good?

That is plain.

But temperance, whose presence makes men only good, and not bad, is always good?

That appears to me to be as you say.

Then the inference is, that temperance cannot be modesty—if temperance is a good, and if modesty is as much an evil as a good?

All that, Socrates, appears to me to be true; but I should like to know what you think about another definition of temperance, which I just now remember to have heard from some one, who said, “That temperance is doing our own business.” Was he right who affirmed that?

You young monster! I said; this is what Critias, or some philosopher has told you.

Some one else, then, said Critias; for certainly I have not.

But what matter, said Charmides, from whom I heard this?

No matter at all, I replied; for the point is not who said the words, but whether they are true or not.

There you are in the right, Socrates, he replied.

To be sure, I said; yet I doubt whether we shall ever be able to discover their truth or falsehood; for they are a riddle.

What makes you think that? he said.

Because, I said, he who uttered them seems to me to have meant one thing, and said another. Is the scribe, for example, to be regarded as doing nothing when he reads or writes?

I should rather think that he was doing something.

And does the scribe write or read, or teach you boys to

write or read, your own names only, or did you write your enemies' names as well as your own and your friends'?

As much one as the other.

And was there anything meddling or intemperate in this?

Certainly not.

And yet, if reading and writing are the same as doing, you were doing what was not your own business?

But they are the same as doing.

And the healing art, my friend, and building, and weaving, and doing anything whatever which is done by art, all come under the head of doing?

Certainly.

And do you think that a state would be well ordered by a law which compelled every man to weave and wash his own coat, and make his own shoes, and his own flask and strigil, and other implements, on this principle of every one doing and performing his own, and abstaining from what¹⁶² is not his own?

I think not, he said.

But, I said, a temperate state will be a well-ordered state.

Of course, he replied.

Then temperance, I said, will not be doing one's own business; at least not in this way, or not doing this sort of things?

Clearly not.

Then, as I was just now saying, he who declared that temperance is a man doing his own business had another and a hidden meaning; for I don't think that he could have been such a fool as to mean this. Was he a fool who told you, Charmides?

Nay, he replied, I certainly thought him a very wise man.

Then I am quite certain that he put forth this as a riddle: he meant to say that there was a difficulty in a man knowing what is his own business.

I dare say, he replied.

And what, then, is the meaning of a man doing his own business? Can you tell me?

Indeed, I cannot, he said; and I shouldn't wonder if he who said this had no notion of his own meaning. And in saying this he laughed slyly, and looked at Critias.

Critias had long been showing uneasiness, for he felt that he had a reputation to maintain with Charmides and the rest of the company. He had, however, hitherto managed to restrain himself; but now he could no longer forbear, and his eagerness satisfied me of the truth of my suspicion, that Charmides had heard this answer about temperance from Critias. And Charmides, who did not want to answer himself, but to make Critias answer, tried to stir him up. He went on pointing out that he had been refuted, and at this Critias got angry, and, as I thought, was rather inclined to quarrel with him; just as a poet might quarrel with an actor who spoiled his poems in repeating them; so he looked hard at him and said, —

Do you imagine, Charmides, that the author of the definition of temperance did not understand the meaning of his own words, because you don't understand them?

Why, at his age, I said, most excellent Critias, he can hardly be expected to understand; but you, who are older, and have studied, may well be assumed to know the meaning of them; and therefore, if you agree with him, and accept his definition of temperance, I would much rather argue with you than with him about the truth or falsehood of the definition.

I entirely agree, said Critias, and accept the definition.

Very good, I said; and now let me repeat my question — Do you admit, as I was just now saying, that all craftsmen make or do something?

I do.

163 And do they make or do their own business only, or that of others also?

They make that of others also.

And are they temperate, seeing that they make not for themselves or their own business only?

Why not? he said.

No objection on my part, I said, but there may be a difficulty on his who proposes as a definition of temperance, "doing one's own business," and then says that there is no reason why those who do the business of others should not be temperate.

Nay,¹ said he; did I ever acknowledge that those who do

¹ The English reader has to observe that the word "make" (*ποιεῖν*), in Greek, has also the sense of "do" (*πράττειν*).

the business of others are temperate? I said, those who make, not those who do.

What! I asked; do you mean to say that doing and making are not the same?

No more, he replied, than making or working are the same: that I have learned from Hesiod, who says that "work is no disgrace." Now do you imagine that if he had meant by working such things as you were describing, he would have said that there was no disgrace in them? in making shoes, for example, or in selling pickles, or sitting for hire in a house of ill fame. That, Socrates, is not to be supposed: but, as I imagine, he distinguished making from action and work; and, while admitting that the making anything might sometimes become a disgrace, when the employment was not honorable, thought that work was never any disgrace at all. For things nobly and usefully made he called works; and such makings he called workings, and doings; and he must be supposed to have called such things only man's proper business, and what is hurtful, not his business: and in that sense Hesiod, and any other wise man, may be reasonably supposed to call him wise who does his own work.

O Critias, I said, no sooner had you opened your mouth, than I pretty well knew that you would call that which is proper to a man, and that which is his own, good; and that the making (*ποιήσεις*) of the good you would call doings (*πράξεις*), for I have heard Prodicus drawing endless distinctions about names. Now I have no objection to your giving names any sense that you please, if you will only tell me what you mean by them. Please then to begin again, and be a little plainer. Do you not mean that this doing or making, or whatever is the word which you would use, of good actions, is temperance?

I do, he said.

Then not he who does evil, but he who does good, is temperate?

Yes, he said; and you would agree to that.

Never mind whether I agree or not; as yet we are only concerned with your meaning.

Well, he answered; I mean to say, that he who does evil, and not good, is not temperate; and that he is temperate who

does good, and not evil; for temperance I define in plain words to be the doing of good actions.

164 And you may be very likely right in that, I said; but I am curious to know whether you imagine that temperate men are ignorant of their own temperance?

I do not imagine that, he said.

And yet were you not saying, not so very long ago, that craftsmen might be temperate in doing another's work, as well as their own?

Yes, I was, he replied; but why do you refer to that?

I have no particular reason, but I wish you would tell me whether a physician who cures a patient may do good to himself and good to another also?

I think that he may.

And he who does this does his duty. And does not he who does his duty act temperately or wisely?

Yes, he acts wisely.

But must the physician necessarily know when his treatment is likely to prove beneficial, and when not? or must the craftsman necessarily know when he is likely to be benefited, and when not to be benefited, by the work which he is doing?

I suppose not.

Then, I said, he may sometimes do good or harm, and not know what he is himself doing, and yet, in doing good, as you say, he has done temperately or wisely. Was not that your statement?

Yes.

Then, as would seem, in doing good, he may act wisely or temperately, and be wise or temperate, but not know his own wisdom or temperance?

But that, Socrates, he said, is impossible; and therefore if that is, as you imply, the necessary consequence of any of my previous admissions, I would rather withdraw them, and not be ashamed to confess that I was mistaken, than admit that a man can be temperate or wise, who does not know himself. For self-knowledge would certainly be maintained by me to be the very essence of knowledge, and in this I agree with him who dedicated the inscription, "Know thyself!" at Delphi. That word, if I am not mistaken, is put there as a sort of salutation which the god addresses to those who enter the tem-

ple; as much as to say that the ordinary salutation of "Hail!" is not right, and that the exhortation "Be temperate!" would be a far better way of saluting one another. The notion of him who dedicated the inscription was, as I believe, that the god speaks to those who enter his temple not as men speak; but, when a worshiper enters, the first word which he hears is "Be temperate!" This, however, like a prophet he expresses in a sort of riddle, for "Know thyself!" and "Be temperate!" are the same, as I maintain, and as the writing implies [*σωφρόνει, γνῶθι σεαυτόν*], and yet they may be easily misunderstood; and succeeding sages who added "Never too much," or, "Give a pledge, and evil is nigh at hand,"¹⁶⁵ would appear to have misunderstood them; for they imagined that "Know thyself!" was a piece of advice which the god gave, and not his salutation of the worshipers at their first coming in; and they wrote their inscription under the idea that they would give equally useful pieces of advice. Shall I tell you, Socrates, why I say all this? My object is to leave the previous discussion (in which I know not whether you or I are more right, but, at any rate, no clear result was attained), and to raise a new one in which I will attempt to prove, if you deny, that temperance is self-knowledge.

Yes, I said, Critias; but you come to me as though I professed to know about the questions which I ask, and as though I could, if only I would, agree with you. Whereas the fact is that I am, as you are, an inquirer into the truth of your proposition; and when I have inquired, I will say whether I agree with you or not. Please then to allow me time to reflect.

Reflect, he said.

I am reflecting, I replied, and discover that temperance, or wisdom, if implying a knowledge of anything, must be a science, and a science of something.

Yes, he said; the science of itself.

And is not medicine, I said, the science of health?

True.

And suppose, I said, that I were asked by you what is the use or effect of medicine, which is this science of health, I should answer that medicine is of very great use in producing health, which, as you will admit, is an excellent effect.

Granted.

And if you were to ask me, what is the result or effect of architecture, which is the science of building, I should say, houses, and so of other arts, which all have their different results. Now I want you, Critias, to answer a similar question about temperance, or wisdom, to which you ought to know the answer, if, as you say, wisdom or temperance is the science of itself. Admitting this, I ask, what good work, worthy of the name, does wisdom effect? Answer me that.

That is not the true way of pursuing the inquiry, Socrates, he said; for wisdom is not like the other sciences, any more than they are like one another: but you proceed as if they were alike. For tell me, he said, what result is there of computation or geometry, in the same sense as a house is the result of building, or a garment of weaving, or any other
166 work of any other art? Can you show me any such result of them? You cannot.

That is true, I said; but still each of these sciences has a subject which is different from the science. I can show you that the art of computation has to do with odd and even numbers in their numerical relations to themselves and to each other. Is not that true?

Yes, he said.

And the odd and even numbers are not the same with the art of computation?

They are not.

The art of weighing, again, has to do with lighter and heavier: but the art of weighing is one thing, and the heavy and the light another. Do you admit that?

Yes.

Now, I want to know, what is that which is not wisdom, and of which wisdom is the science?

That is precisely the old error, Socrates, he said. You come asking in what wisdom differs from the other sciences; and then you carry on the inquiry, as if they were alike: but that is not the case, for all the other sciences are of something else, and not of themselves; but that alone is a science of other sciences, and of itself. And of this, as I believe, you are very well aware; and that you are only doing what you denied that you were doing just now, leaving the argument and trying to refute me.

And what if I am refuting you? How can you think that I have any other motive in this but what I should have in examining into myself? which motive would be just a fear of my unconsciously fancying that I knew something of which I was ignorant. And at this moment I pursue the inquiry chiefly for my own sake, and perhaps in some degree also for the sake of my other friends. For is not the discovery of things as they truly are a common good to all mankind?

Yes, certainly, Socrates, he said.

Then, I said, be of good cheer, sweet sir, and give your opinion in answer to the question which I asked, without minding whether Critias or Socrates is the person refuted; attend only to the argument, and see what will come of the refutation.

I think that you are right, he replied; and I will do as you say.

Tell me, then, I said, what you mean to affirm about wisdom.

I mean, he said, that wisdom is the only science which is the science of itself and of the other sciences as well.

But the science of science, I said, will also be the science of the absence of science.

Very true, he said.

Then the wise or temperate man, and he only, will know himself, and be able to examine what he knows or does not know, and see what others know, and think that they know, and do really know; and what they do not know, and fancy that they know, when they do not. No other person will be able to do this. And this is the state and virtue of wisdom, or temperance, and self-knowledge, which is just knowing what a man knows, and what he does not know. That is your view?

Yes, he said.

Now then, I said, making an offering of the third or last argument to Zeus the Savior, let us once more begin, and ask, in the first place, whether this knowledge that you know and do not know what you know and do not know is possible; and in the second place, whether, even if quite possible, such knowledge is of any use.

That is what we must consider, he said.

And here, Critias, I said, I hope that you will find a way

out of a difficulty into which I have got myself. Shall I tell you the difficulty?

By all means, he replied.

Does not what you have been saying, if true, amount to this: that there must be a science which is wholly a science of itself, and also of other sciences, and that the same is also the science of the absence of science?

True.

But consider how monstrous this is, my friend: in any parallel case, the impossibility will be transparent to you.

How is that? and in what cases do you mean?

In such cases as this: Suppose that there is a kind of vision which is not like ordinary vision, but a vision of itself and of other sorts of vision, and of the defect of them, which in seeing sees no color, but only itself and other sorts of vision. Do you think that there is such a kind of vision?

Certainly not.

Or is there a kind of hearing which hears no sound at all, but only itself and other sorts of hearing, or the defects of them?

There is not.

Or take all the senses: can you imagine that there is any sense of itself and of other senses, but which is incapable of perceiving the objects of the senses?

I think not.

Could there be any desire which is not the desire of any pleasure, but of itself, and of all other desires?

Certainly not.

Or can you imagine a wish which wishes for no good, but only for itself and all other wishes?

I should answer, No.

Or would you say that there is a love which is not the love of beauty, but of itself and of other loves?

I should not.

168 Or did you ever know of a fear which fears itself or other fears, but has no object of fear?

I never did, he said.

Or of an opinion which is an opinion of itself and of other opinions, and which has no opinion on the subjects of opinion in general?

Certainly not.

But surely we are assuming a science of this kind, which, having no subject-matter, is a science of itself and of the other sciences; for that is what is affirmed. Now this is strange, if true: however, we must not as yet absolutely deny the possibility of such a science; let us rather consider the matter.

You are quite right.

Well then, this science of which we are speaking is a science of something, and is of a nature to be a science of something?

Yes.

Just as that which is greater is of a nature to be greater than something?¹

Yes.

Which is less, if the other is to be conceived as greater?

To be sure.

And if we could find something which is at once greater than self, and greater than other great things, but not greater than those things in comparison of which the others are greater, then that thing would have the property of being greater and also less than itself?

That, Socrates, he said, is the inevitable inference.

Or if there be a double which is double of other doubles and of itself, they will be halves; for the half is relative to the double?

That is true.

And that which is greater than itself will also be less, and that which is heavier will also be lighter, and that which is older will also be younger: and the same of other things; that which has a nature relative to self will retain also the nature of its object. I mean to say, for example, that hearing is, as we say, of sound or voice. Is that true?

¹Socrates is intending to show that science differs from the object of science, as any other relative differs from the object of relation. A relation to self as well as to other things involves in the case of comparison of magnitudes an absolute contradiction; and in other cases, as in the case of the senses, is hardly conceivable. The use of the genitive after the comparative in Greek, *μείζον τινος*, creates an unavoidable obscurity in the translation.

Yes.

Then if hearing hears itself, it must hear a voice ; for there is no other way of hearing.

Certainly.

And sight also, my excellent friend, if it sees itself, must see a color, for sight cannot see that which has no color.

No.

Then do you see, Critias, that in several of the examples which have been recited the notion of a relation to self is altogether inadmissible, and in other cases hardly credible, — inadmissible, for example, in the case of magnitudes, numbers, and the like.

Very true.

But in the case of hearing, and the power of self-motion, and the power of heat to burn, this relation to self will be regarded as incredible by some, but perhaps not by
169 others. And some great man, my friend, is wanted, who will satisfactorily determine for us, whether there is nothing which has an inherent property of relation to self, or some things only and not others ; and whether in this latter class, if there be such a class, that science which is called wisdom or temperance is included. I altogether distrust my own power of determining this : I am not certain whether there is such a science of science at all ; and even if there be, I should not acknowledge this to be wisdom or temperance, until I can also see whether such a knowledge would or would not do us any good ; for I have an impression that temperance is a benefit and a good. And therefore, O son of Callæschrus, as you maintain that temperance or wisdom is a science of science, and also of the absence of science, I will request you to show, in the first place, as I was saying before, the possibility, and in the second place, the advantage, of such a science ; and then perhaps you may satisfy me that you are right in your view of temperance.

Critias heard me say this, and saw that I was in a difficulty ; and as one person when another yawns in his presence catches the infection of yawning from him, so did he seem to be driven into a difficulty by my difficulty. But as he had a reputation to maintain, he was ashamed to admit before the company that he could not answer my challenge

or decide the question at issue; and he made an unintelligible attempt to hide his perplexity. In order that the argument might proceed, I said to him, Well then, Critias, if you like, let us assume that there may be this science of science; whether the assumption is right or wrong may be hereafter investigated. But fully admitting this, will you tell me how such a science enables us to distinguish what we know or do not know, which, as we were saying, is self-knowledge or wisdom. That is what we were saying?

Yes, Socrates, he said; and that I think is certainly true, for he who has that science or knowledge which knows itself will become like that knowledge which he has, in the same way that he who has swiftness will be swift, and he who has beauty will be beautiful, and he who has knowledge will know. In the same way he who has that knowledge which is the knowledge of itself, will know himself.

I do not doubt, I said, that a man will know himself, when he possesses that which has self-knowledge: but what necessity is there that, having this, he should know what he knows and what he does not know?

Because, Socrates, they are the same.

Very likely, I said; but I remain as stupid as ever; ¹⁷⁰ for still I fail to comprehend how this knowing what you know and do not know is the same as the knowledge of self.

What do you mean? he said.

This is what I mean, I replied: I will admit that there is a science of science, but can this do more than determine that of two things one is and the other is not science or knowledge?

No, just that.

Then is knowledge or want of knowledge of health the same as knowledge or want of knowledge of justice?

Certainly not.

The one is medicine, and the other is politics; but that of which we are speaking is knowledge pure and simple.

Very true.

And if a man knows only, and has only knowledge of knowledge, and has no further knowledge of health and justice, the probability is that he will only know that he knows something, and has a certain knowledge, whether concerning himself or other men.

True.

But how will this knowledge or science teach him to know what he knows? Say that he knows health, — not wisdom or temperance, but the art of medicine has taught him that, — and he has learned harmony from the art of music, and building from the art of building, — neither, from wisdom or temperance; and the same of other things.

That is evident.

But how will wisdom, regarded only as a knowledge of knowledge or science of science, ever teach him that he knows health, or that he knows building?

That is impossible.

Then he who is ignorant of this will only know that he knows, but not what he knows?

True.

Then wisdom or being wise appears to be not the knowledge of the things which we do or do not know, but only the knowledge that we know and do not know?

That is the inference.

Then he who has this knowledge will not be able to examine whether a pretender knows or does not know that which he says that he knows: he will only know that he has a knowledge of some kind; but wisdom will not show him of what the knowledge is?

Plainly not.

Neither will he be able to distinguish the pretender in medicine from the true physician, nor between any other true and false professor of knowledge. Let us consider the matter in this way: If the wise man or any other man wants to distinguish the true physician from the false, what is he to do? He will not talk to him about medicine; and that, as we were saying, is the only thing which the physician understands.

True.

And he certainly knows nothing of science, for this has been assumed to be the province of wisdom.

True.

171 But then again, if medicine is a science, neither will the physician know anything of medicine.

Exactly.

The wise man will indeed know that the physician has some

kind of science or knowledge ; but when he wants to discover the nature of this, he will ask, What is the subject-matter ? For each science is distinguished, not as science, but by the nature of the subject. Is not that true ?

Yes ; that is quite true.

And medicine is distinguished from other sciences as having the subject-matter of health and disease ?

Yes.

And he who would inquire into the nature of medicine must pursue the inquiry into health and disease, and not into what is extraneous ?

True.

And he who judges rightly will judge of the physician as a physician in what relates to these ?

He will.

He will consider whether what he says is true, and whether what he does is right in relation to these ?

He will.

But can any one appreciate either without having a knowledge of medicine ?

He cannot.

Nor any one but the physician, not even the wise man, as appears ; for that would require him to be a physician as well as a wise man ?

Very true.

Then, assuredly, wisdom or temperance, if only a science of science, and of the absence of science or knowledge, will not be able to distinguish the physician who knows from one who does not know but pretends or thinks that he knows, or any other professor of anything at all ; like any other artist, he will only know his fellow in art or wisdom, and no one else.

That is evident, he said.

But then what profit, Critias, I said, is there any longer in wisdom or temperance which yet remains, if this is wisdom ? If, indeed, as we were supposing at first, the wise man had been able to distinguish what he knew and did not know, and that he knew the one and did not know the other, and to recognize a similar faculty of discernment in others, there would certainly have been a great advantage in being wise ; for then

we should never have made a mistake, but have passed through life the unerring guides of ourselves and of those who were under us; and we should not have attempted to do what we did not know, but we should have found out those who knew, and confided in them; nor should we have allowed those who were under us to do anything which they were not likely to do well; and they would be likely to do well just that of which they had knowledge; and the house or state which was ordered or administered under the guidance of wisdom would have been well ordered, and everything else of which wisdom was the lord; for truth guiding, and error having been expelled,
 172 in all their doings, men would have done well, and would have been happy. Was not this, Critias, what we spoke of as the great advantage of wisdom — to know what is known and what is unknown to us?

Very true, he said.

And now you perceive, I said, that no such science is to be found anywhere.

I perceive, he said.

May we assume then, I said, that wisdom, viewed in this new light merely as a knowledge of knowledge and ignorance, has this advantage — that he who possesses such knowledge will more easily learn anything that he learns; and that everything will be clearer to him, because, in addition to the knowledge of individuals, he sees the science, and this also will better enable him to test the knowledge which others have of what he knows himself; whereas the inquirer who is without this knowledge may be supposed to have a feebler and weaker insight? Are not these, my friend, the real advantages which are to be gained from wisdom? And are not we looking and seeking after something more than is to be found in her?

That is very likely, he said.

That is very likely, I said; and very likely, too, we have been inquiring to no purpose. I am led to infer this, because I observe that if this is wisdom, some strange consequences would follow. Let us, if you please, assume the possibility of this science of sciences, and further admit and allow, as was originally suggested, that wisdom is the knowledge of what we know and do not know. Assuming all this, still, upon further consideration, I am doubtful, Critias, whether wisdom,

if such as this, would do us any good. For I think we were wrong in supposing, as we were saying just now, that such wisdom ordering the government of house or state would be a great benefit.

How is that? he said.

Why, I said, we were far too ready to admit the great benefits which mankind would obtain from their severally doing the things which they knew, and committing to others who knew the things of which they are ignorant.

Were we not right, he said, in making that admission?

I think not, I said.

That is certainly strange, Socrates.

By the dog of Egypt, I said, I am of your opinion about that: and that was in my mind when I said that strange consequences would follow, and that I was afraid we were on the wrong track; for however ready we may be to admit that this is wisdom, I certainly cannot make out what ¹⁷³ good this sort of thing does to us.

What do you mean? he said; I wish that you could make me understand what you mean.

I dare say that what I am saying is nonsense, I replied; and yet if a man has any feeling of what is due to himself, he cannot let the thought which comes into his mind pass away unheeded and unexamined.

I like that, he said.

Hear, then, I said, my own dream; whether coming through the horn or the ivory gate, I cannot tell. The dream is this: Let us suppose that wisdom is such as we are now defining, and that she has absolute sway over us; then each action will be done according to the arts or sciences, and no one professing to be a pilot when he is not, or any physician or general, or any one else pretending to know matters of which he is ignorant, will deceive or elude us; our health will be improved; our safety at sea, and also in battle, will be assured; our coats and shoes, and all other instruments and implements will be well made, because the workmen will be good and true. Aye, and if you please, you may suppose that prophecy, which is the knowledge of the future, will be under the control of wisdom, and that she will deter deceivers and set up the true prophet in their place as the revealer of the future. Now I quite agree

that mankind, thus provided, would live and act according to knowledge, for wisdom would watch and prevent ignorance from intruding on us. But we have not as yet discovered why, because we act according to knowledge, we act well and are happy, my dear Critias.

Yet I think, he replied, that you will hardly find any other end of right action, if you reject knowledge.

And of what is this knowledge? I said. Just answer me that small question. Do you mean a knowledge of shoe-making?

God forbid.

Or of working in brass?

Certainly not.

Or in wool, or wood, or anything of that sort?

No, I do not.

Then, I said, we are giving up the doctrine that he who lives according to knowledge is happy, for these live according to knowledge, and yet they are not allowed by you to be happy; but I think that you mean to confine happiness to particular individuals who live according to knowledge, such
 174 for example as the prophet, who, as I was saying, knows the future.

Yes, I mean him, but there are others as well.

Yes, I said, some one who knows the past and present as well as the future, and is ignorant of nothing. Let us suppose that there is such a person, and if there is, you will allow that he is the most knowing of all living men.

Certainly he is.

Yet I should like to know one thing more: which of the different kinds of knowledge makes him happy? or do all equally make him happy?

Not all equally, he replied.

But which most tends to make him happy? the knowledge of what past, present, or future thing? May I infer this to be the knowledge of the game of draughts?

Nonsense about the game of draughts.

Or of computation?

No.

Or of health?

That is nearer the truth, he said.

And that knowledge which is nearest of all, I said, is the knowledge of what?

The knowledge with which he discerns good and evil.

Monster! I said; you have been carrying me round in a circle, and all this time hiding from me the fact that the life according to knowledge is not that which makes men act rightly and be happy, not even if all the sciences be included, but that this has to do with one science only, that of good and evil. For, let me ask you, Critias, whether, if you take away this science from all the rest, medicine will not equally give health, and shoemaking equally produce shoes, and the art of the weaver clothes? — whether the art of the pilot will not equally save our lives at sea, and the art of the general in war?

Quite so.

And yet, my dear Critias, none of these things will be well or beneficially done, if the science of the good be wanting.

That is true.

But that science is not wisdom or temperance, but a science of human advantage; not a science of other sciences, or of ignorance, but of good and evil: and if this be of use, then wisdom or temperance will not be of use.

And why, he replied, will not wisdom be of use? For if we really assume that wisdom is a science of sciences, and has a sway over other sciences, surely she will have this particular science of the good under her control, and in this way will benefit us.

And will wisdom give health? I said; is not this rather the effect of medicine? Or does wisdom do the work of any of the other arts, and do not they do, each of them, their own work? Have we not long ago asseverated that knowledge is only the knowledge of knowledge and of ignorance, and of nothing else?

That is clear.

Another art is concerned with health.

Another.

The art of health is different.

Yes, different.

Nor does wisdom give advantage, my good friend; 175
for that again we have just now been attributing to another art.

Very true.

How then can wisdom be advantageous, giving no advantage?

That, Socrates, is certainly inconceivable.

You see then, Critias, that I was not far wrong in fearing that I could have no sound notion about wisdom; I was quite right in depreciating myself; for that which is admitted to be the best of all things would never have seemed to us useless, if I had been good for anything at an inquiry. But now I have been utterly defeated, and have failed to discover what that is to which the imposer of names gave this name of temperance or wisdom. And yet many more admissions were made by us than could be really granted; for we admitted that there was a science of science, although the argument said No, and protested against this; and we admitted further, that this science knew the works of the other sciences (although this too was denied by the argument), because we wanted to show that the wise man had knowledge of what he knew and did not know; also we nobly disregarded, and never even considered, the impossibility of a man knowing in a sort of way that which he does not know at all; for our assumption was, that he knows that which he does not know; than which nothing, as I think, can be more irrational. And yet, after finding us so easy and good-natured, the inquiry is still unable to discover the truth; but mocks us to a degree, and has gone out of its way to prove the inutility of that which we admitted only by a sort of supposition and fiction to be the true definition of temperance or wisdom: which result, as far as I am concerned, is not so much to be lamented, I said. But for your sake, Charmides, I am very sorry, — that you, having such beauty, and such wisdom, and temperance of soul, should have no profit or good in life from your wisdom and temperance. And still more am I grieved about the charm which I learned with so much pain, and to so little profit, from the Thracian, for the sake of a thing which is nothing worth. I think indeed that there is a mistake, and that I must be a bad inquirer, for I am persuaded that wisdom or temperance is really a great good; and happy
176 are you if you possess that good. And therefore examine yourself, and see whether you have this gift and can do

without the charm; for if you can, I would rather advise you to regard me simply as a fool who is never able to reason out anything; and to rest assured that the more wise and temperate you are, the happier you will be.

Charmides said: I am sure that I do not know, Socrates, whether I have or have not this gift of wisdom and temperance; for how can I know whether I have that, the very nature of which even you and Critias, as you say, are unable to discover?—(not that I believe you). And further, I am sure, Socrates, that I do need the charm, and as far as I am concerned, I shall be willing to be charmed by you daily, until you say that I have had enough.

Very good, Charmides, said Critias; if you do this I shall have a proof of your temperance, that is, if you allow yourself to be charmed by Socrates, and never desert him at all.

You may depend on my following and not deserting him, said Charmides: if you who are my guardian command me, I should be very wrong not to obey you.

And I do command you, he said.

Then I will do as you say, and begin this very day.

You sirs, I said, what are you conspiring about?

We are not conspiring, said Charmides; we have conspired already.

And are you about to use violence, without even going through the forms of justice?

Yes, I shall use violence, he replied, since he orders me; and therefore you had better consider well.

But the time for consideration has passed, I said, when violence is employed; and you, when you are determined on anything, and in the mood of violence, are irresistible.

Do not you resist me then, he said.

I will not resist you, I replied.

INTRODUCTION TO LYSIS

NO answer is given in the "Lysis" to the question, "What is friendship?" any more than in the "Charmides" to the question, "What is temperance?" There are several resemblances in the two dialogues; the same youthfulness and sense of beauty pervades both of them; they are alike rich in the description of Greek life. The question is again raised of the relation of knowledge to virtue and good, which also recurs in the "Laches"; and Socrates appears again as the elder friend of the two boys, Lysis and Menexenus. In the "Charmides," as also in the "Laches," he is described as middle-aged; in the "Lysis" he is advanced in years.

The dialogue consists of two scenes or conversations which seem to have no relation to each other. The first is a conversation between Socrates and Lysis, who, like Charmides, is an Athenian youth of noble descent and of great beauty, goodness, and intelligence: this is carried on in the absence of Menexenus, who is called away to take part in a sacrifice. Socrates asks Lysis whether his father and mother do not love him very much? "Yes, that they do." "Then of course they allow him to do exactly as he likes." "Of course not: the very slaves have more liberty than he has." "But how is this?" "The reason is that he is not old enough." "No; the real reason is that he is not wise enough." "For are there not some things which he is allowed to do, although he is not allowed to do others?" "Yes, because he knows them, and does not know the others." This leads to the conclusion that all men everywhere will trust him in what he knows, but not in what he does not know; for in such matters he will be unprofitable to them, and do them no good. And no one will love him, if he does them no good; and he can only do them good by knowledge; and as he is still without knowledge, he has no conceit of knowledge. In this manner Socrates reads a lesson to Hippothales, the foolish lover of Lysis, respecting the style of conversation which he should address to his beloved.

After the return of Menexenus, Socrates, at the request of Lysis,

asks him a new question: "What is friendship? You, Menexenus, who have a friend already, can tell me, who am always longing to find one, what is the secret of this great blessing."

When one man loves another, which is the friend — he who loves, or he who is loved? or are both friends? From the first of these suppositions they are driven to the second; and from the second to the third; and neither the two boys nor Socrates are satisfied with any of them. Socrates turns to the poets, who affirm that God brings like to like (Homer), and to philosophers (Empedocles), who assert also that like is the friend of like. But the bad are not friends, for they are not even like themselves, and still less are they like one another. And the good have no need of one another, and therefore do not care about one another. Moreover there are others who say that likeness is a cause of aversion, and unlikeness of love and friendship; and they too adduce the authority of poets and philosophers in support of their doctrines; for Hesiod says that "potter is jealous of potter, bard of bard"; and subtle doctors tell us that "moist is the friend of dry, hot of cold," and the like. But neither can their doctrine be maintained; for then the just would be the friend of the unjust, good of evil.

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that like is not the friend of like, nor unlike of unlike; and therefore good is not the friend of good, nor evil of evil, nor good of evil, nor evil of good. What remains but that the indifferent, which is neither good nor evil, should be the friend (not of the indifferent, for that would be "like the friend of like," but) of the good?

But why should the indifferent have this attachment to the good? There are circumstances under which such an attachment would be natural. Suppose the indifferent, say the human body, to be desirous of getting rid of some evil, such as disease, which is not essential but only accidental to it (for if the evil were essential, the body would cease to be indifferent, and would become evil) — in such a case the indifferent becomes a friend of the good for the sake of getting rid of the evil. In this intermediate "indifferent" position the philosopher or lover of wisdom stands: he is not wise, and yet not unwise, but he has ignorance accidentally clinging to him, and he yearns for wisdom as the cure of the evil.

After this explanation has been received with triumphant accord, a fresh dissatisfaction begins to steal over the mind of Socrates: Must not friendship be for the sake of some ulterior end? and what can that final cause or end of friendship be, other than the good?

But the good is desired by us only as the cure of evil ; and therefore if there were no evil there would be no friendship. Some other explanation then has to be devised. May not desire be the source of friendship? And desire is of what a man wants and of what is congenial to him. But then again, the congenial cannot be the same as the like ; for like cannot be the friend of like. Nor can the congenial be explained as the good ; for good is not the friend of good, as has been also shown. The problem is unsolved, and the three friends, Socrates, Lysis, and Menexenus, are still unable to find out what a friend is.

Thus, as in the "Charmides," and several of the other dialogues of Plato, no conclusion is arrived at. The dialogue is what would be called in the language of Thrasyllus tentative or inquisitive. The subject is treated, with a manifest reference to the "Lysis," in the eighth and ninth books of the "Nicomachean Ethics" of Aristotle. As in other writings of Plato, there is a progress from unconscious morality, illustrated by the unconscious friendship of the two youths, and also by the sayings of the poets ("who are our fathers in wisdom," and yet only tell us half the truth, and in this particular instance are not much improved upon by the philosophers), to a more comprehensive notion of friendship. This, however, is far from being cleared of its perplexity. Two notions appear to be struggling or balancing in the mind of Socrates: First, the sense that friendship arises out of human needs and wants ; Secondly, that the higher form or ideal of friendship exists only for the sake of the good. That friends are not necessarily either like or unlike, is also a truth confirmed by experience. But the use of the terms "like" or "good" is too strictly limited ; Socrates has allowed himself to be carried away by a sort of eristic or illogical logic, against which the truest definition of friendship would be unable to stand. The sense of the interdependence of good and evil, and the allusion to the possibility of the non-existence of evil, are very curious.

The dialectical interest is fully sustained by the dramatic accompaniments. Observe, first, the scene, which is a Greek Palestra, at a time when a sacrifice is going on, and the Hermæa are in course of celebration ; secondly, the "accustomed irony" of Socrates, who declares that he is ignorant of all other things, but claims to have a knowledge of the mysteries of love. There are also several contrasts of character ; first of the dry, caustic Ctesippus, of whom Socrates professes a humorous sort of fear, and Hippothales, the flighty lover, who murders sleep by bawling out the name of his beloved ; also

there is a contrast between the false, exaggerated, sentimental love of Hippothales towards Lysis, and the simple and innocent friendship of the boys with one another. Some difference appears to be intended between the characters of the more talkative Menexenus and the reserved and simple Lysis. Socrates draws out the latter by a new sort of irony, which is sometimes adopted in talking to children, and consists in asking a leading question which can only be answered in a sense contrary to the intention of the question: "Your father and mother of course allow you to drive the chariot?" "No, they don't." When Menexenus returns, the serious dialectic begins.

B. J.

LYSIS, OR FRIENDSHIP



PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES, *who is the narrator*

MENEXENUS

HIPPOTHALES

LYSIS

CTESIPPUS

SCENE:—A newly-erected Palestra outside the walls of Athens

I WAS going from the Academy straight to the Ly- Stephen,
ceum, intending to take the outer road, which is 203
close under the wall. When I came to the postern gate
of the city, which is by the fountain of Panops, I fell in with
Hippothales, the son of Hieronymus, and Ctesippus the
Pæanian, and a company of young men who were standing
with them. Hippothales, seeing me approach, asked whence
I came and whither I was going.

I am going, I replied, from the Academy straight to the
Lyceum.

Then come straight to us, he said, and put in here; you
may as well.

Who are you, I said; and where am I to come?

He showed me an enclosed space and an open door over
against the wall. And there, he said, is the building at which
we all meet: and a goodly company we are.

And what is this building, I asked; and what sort of enter-
tainment have you?

The building, he replied, is a newly-erected Palestra; 204
and the entertainment is generally conversation, to which
you are welcome.

Thank you, I said; and is there any teacher there?

Yes, he said, your old friend and admirer, Miccus.

Indeed, I replied; he is a very eminent professor.

Are you disposed, he said, to go with me and see them?

Yes, I said; but I should like to know first, what is expected of me, and who is the favorite among you.

Some persons have one favorite, Socrates, and some another, he said.

And who is yours? I asked: tell me that, Hippothales.

At this he blushed; and I said to him, O Hippothales, thou son of Hieronymus! do not say that you are, or that you are not in love; the confession is too late; for I see not only that you are in love, but that you are already far gone in your love. Simple and foolish as I am, the gods have given me the power of understanding this sort of affections.

At this he blushed more and more.

Ctesippus said: I like to see you blushing, Hippothales, and hesitating to tell Socrates the name; when, if he were with you but for a very short time, he would be plagued to death by hearing of nothing else. Indeed, Socrates, he has literally deafened us, and stopped our ears with the praises of Lysis; and if he is a little intoxicated, there is every likelihood that we may have our sleep murdered with a cry of Lysis. His performances in prose are bad enough, but nothing at all in comparison with his verse; and when he drenches us with his poems and other compositions, that is really too bad; and what is even worse, is his manner of singing them to his love; this he does in a voice which is truly appalling, and we cannot help hearing him; and now he has a question put to him by you, and lo! he is blushing.

Who is Lysis? I said: I suppose that he must be young, for the name does not recall any one to me.

Why, he said, his father being a very well-known man, he retains his patronymic, and is not as yet commonly called by his own name; but, although you do not know his name, I am sure that you must know his face, for that is quite enough to distinguish him.

But tell me whose son he is, I said.

He is the eldest son of Democrates, of the deme of *Æxonè*.

Ah, Hippothales, I said; what a noble and really perfect love you have found! I wish that you would favor me with the exhibition, which you have been making to the rest of

the company, and then I shall be able to judge whether you know what a lover ought to say about his love, either to the youth himself, or to others. 205

Nay, Socrates, he said; you surely do not attach any weight to what he is saying.

Do you mean, I said, that you disown the love of the person whom he says that you love?

No; but I deny that I make verses or address compositions to him.

He is not in his right mind, said Ctesippus; he is talking nonsense, and is stark mad.

O Hippothales, I said, if you have ever made any verses or songs in honor of your favorite, I do not want to hear them; but I want to know the purport of them, that I may be able to judge of your mode of approaching your fair one.

Ctesippus will be able to tell you, he said; for if, as he avers, I talk to him of nothing else, he must have a very accurate knowledge and recollection of that.

Yes, indeed, said Ctesippus; I know only too well; and very ridiculous the tale is: for although he is a lover, and very devotedly in love, he has nothing particular to talk about to his beloved which a child might not say. Now is not that ridiculous? He can only speak of the wealth of Democrates, which the whole city celebrates, and grandfather Lysis, and the other ancestors of the youth, and their stud of horses, and their victory at the Pythian games, and at the Isthmus, and at Nemea with four horses and single horses; and these he sings and says, and greater twaddle still. For the day before yesterday he made a poem in which he described how Hercules, who was a connection of the family, was entertained by an ancestor of Lysis as his relation; this ancestor was himself the son of Zeus and the daughter of the founder of the deme. And these are the sort of old wives' tales which he sings and recites to us, and we are obliged to listen to him.

When I heard this, I said: O ridiculous Hippothales! how can you be making and singing hymns in honor of yourself before you have won?

But my songs and verses, he said, are not in honor of myself, Socrates.

You think not, I said.

But what are they, then? he replied.

Most assuredly, I said, those songs are all in your own honor; for if you win your beautiful love, your discourses and songs will be a glory to you, and may be truly regarded as hymns of praise composed in honor of you who have conquered and won such a love; but if he slips away from you, the more you have praised him, the more ridiculous you will look at having lost this fairest and best of blessings; and this is the reason why the wise lover does not praise his beloved
 206 until he has won him, because he is afraid of accidents. There is also another danger; the fair, when any one praises or magnifies them, are filled with the spirit of pride and vain-glory. Is not that true?

Yes, he said.

And the more vainglorious they are, the more difficult is the capture of them?

I believe that.

What should you say of a hunter who frightened away his prey, and made the capture of the animals which he is hunting more difficult?

He would be a bad hunter, that is clear.

Yes; and if, instead of soothing them, he were to infuriate them with words and songs, that would show a great want of wit: don't you agree with me?

Yes.

And now reflect, Hippothales, and see whether you are not guilty of all these errors in writing poetry. For I can hardly suppose that you will affirm a man to be a good poet who injures himself by his poetry.

Assuredly not, he said: I should be a fool if I said that; and this makes me desirous, Socrates, of taking you into my counsels, and I shall be glad of any further advice which you may have to offer. Will you tell me by what words or actions I may become endeared to my love?

That is not easy to determine, I said; but if you will bring your love to me, and will let me talk with him, I may perhaps be able to show you how to converse with him, instead of singing and reciting in the fashion of which you are accused.

There will be no difficulty in bringing him, he replied; if you will only go into the house with Ctesippus, and sit down

and talk, he will come of himself ; for he is fond of listening, Socrates. And as this is the festival of the Hermæa, there is no separation of young men and boys, but they are all mixed up together. He will be sure to come : but if he does not come, Ctesippus, with whom he is familiar, and whose relation Menexenus is his great friend, shall call him.

That will be the way, I said. Thereupon I and Ctesippus went towards the Palestra, and the rest followed.

Upon entering we found the boys had just been sacrificing, and this part of the festival was nearly come to an end. They were all in white array, and games and dice were going on among them. Most of them were in the outer court amusing themselves ; but some were in a corner of the Apodyterium playing at odd and even with a number of dice, which they took out of little wicker baskets. There was also a circle of lookers-on, one of whom was Lysis. He was standing among the other boys and youths, having a crown upon his head, like a fair vision, and not less worthy of praise for ²⁰⁷ his goodness than for his beauty. We left them, and went over to the opposite side of the room, where we found a quiet place, and sat down ; and then we began to talk. This attracted Lysis, who was constantly turning round to look at us—he was evidently wanting to come to us. For a time he hesitated and had not the courage to come alone ; but first of all, his friend Menexenus came in out of the court in the interval of his play, and when he saw Ctesippus and myself, came and sat by us ; and then Lysis, seeing him, followed, and sat down with him ; and the other boys joined. I should observe that Hippothales, when he saw the crowd, got behind them, where he thought that he would be out of sight of Lysis, lest he should anger him ; and there he stood and listened.

I turned to Menexenus, and said : Son of Demophon, which of you two youths is the elder ?

That is a matter of dispute between us, he said.

And which is the nobler ? Is that a matter of dispute too ?

Yes, certainly.

And another disputed point is, which is the fairer ?

The two boys laughed.

I shan't ask which is the richer, I said ; for you two are friends, are you not ?

Certainly, they replied.

And friends have all things in common, so that one of you can be no richer than the other, if you say truly that you are friends.

They assented. I was about to ask which was the juster of the two, and which was the wiser of the two; but at this moment Menexenus was called away by some one who came and said that the gymnastic-master wanted him. As I imagine, he had to offer sacrifice. So he went away, and I asked Lysis some more questions. I dare say, Lysis, I said, that your father and mother love you very much.

That they do, he said.

And they would wish you to be perfectly happy.

Yes.

But do you think that any one is happy who is in the condition of a slave, and who cannot do what he likes?

I should think not indeed, he said.

And if your father and mother love you, and desire that you should be happy, no one can doubt that they are very ready to promote your happiness.

Certainly, he replied.

And do they then permit you to do what you like, and never rebuke you or hinder you from doing what you desire?

Yes, indeed, Socrates; there are a great many things which they hinder me from doing.

What do you mean? I said. Do they want you to be
208 happy, and yet hinder you from doing what you like?
—for example, if you want to mount one of your father's chariots, and take the reins at a race, they will not allow you to do that; they will prevent you?

Certainly, he said, they will not allow me to do that.

Whom then will they allow?

There is a charioteer, whom my father pays for driving.

And do they trust a hireling more than you? and may he do what he likes with the horses? and do they pay him for this?

They do.

But I dare say that you may take the whip and guide the mule cart if you like; — they will permit that?

Permit me! no, they won't.

Then, I said, may no one use the whip to the mules?

Yes, he said, the muleteer.

And is he a slave or a free man?

A slave, he said.

And do they esteem a slave of more value than you who are their son? And do they entrust their property to him rather than to you? and allow him to do what he likes, when you may not? Answer me now: Are you your own master, or do they not even allow that?

Nay, he said; of course they do not allow that.

Then you have a master?

Yes, my tutor; there he is.

And is he a slave?

To be sure, he is our slave, he replied.

Surely, I said, this is a strange thing, that a free man should be governed by a slave. And what does he do with you?

He takes me to my teachers.

You don't mean to say that your teachers also rule over you?

Of course they do.

Then I must say that your father is pleased to inflict many lords and masters on you. But at any rate, when you go home to your mother, she will let you have your own way, and will not interfere with your happiness; her wool, or the piece of cloth she is weaving, is at your disposal: I am sure that there is nothing to hinder you from touching her wooden spathe, or her comb, or any other of her spinning implements.

Nay, Socrates, he replied, laughing; not only does she hinder me, but I should be beaten, if I were to touch one of them.

Well, I said, that is amazing. And did you ever behave ill to your father or your mother?

No, indeed, he replied.

But why then are they so terribly anxious to prevent you from being happy, and doing as you like? — keeping you all day long in subjection to another, and, in a word, doing nothing which you desire; so that you have no good, as would appear, out of their great possessions, which are under the control of anybody rather than of you, and have no use of your own fair person, which is committed to the care of a shepherd; while you, Lysis, are master of nobody, and can do nothing?

Why, he said, Socrates, the reason is that I am not of age.

I doubt whether that is the real reason, I said: for as far as that goes, I should imagine that your father Democrates, and your mother, do permit you to do many things already, and do not wait until you are of age: for example, if they want anything read or written, you, I presume, would be the first person in the house who is summoned by them.

Very true.

And you would be allowed to write or read the letters in any order which you please, or take up the lyre and tune the notes, and play with the fingers, or strike with the plectrum, exactly as you please, and neither father nor mother would interfere with you.

That is true, he said.

Then what can be the reason, Lysis, I said, why they allow you to do the one and not the other?

I suppose, he said, that the reason is that I understand the one and not the other.

Yes, my dear youth, I said, the reason is not any deficiency of years, but a deficiency of knowledge; and whenever your father thinks that you are wiser than he is, he will instantly commit himself and his possessions to you.

That I believe.

Aye, I said; and about your neighbor, too, does not the same rule hold as about your father? If he is satisfied that you know more of housekeeping than he does, will he continue to administer his affairs himself, or will he commit them to you?

I think that he will commit them to me.

And will not the Athenian people, too, entrust their affairs to you when they see that you have wisdom enough for this?

Yes.

Now, I said, let me put a case. Suppose the great king to have an eldest son, who is the Prince of Asia; and you and I go to him and establish to his satisfaction that we are better cooks than his son, will he not entrust to us the prerogative of making soup, and putting in anything that we like while the boiling is going on, rather than to the Prince of Asia, who is his son?

To us, clearly.

And we shall be allowed to throw in salt by handfuls, whereas the son will not be allowed to put in as much as he can take up between his fingers?

Of course.

Or suppose again, that the son has bad eyes, will he allow him, or will he not allow him, to touch his own eyes if he thinks that he has no knowledge of medicine?

He will not allow him.

Whereas, if we are supposed to have a knowledge of 210
medicine, he will allow us to open the eyes wide and sprinkle ashes upon them, because he supposes that we know what is best?

That is true.

And everything in which we appear to him to be wiser than himself or his son he will commit to us?

That is very true, Socrates, he replied.

Then now, my dear youth, I said, you perceive that in things which we know, every one will trust us, — Hellenes and barbarians, men and women, — and we may do as we please, and no one will like to interfere with us; and we are free, and masters of others; and these things will be really ours, for we shall turn them to our good. But in things of which we have no understanding, no one will trust us to do as seems good to us — they will hinder us as far as they can; and not only strangers, but father and mother, and the friend, if there be one, who is dearer still, will also hinder us; and we shall be subject to others; and these things will not be ours, for we shall turn them to no good. Do you admit that?

He assented.

And shall we ever be friends to others? and will any others love us, in as far as we are useless to them?

Certainly not.

Neither can your father or mother love you, nor can anybody love anybody else, in as far as they are useless to them?

No.

And therefore, my boy, if you are wise, all men will be your friends and kindred, for you will be useful and good; but if you are not wise, neither father, nor mother, nor kindred, nor any one else, will be your friends. And not hav-

ing yet attained to wisdom, can you have high thoughts about that of which you have no thoughts?

How can I? he said.

And you have no wisdom, for you require a teacher?

True.

And you are not conceited, having nothing of which to be conceited?

Indeed, Socrates, I think not.

When I heard him say this, I turned to Hippothales, and was very nearly making a blunder, for I had a mind to say to him: That is the way, Hippothales, in which you should talk to your beloved, humbling and lowering him, and not as you do, puffing him up and spoiling him. But I saw that he was in great excitement and confusion at what had been said; and I remembered that, although he was in the neighborhood, he did not want to be seen by Lysis, so I
211 thought better and refrained.

In the mean time Menexenus came back and sat down in his place by Lysis; and Lysis, in a childish and affectionate manner, whispered privately in my ear, so that Menexenus should not hear: Do, Socrates, tell Menexenus what you have been telling me.

Suppose that you tell him yourself, Lysis, I replied; for I am sure that you were attending.

That I was, he replied.

Try, then, to remember the words, and be as exact as you can in repeating them to him, and if you have forgotten anything, ask me again the next time that you see me.

I will be sure to do that, Socrates; but go on telling him something new, and let me hear, as long as I am allowed to stay.

I certainly cannot refuse, I said, as you ask me; but then, as you know, Menexenus is very pugnacious, and therefore you must come to the rescue if he attempts to upset me.

Yes, indeed, he said; he is very pugnacious, and that is the reason why I want you to argue with him.

That I may make a fool of myself?

No, indeed, he said; but that you may put him down.

That is no easy matter, I replied; for he is a terrible fellow — a pupil of Ctesippus. And there is Ctesippus: do you see him?

Never mind, Socrates, you shall argue with him.

Well, I suppose I must, I replied.

Hereupon Ctesippus complained that we were talking in secret and keeping the feast to ourselves.

I shall be happy, I said, to let you have a share. Here is Lysis, who does not understand something that I was saying, and wants me to ask Menexenus, who, as he thinks, will be able to answer.

And why don't you ask him? he said.

Very well, I said, I will ask him; and do you, Menexenus, answer. But first I must tell you that I am one who from my childhood upward have set my heart upon a certain thing. All people have their fancies; some desire horses, and others dogs; and some are fond of gold, and others of honor. Now, I have no violent desire of any of these things; but I have a passion for friends; and I would rather have a good friend than the best cock or quail in the world: I would even go further, and say than a horse or dog. Yea, by the dog of Egypt, I should greatly prefer a real friend to all the gold of Darius, or even to Darius himself: I am such a ²¹² lover of friends as that. And when I see you and Lysis, at your early age, so easily possessed of this treasure, and so soon, he of you, and you of him, I am amazed and delighted, seeing that I myself, although I am now advanced in years, am so far from having made a similar acquisition, that I do not even know in what way a friend is acquired. But this is the question which I want to ask you, as you have experience: tell me then, when one loves another, is the lover or the beloved the friend; or may either be the friend?

Either, he said, may be the friend.

Do you mean, I said, that if only one of them loves the other, they are mutual friends?

Yes, he said; that is my meaning.

But what if the lover is not loved in return? That is a possible case.

Yes.

Or is, perhaps, even hated? for that is a fancy which lovers sometimes have. Nothing can exceed their love; and yet they imagine either that they are not loved in return, or that they are hated. Is not that true?

Yes, he said, quite true.

In that case, the one loves, and the other is loved?

Yes.

Then which is the friend of which? Is the lover the friend of the beloved, whether he be loved in return, or hated; or is the beloved the friend; or is there no friendship at all on either side, unless they both love one another?

There would seem to be none at all.

Then that is at variance with our former notion. Just now, both were friends, if one only loved; and now, unless they both love, neither is a friend.

That appears to be true.

Then no one is a friend to his friend who does not love in return?

I think not.

Then they are not lovers of horses, whom the horses do not love in return; nor lovers of quails, nor of dogs, nor of wine, nor of gymnastic exercises, who have no return of love; no, nor of wisdom, unless wisdom loves them in return. Or perhaps they do love them, but they are not beloved by them; and the poet was wrong who sings, —

“Happy the man to whom his children are dear, and steeds having single hoofs, and dogs of chase, and the stranger of another land.”

I do not think that he was wrong.

Then you think that he is right?

Yes.

Then, Menexenus, the conclusion is, that what is beloved may be dear, whether loving or hating: for example, very young
 213 children, too young to love, or even hating their father
 or mother when they are punished by them, are never
 dearer to them than at the time when they are hating them.

I think that is true, he said.

Then on this view, not the lover, but the beloved, is the friend or dear one; and the hated one, and not the hater, is the enemy?

That is plain.

Then many men are loved by their enemies, and hated by their friends, and are the friends of their enemies, and the enemies of their friends — that follows if the beloved is dear, and not the lover: but this, my dear friend, is an absurdity, or, I should rather say, an impossibility.

That, Socrates, I believe to be true.

But then, if not the enemy, the lover will be the friend of that which is loved?

True.

And the hater will be the enemy of that which is hated?

Certainly.

Yet there is no avoiding the admission in this, as in the preceding instance, that a man may love one who is not his friend, or who may be his enemy. There are cases in which a lover loves, and is not loved, or is perhaps hated; and a man may be the enemy of one who is not his enemy, and is even his friend: for example, when he loves that which does not hate him, or even hates that which loves him.

That appears to be true.

But if the lover is not a friend, nor the beloved a friend, nor both together, what are we to say? Whom are we to call friends to one another? Do any remain?

Indeed, Socrates, I cannot find any.

But, O Menexenus! I said, may we not have been altogether wrong in our conclusions?

I am sure that we have been wrong, Socrates, said Lysis. And he blushed at his own words, as if he had not intended to speak, but the words escaped him involuntarily in his eagerness; there was no mistaking his attentive look while he was listening.

I was pleased at the interest which was shown by Lysis, and I wanted to give Menexenus a rest, so I turned to him, and said, I think, Lysis, that what you say is true, and that we, if we had been right, should never have gone so far wrong; let us proceed no further in this direction (for the road seems to be getting troublesome), but take the other in which the poets will be our guide; for they are to us in a manner the fathers and authors of wisdom, and they ²¹⁴ speak of friends in no light or trivial manner, but God himself, as they say, makes them and draws them to one another; and this they express, if I am not mistaken, in the following words:—

“God is ever drawing like towards like, and making them acquainted.”

I dare say that you have heard those words.

Yes, he said ; I have.

And have you not also met with the treatises of philosophers who say that like must love like ? they are the people who go talking and writing about nature and the universe.

That is true, he said.

And are they right in saying that ?

They may be.

Perhaps, I said, about half right, or probably altogether right, if their meaning were rightly apprehended by us. For the more a bad man has to do with a bad man, and the more nearly he is brought into contact with him, the more he will be likely to hate him, for he injures him, and injurer and injured cannot be friends. Is not that true ?

Yes, he said.

Then one half of the saying is untrue, if the wicked are like one another ?

That is true.

But people really mean, as I suppose, that the good are like one another, and friends to one another ; and that the bad, as is often said of them, are never at unity with one another or with themselves, but are passionate and restless : and that which is at variance and enmity with itself is not likely to be in union or harmony with any other thing. Don't you agree to that ?

Yes, I do.

Then, my friend, those who say that the like is friendly to the like mean to intimate, if I do not misapprehend, that the good only is the friend of the good, and of him only ; but that the evil never attains to any real friendship, either with good or evil. Do you agree ?

He nodded assent.

Then now we know how to answer the question, " Who are friends ? " for the argument supplies the answer, " That the good are friends."

Yes, he said, that is true.

Yes, I replied ; and yet I am not quite satisfied with this. Shall I tell you what I suspect ? I will. Assuming that like, inasmuch as he is like, is the friend of like, and useful to him — or rather let me try another way of putting the matter : Can like do any good or harm to like which he could not do

to himself, or suffer anything from his like which he would not suffer from himself? And if neither can be of any use to the other, how can they be loved by one another? ²¹⁵
Can they now?

They cannot.

And can he who is not loved be a friend?

Certainly not.

But say that the like is not the friend of the like in as far as he is like; still the good may be the friend of the good in as far as he is good.

True.

But then again, will not the good, in as far as he is good, be sufficient for himself? And he who is sufficient wants nothing — that is implied in the word sufficient?

Of course not.

And he who wants nothing will desire nothing?

He will not.

Neither can he love that which he does not desire?

He cannot.

And he who loves not is not a lover or friend?

Clearly not.

What place then is there for friendship, if, when absent, good men have no desire of one another (for when alone they are sufficient for themselves) and when present have no use of one another? How can such persons ever be induced to value one another?

They cannot.

And friends they cannot be, unless they value one another?

Very true.

But see now, Lysis, how we are being deceived in all this; are we not entirely wrong?

How is that? he said.

Have I not heard some one say, as I just now recollect, that the like is the greatest enemy of the like, the good of the good? — and in fact he quoted the authority of Hesiod, who says that "potter quarrels with potter, bard with bard, beggar with beggar"; and of all other things he also says that "of necessity the most like are most full of envy, strife, and hatred of one another, and the most unlike of friendship. For the poor man is compelled to be the friend of the rich,

and the weak requires the aid of the strong, and the sick man of the physician; every one who knows not has to love and court him who knows." And indeed he went on to say in grandiloquent language that the idea of friendship existing between similars is not the truth, but the very reverse of the truth, and that the most opposed are the most friendly; for that everything desires not like but unlike: for example, the dry desires the moist, the cold the hot, the bitter the sweet, the sharp the blunt, the void the full, the full the void, and so of all other things; for the opposite is
 216 the food of the opposite, whereas like receives nothing from like. And I thought that he was a charming man who said this, and that he spoke well. What do the rest of you say?

I should say, at first hearing, that he is right, said Menexenus.

Then are we to say that the greatest friendship is of opposites?

Exactly.

Yes, Menexenus; but will not that be a monstrous answer? and will not the all-wise eristics be down upon us in triumph, and ask, fairly enough, whether love is not the very opposite of hate? and what answer shall we make to them? must we not admit that they speak truly?

That we must.

They will ask whether the enemy is the friend of the friend, or the friend the friend of the enemy?

Neither, he replied.

Well, but is a just man the friend of the unjust, or the temperate of the intemperate, or the good of the bad?

I do not see how that is possible.

And yet, I said, if friendship goes by contraries, the contraries must be friends.

They must.

Then neither like and like nor unlike and unlike are friends.

I suppose not.

And yet there is a further consideration: may not all these notions of friendship be erroneous? but still may there not be cases in which that which is neither good nor bad is the friend of the good?

How do you mean? he said.

Why really, I said, the truth is that I don't know; but my head is dizzy with thinking of the argument, and therefore I hazard the conjecture, that the beautiful is the friend, as the old proverb says. Beauty is certainly a soft, smooth, slippery thing, and therefore of a nature which easily slips in and permeates our souls. And I further add that the good is the beautiful. You will agree to that?

Yes.

This I say from a sort of notion that what is neither good nor evil is the friend of the beautiful and the good, and I will tell you why I am inclined to think this: I assume that there are three principles—the good, the bad, and that which is neither good nor bad. What do you say to that?

I agree.

And neither is the good the friend of the good, nor the evil of the evil, nor the good of the evil,—that the preceding argument will not allow; and therefore the only alternative is—if there be such a thing as friendship or love at all—that what is neither good nor evil must be the friend, either of the good, or of that which is neither good nor evil, for nothing can be the friend of the bad.

True.

Nor can like be the friend of like, as we were just now saying.

True.

Then that which is neither good nor evil can have no friend which is neither good nor evil.

That is evident.

Then the good alone is the friend of that only which is neither good nor evil.

That may be assumed to be certain.

And does not this seem to put us in the right way? ²¹⁷
Just remark, that the body which is in health requires neither medical nor any other aid, but is well enough; and the healthy man has no love of the physician, because he is in health.

He has none.

But the sick loves him, because he is sick?

Certainly.

And sickness is an evil, and the art of medicine a good and useful thing?

Yes.

But the human body, viewed as a body, is neither good nor evil?

True.

And the body is compelled by reason of disease to court and make friends of the art of medicine?

Yes.

Then that which is neither good nor evil becomes the friend of good, by reason of the presence of evil?

That is the inference.

And clearly this must have happened before that which was neither good nor evil had become altogether corrupted with the element of evil, for then it would not still desire and love the good; for, as we were saying, the evil cannot be the friend of the good.

That is impossible.

Further, I must observe that some substances are assimilated when others are present with them; and there are some which are not assimilated; take, for example, the case of an ointment or color which is put on another substance.

Very good.

In such a case, is the substance which is anointed the same as the color or ointment?

What do you mean? he said.

This is what I mean, I said: Suppose that I were to cover your auburn locks with white lead, would they be really white, or would they only appear to be white?

They would only appear to be white, he replied.

And yet whiteness would be present in them. But that would not make them at all the more white, notwithstanding the presence of white in them—they would be neither white nor black.

True.

But when old age superinduces in them the same color, then they become assimilated, and are white by the presence of white.

Certainly.

Now I want to know whether in all cases a substance is

assimilated by the presence of another substance; or must the presence be after a peculiar sort?

The latter, he said.

Then that which is neither good nor evil may be in the presence of evil, and not be wholly evil, and that has happened before now?

True.

Then when anything is in the presence of evil, but is not as yet evil, the presence of good arouses the desire of good in that thing; but the presence of evil, which makes a thing evil, takes away the desire and friendship of the good; for that which was once both good and evil has now become evil only, and the good had no friendship with the evil? 218

None.

And therefore we say that those who are already wise, whether gods or men, are no longer lovers of wisdom; nor can they be lovers of wisdom, who are ignorant to the extent of being evil, for no evil or ignorant person is a lover of wisdom. There remain those who have the misfortune to be ignorant, but are not yet hardened in their ignorance, or void of understanding, and do not as yet fancy that they know what they do not know: and therefore those who are the lovers of wisdom are as yet neither good nor bad. But the bad do not love wisdom any more than the good; for, as we have already seen, neither unlike is the friend of unlike, nor like of like. You remember that?

Yes, they both said.

And so, Lysis and Menexenus, we have discovered the nature of friendship: there can be no doubt of that. Friendship is the love which the neither good nor evil has of the good, when the evil is present, either in the soul, or in the body, or anywhere.

They both agreed and entirely assented, and for a moment I rejoiced and was satisfied like a huntsman whose prey is within his grasp. But then a suspicion came across me, and I fancied unaccountably that the conclusion was untrue, and I felt pained, and said, Alas! Lysis and Menexenus, I am afraid that we have been grasping at a shadow.

Why do you say that? said Menexenus.

I am afraid, I said, that the argument about friendship is false; arguments, like men, are often pretenders.

How is that? he asked.

Well, I said; look at the matter in this way: a friend is the friend of some one.

Certainly he is.

And has he a motive and object in being a friend, or has he no motive and object?

He has a motive and object.

And is the object which makes him a friend dear to him, or neither dear nor hateful to him?

I don't quite follow you, he said.

I do not wonder at that, I said. But perhaps, if I put the matter in another way, you will be able to follow me, and my own meaning will be clearer to myself. The sick man, as I was just now saying, is the friend of the physician, — is he not?

Yes.

And he is the friend of the physician because of disease, and for the sake of health?

Yes.

And disease is an evil?

Certainly.

And what of health? I said. Is that good or evil, or neither?

219 Good, he replied.

And we were saying, I believe, that the body, being neither good nor evil, because of disease, that is to say because of evil, is the friend of medicine, and medicine is a good: and medicine has entered into this friendship for the sake of health, and health is a good.

True.

And is health a friend, or not a friend?

A friend.

And disease is an enemy?

Yes.

Then that which is neither good nor evil is the friend of the good because of the evil and hateful, and for the sake of the good and the friend?

That is clear.

Then the friend is a friend for the sake of the friend, and because of the enemy?

That is to be inferred.

Then at this point, my boys, let us take heed, and be on our guard against deceptions. I will no more say that the friend is the friend of the friend, and the like of the like, which has been declared by us to be an impossibility; but, in order that this new statement may not delude us, let us attentively examine another point, which is this: medicine, as we were saying, is a friend, or dear to us for the sake of health?

Yes.

And health is also dear?

Certainly.

And if dear, then dear for the sake of something?

Yes.

And surely this object must also be dear, as is implied in our previous admissions?

Yes.

And that something dear involves something else dear?

Yes.

But then, proceeding in this way, we shall at last come to an end, and arrive at some first principle of friendship or dearness which is not capable of being referred to any other, for the sake of which, as we maintain, all other things are dear.

Certainly.

My fear is that all those other things, which, as we say, are dear for the sake of that other, are illusions and deceptions only, of which that other is the reality or true principle of friendship. Let me put the matter thus: Suppose the case of a great treasure (this may be a son, who is more precious to his father than all his other treasures); would not the father, who values his son above all things, value other things also for the sake of his son? I mean, for instance, if he knew that his son had drunk hemlock, and the father thought that wine would save him, he would value the wine?

Certainly.

And also the vessel which contains the wine?

Certainly.

But he does not therefore value the three measures of wine, or the earthen vessel which contains them equally with his son? Is not this rather the true state of the case? All

²²⁰ this anxiety of his has regard not to the means which are provided for the sake of an object, but to the object for the sake of which they are provided. And although we may often say that gold and silver are highly valued by us, that is not the truth; for the truth is that there is a further object, whatever that may be, which we value most of all, and for the sake of which gold and all our other possessions are acquired by us. Am I not right?

Yes, certainly.

And may not the same be said of the friend? That which is only dear to us for the sake of something else is improperly said to be dear, but the truly dear is that in which all these so-called dear friendships terminate.

That, he said, appears to be true.

And the truly dear or ultimate principle of friendship is not for the sake of any other or further dear.

True.

Then the notion is at an end that friendship has not any further object. But are we therefore to infer that the good is the friend?

That is my view.

Then is the good loved for the sake of the evil? Let me put the case in this way: Suppose that of the three principles, good, evil, and that which is neither good nor evil, there remained only the good and the neutral, and that evil went far away, and in no way affected soul or body, nor ever at all that class of things which, as we say, are neither good nor evil in themselves; would the good be of any use, or other than useless to us? For if there were nothing to hurt us any longer, we should have no need of anything that would do us good. Then would be clearly seen that we did but love and desire the good because of the evil, and as the remedy of the evil, which was the disease; but if there had been no disease, there would have been no need of a remedy. Is not this the nature of the good — to be loved because of the evil, by us who are between the two? but there is no use in the good for its own sake.

I suppose that is true.

Then the final principle of friendship, in which all other friendships which are relative only were supposed by us to terminate, is of another and a different nature from them. For they are called dear because of another dear or friend. But with the true friend or dear, the case is quite the reverse; for that is proved to be dear because of the hated, and if the hated were away, the loved would no longer stay.

That is true, he replied: at least that is implied in the argument.

But, O! will you tell me, I said, whether, if evil were to perish, we should hunger any more, or thirst any more, or have any similar affection? Or may we suppose that hunger will remain while men and animals remain, but not so as to be hurtful? And the same of thirst and the other affec-²²¹tions,—that they will remain, but will not be evil because evil has perished? Or shall I say rather, that to ask what either would be or would not be has no meaning, for who can tell? This only we know, that in our present condition hunger may injure us, and may also benefit us. Is not that true?

Yes.

And in like manner thirst or any similar desire may sometimes be a good and sometimes an evil to us, and sometimes neither one nor the other?

To be sure.

But is there any reason why, because evil perishes, that which is not evil should also perish?

None.

Then, even if evil perishes, the desires which are neither good nor evil will remain?

That is evident.

And must not a man love that which he desires and affects?

He must.

Then, even if evil perishes, there may still remain some elements of love or friendship?

Yes.

But not, if evil is the cause of friendship: for in that case nothing will be the friend of any other thing after the destruction of evil; for the effect cannot remain when the cause is destroyed.

True.

And have we not been saying that the friend loves something for a reason? and the reason was because of the evil which leads the neither good nor evil to love the good?

Very true.

But now our view is changed, and there must be some other cause of friendship?

I suppose that there must.

May not the truth be that, as we were saying, desire is the cause of friendship; for that which desires is dear to that which is desired at the time of desire? and may not the other theory have been just a long story about nothing?

That is possibly true.

But surely, I said, he who desires, desires that of which he is in want?

Yes.

And that of which he is in want is dear to him?

True.

And he is in want of that of which he is deprived?

Certainly.

Then love, and desire, and friendship would appear to be of the natural or congenial. That, Lysis and Menexenus, is the inference.

They assented.

Then if you are friends, you must have natures which are congenial to one another?

Certainly, they both said.

And I say, my boys, that no one who loves or desires
 222 another would ever have loved or desired or affected him, if he had not been in some way congenial to him, either in his soul, or in his character, or in his manners, or in his form.

Yes, yes, said Menexenus. But Lysis was silent.

Then, I said, the conclusion is, that what is of a congenial nature must be loved.

That follows, he said.

Then the true lover, and not the counterfeit, must be loved by his love.

Lysis and Menexenus gave a faint assent to this; and Hippothales changed into all manner of colors with delight.

Here, intending to revise the argument, I said: Can we point out any difference between the congenial and the like? For if that is possible, then I think, Lysis and Menexenus, there may be some sense in our argument about friendship. But if the congenial is only the like, how will you get rid of the other argument, of the uselessness of like to like in as far as they are like? for to say that what is useless is dear, would be absurd. Suppose, then, that we agree to distinguish between the congenial and the like—in the intoxication of argument, that may perhaps be allowed.

Very true.

And shall we further say that the good is congenial, and the evil uncongenial to every one? Or again, that the evil is congenial to the evil, and the good to the good; or that which is neither good nor evil to that which is neither good nor evil?

They agreed to the latter alternative.

Then, my boys, we have again fallen into the old discarded error; for the unjust will be the friend of the unjust, and the bad of the bad, as well as the good of the good.

That appears to be true.

But again, if we say that the congenial is the same as the good, in that case the good will only be the friend of the good.

True.

But that too was a position of ours which, as you will remember, has been already refuted by ourselves.

We remember.

Then what is to be done? Or rather, is there anything to be done? I can only, like the wise men who argue in courts, sum up the arguments. If neither the beloved, nor the lover, nor the like, nor the unlike, nor the good, nor the congenial, nor any other of whom we spoke—for there were such a number of them that I can't remember them—if, I say, none of these are friends, I know not what remains to be said.

Here I was going to invite the opinion of some older person, when suddenly we were interrupted by the tutors of Lysis and Menexenus, who came upon us like an evil apparition, with their brothers, and bade them go home, as it was getting late. At first, we and the bystanders drove them off; but afterwards, as they would not mind, and only went on

shouting in their barbarous dialect, and got angry, and kept calling the boys, — they appeared to us to have been drinking rather too much at the Hermæa, which made them difficult to manage, — we fairly gave way and broke up the company.

I said, however, a few words to the boys at parting: O Menexenus and Lysis, will not the bystanders go away and say, “Here is a jest; you two boys, and I, an old boy, who would fain be one of you, imagine ourselves to be friends, and we have not as yet been able to discover what is a friend!”

INTRODUCTION TO GORGIAS

IN several of the dialogues of Plato doubts have arisen among his interpreters as to which of the various subjects discussed in them is the main thesis. The speakers have the freedom of conversation; no severe rules of art restrict them, and sometimes we are inclined to think that the digressions have the greater interest. Yet in the most irregular of the dialogues there is also a certain natural growth or unity; the beginning is not forgotten at the end, and numerous allusions and references are interspersed, which form the loose connecting links of the whole. We must not neglect this unity, but neither must we attempt to confine the Platonic dialogue on the Procrustean bed of a single idea.

Two tendencies seem to have beset the interpreters of Plato in this matter. First, they have endeavored to hang the dialogues upon one another by the very slightest threads; and this has led to opposite and contradictory assertions respecting their order and sequence. The mantle of Schleiermacher has descended upon his successors, who have applied his method with the most various results. The value and use of the method has been hardly, if at all, examined either by him or them. Secondly, they have extended almost indefinitely the scope of each separate dialogue; in this way they think that they have escaped all difficulties, not seeing that what they have gained in generality they have lost in truth and distinctness. Metaphysical conceptions easily pass into one another; and the simpler notions of antiquity, which we can only realize by an effort, imperceptibly blend with the more familiar theories of modern philosophers. An eye for proportion is needed (his own art of measuring) in the study of Plato, as well as of other great artists. We may readily admit that the moral antithesis of good and pleasure, or the intellectual antithesis of knowledge and opinion, being and appearance, are never far off in a Platonic discussion. But because they are in the background, we should not bring them into the foreground, or expect to find them equally in all the dialogues.

There may be some advantage in drawing out a little the main outlines of the building; but the use of this is limited, and may be easily exaggerated. We may give Plato too much system, and alter the natural form and connection of his thoughts. Under the idea that his dialogues are finished works of art, we may find a reason for everything, and lose the highest characteristic of art, which is simplicity. Most great works receive a new light from a new and original mind. But whether these new lights are true or only suggestive, will depend on their agreement with the spirit of Plato and the amount of direct evidence which can be urged in support of them. When a theory is running away with us, criticism does a friendly office in counseling moderation and recalling us to the indications of the text.

The "Gorgias" has puzzled students of Plato by the appearance of two or more subjects. Under the cover of rhetoric much higher themes are introduced; the world is convinced of falsehood; and the argument expands into a general view of the good and evil of man. First, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain a sound definition of his art from Gorgias, we begin by imagining a universal art of flattery or simulation; this is the genus of which rhetoric is only one, and not the highest, species. To flattery is opposed the true and noble art of life which he who possesses seeks always to impart to others, and which at last triumphs, if not in this world, at any rate in another. These two aspects of life and knowledge appear to be the two leading ideas of the dialogue. The true and the false in individuals and States, in the treatment of the soul as well as of the body, are conceived under the forms of true and false art. In the development of this opposition there arise various other questions, such as the two famous paradoxes of Socrates: (1) that to do is worse than to suffer evil; and (2) that when a man has done evil he had better be punished than unpunished; to which may be added (3) a third Socratic paradox, that bad men do what they think best, but not what they desire, for the desire of all is towards the good. That pleasure is to be distinguished from good is proved by the simultaneousness of pleasure and pain, and by the possibility of the bad having in certain cases pleasures as great as those of the good, or even greater. Not merely rhetoricians, but poets, musicians, and other artists, the whole tribe of statesmen, past as well as present, are included in the class of flatterers. The true and false finally appear before the judgment-seat of the gods below.

The dialogue naturally falls into three divisions, to which the

three characters of Gorgias, Polus, and Callicles respectively correspond; the form and tone also change with the stages of the argument. Socrates is deferential towards Gorgias, playful and yet cutting in dealing with the youthful Polus, ironical and sarcastic in the encounter with Callicles. In the first division the question is asked—what is rhetoric? To this there is no answer given, for Gorgias is soon made to contradict himself by Socrates, and the argument is transferred into the hands of the younger Polus, who rushes to the defense of his master. The answer has at last to be given by Socrates himself, but before he can even explain his meaning to Polus, he must enlighten him upon the great subject of shams or flatteries. When Polus finds his favorite art reduced to the level of cookery, he replies that at any rate rhetoricians, like despots, have great power. Socrates denies that they have any real power, and this leads to the three paradoxes already mentioned. Although they are strange to him, Polus is at last convinced of them; at least, they seem to him to follow legitimately from the premises. Thus the second act of the dialogue closes. Then Callicles appears on the scene, at first maintaining that pleasure is good, and that might is right, and that law is nothing but the combination of the many weak against the few strong. When he is confuted he withdraws from the argument, and leaves Socrates to arrive at the conclusion by himself. The conclusion is that there are two kinds of statesmanship, a higher and a lower,—that which makes the people better, and that which only flatters them, and exhorts Callicles to choose the higher. The dialogue terminates with a mythus of a final judgment, in which there will be no more flattery or disguise, and no further use for the teaching of rhetoric.

The three principal characters correspond to the parts which are assigned to them in the argument. Gorgias is the great rhetorician, now advanced in years, who goes from city to city displaying his talents and is celebrated throughout Greece. Like all the Sophists in the dialogues of Plato, he is vain and boastful, yet he also has a certain dignity, and is treated by Socrates with considerable respect. But he is no match for him in dialectics. All his life long he has been teaching rhetoric, and is still incapable of defining his own art. When his ideas begin to clear up, he is unwilling to admit that rhetoric can be wholly separated from justice and injustice, and this lingering sentiment of morality, or regard for public opinion, enables Socrates to detect him in a contradiction. Like Protagoras, he is described as of a generous nature; he expresses his approbation of

Socrates's manner of approaching a question; he is quite "one of Socrates's sort, ready to be refuted as well as to refute," and very eager that Callicles and Socrates should have the game out. He knows by experience that rhetoric exercises great influence over other men, but he is unable to explain the puzzle how rhetoric can teach, or rather persuade, without any knowledge of the subjects of discourse.

Polus is an impetuous youth, a runaway "colt," as Socrates describes him, who wanted originally to have taken the place of Gorgias under the pretext that he was tired, and avails himself of the earliest opportunity to enter the lists. He is said to be the author of a work on rhetoric (462 C), and is again mentioned in the "Phædrus" (267 B), as the inventor of balanced or double forms of speech. At first he is violent and ill-mannered, and is angry at seeing his master overthrown. But in the judicious hands of Socrates, he is soon restored to good humor, and compelled to assent to the required conclusion. Like Gorgias, he is overthrown because he compromises; he is unwilling to say that to do is fairer or more honorable than to suffer injustice. Though he is fascinated by the power of rhetoric, and dazzled by the splendor of success, he is not insensible to higher arguments. Plato may have felt that there would be an incongruity in a youth maintaining the cause of justice against the world. He has never heard the other side of the question, and he listens to the paradoxes of Socrates with evident astonishment. He can hardly understand the meaning of Archelaus being miserable, or of rhetoric being only useful in self-accusation. When the argument with him has fairly run out, —

Callicles, in whose house they are assembled, is introduced on the stage: he is with difficulty convinced that Socrates is in earnest; for if these things are true, then, as he says with real emotion, the foundations of society are upside down. Another type of character is represented in him; he is neither sophist nor philosopher, but man of the world, and an accomplished Athenian gentleman. He might be described in modern language as a cynic or materialist, a lover of power and also of pleasure, and unscrupulous in his means of attaining both. There is no desire on his part to offer any compromise in the interests of morality; nor is any concession made by him. He constantly maintains that might is right. His great motive of action is political ambition; in this he is characteristically Greek. He is the enemy of the Sophists, but favors the new art of rhetoric, which he regards as an excellent weapon of attack and defense. He

is a despiser of mankind as he is of philosophy, and sees in the laws of the State only a violation of the order of nature, which intended that the stronger should govern the weaker. Like other men of the world who are of a speculative turn of mind, he generalizes the bad side of human nature, and has easily brought down his principles to his practise. Philosophy and poetry alike supply him with distinctions suited to his view of human life. He has a good-will to Socrates, whose talents he evidently admires, while he censures the puerile use which he makes of them. He expresses a keen intellectual interest in the argument. He has a sympathy with other men of the world: the Athenian statesmen of former ages, who showed no weakness and made no mistakes, such as Miltiades, Themistocles, Pericles, are his favorites. His ideal of human character is a man of great passions and great powers, which he has developed to the utmost, and which he uses in his own enjoyment and in the government of others. Had Critias been the name instead of Callicles, about whom we know nothing from other sources, the opinions of the man would have seemed to reflect the history of his life.

And now the combat deepens. In Callicles, far more than in any sophist or rhetorician, is concentrated the spirit of evil against which Socrates is contending, the spirit of the world, the spirit of the many contending against the one wise man, of which the Sophists, as he describes them in the "Republic," are the imitators rather than the authors, being themselves carried away by the great tide of public opinion. Socrates approaches his antagonists warily from a distance with a sort of irony which touches with a light hand both his personal vices (probably in allusion to some scandal of the day) and his servility to the populace. At the same time, he is in most profound earnest, as Chærephon remarks. Callicles soon loses his temper, but the more he is irritated, the more provoking and matter-of-fact does Socrates become. A repartee of his which appears to have been really made to the "omniscient" Hippias, according to the testimony of Xenophon ("Mem." IV. 4, 6, 10), is introduced (490 E). He is called by Callicles a popular declaimer, and certainly shows that he has the power, in the words of Gorgias, of being "as long as he pleases," or "as short as he pleases." Callicles exhibits great ability in defending himself and attacking Socrates, whom he accuses of trifling and word splitting: he is scandalized (p. 494) that the legitimate consequences of his own argument should be stated in plain terms; after the manner of men of the world, he wishes to preserve the decencies of life. But he cannot consistently maintain the

bad sense of words; and getting confused between the abstract notions of better, superior, stronger, he is easily turned round by Socrates, and only induced to continue the argument by the authority of Gorgias. Once, when Socrates is describing the manner in which the ambitious citizen has to identify himself with the people, he partly recognizes the truth of his words.

The Socrates of the "Gorgias" is not distinguished by any remarkable personal traits. As in other dialogues, he is the enemy of the Sophists and rhetoricians; and also of the statesmen, whom he regards as another variety of the same species. He is more paradoxical and satirical, and perhaps more unfair, than in any other of Plato's writings. There is something humorous in the situation; the ideal and ironical Socrates is provoked into a kind of extravagance by the worldliness of Callicles, "fooled to the top of his bent," although he is at the same time deeply serious. The presentiment of his own fate is hanging over him. He is aware that Socrates, the single real teacher of politics, as he ventures to call himself, cannot safely go to war with the whole world—in the courts of earth he will be condemned, and can only be justified in the world below. Then the position of himself and Callicles will be reversed; all those things unfit for ears polite which Callicles has prophesied as likely to happen to him in this world, the insulting language, the box on the ears, may then fall upon himself.

There is an interesting allusion to his own behavior at the trial of the generals after the battle of Arginusæ, which he ironically attributes to his ignorance of the manner in which a vote of the assembly should be taken (473 E). This is said to have happened "last year" (406), and therefore the dramatic date of the dialogue has been fixed at 405 B.C., when Socrates would already have been an old man. The date is clearly marked, but is scarcely reconcilable with another indication of time, namely, the "recent" usurpation of Archelaus, which occurred in the year 413 (470 D); and still less with the "recent" death (503 B) of Pericles, which happened twenty-four years previously (429 B.C.), or with the mention of Nicias, who died in 413, and is nevertheless spoken of as a living witness (472 A, B). But we have already had reason to observe, that although there is a general consistency of times and persons in the dialogues of Plato, a precise dramatic date is an invention of his commentators.

The conclusion of the dialogue is remarkable (1) for the truly characteristic declaration of Socrates (509 A) that he is ignorant

of the true nature and bearing of these things, while he affirms at the same time that no one can maintain any other view without being ridiculous. The profession of ignorance reminds us of the earlier and more exclusively Socratic dialogues. But neither in them, nor in the "Apology," nor in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, does Socrates express any doubt of the fundamental truths in morality. He evidently regards this "among the multitude of questions" which agitate human life "as the principle which alone remains unshaken" (527 B). He does not insist here, any more than in the "Phædo," on the literal truth of the myth, but only on the soundness of the doctrine which is contained in it, that doing wrong is worse than suffering, that a man should seem rather than be, that if he is bad he should be corrected, and that rhetoric should be employed for the maintenance of the right only. The revelation of another life is also a recapitulation of the argument in a figure.

(2) The statement of Socrates is remarkable, that he is the only true politician of his age. In other passages, especially in the "Apology," he disclaims being a politician at all. There he is convinced that he or any other good man who attempted to resist the popular will would be put to death before he had done any good to himself or others. Here he anticipates such a fate for himself, from the fact that he is "the only man of the present day who performs his public duties at all." The two points of view are not really inconsistent, but the difference between them is worth noticing: Socrates is and is not a public man. Not in the ordinary sense, like Alcibiades or Pericles, but in a higher one; and this will sooner or later entail the same consequences on him. He cannot be a private man if he would; neither can he separate morals from politics. Nor is he unwilling to be a politician, although he foresees the dangers that await him, but he must first become a better and wiser man, for he as well as Callicles is in a state of perplexity and uncertainty (527 D, E). Neither is he quite consistent in the point of view which he maintains in this very dialogue (526 C, D).

And now, as Socrates says (506 D), we will "resume the argument from the beginning."

Socrates, who is attended by his inseparable disciple Chærephon, meets Callicles in the streets of Athens. He is informed that he has just missed an exhibition of Gorgias, which he regrets, because he was desirous, not of hearing Gorgias display his rhetoric, but of interrogating him concerning the nature of his art. Callicles proposes

that they shall go with him to his own house, where Gorgias is staying. There they find the great rhetorician and his younger friend and disciple Polus.

Soc. Put the question to him, Chærephon. *Ch.* What question? *Soc.* Who is he?—such a question as would elicit from a man the answer, “I am a cobbler.” Polus suggests that Gorgias may be tired, and desires to answer for him. “Who is Gorgias?” asks Chærephon, imitating the manner of his master Socrates. “One of the best of men and a proficient in the best and noblest of experimental arts,” etc., replies Polus, in rhetorical and balanced phrases. Socrates is dissatisfied at the length and unmeaningness of the answer; he tells the disconcerted volunteer that he has mistaken the quality for the nature of the art, and remarks to Gorgias that Polus has learned how to make a speech, but not how to answer a question. He wishes that Gorgias would answer him. Gorgias is willing enough, and replies to the question asked by Chærephon,—that he is a rhetorician, and in Homeric language “boasts himself to be a good one.” At the request of Socrates he promises to be brief; for “he can be as long as he pleases, and as short as he pleases.” Socrates would have him bestow his length on others and proceeds to ask him a number of questions, which are answered by him to his own great satisfaction, and with a brevity which excites the admiration of Socrates. The result of the discussion may be summed up as follows:—

Rhetoric treats of discourse; but music and medicine, and other particular arts, are also concerned with discourse; in what way then does rhetoric differ from them? Gorgias draws a distinction between the art which deals with words, and the arts which have to do with external actions. Socrates extends this distinction further, and divides all productive arts into two classes: (1) arts which may be carried on in silence; and (2) arts which have to do with words, or in which words are coextensive with action, such as arithmetic, geometry, rhetoric. But still Gorgias could hardly have meant to say that arithmetic was the same as rhetoric. Even in the arts which are concerned with words there are differences. What then distinguishes rhetoric from the other arts which have to do with words? “The words which rhetoric uses relate to the best and greatest of human things.” But tell me, Gorgias, what are the best? “Health first, beauty next, wealth third,” in the words of the old song, or how would you rank them? The arts will come to you in a body, each claiming precedence and saying that her own good is superior to that of the rest—How will you choose between them? “I should say, Socrates, that the art of

persuasion, which gives freedom to all men, and to individuals power in the State, is the greatest good." But what is the exact nature of this persuasion?—is the persevering retort. You could not describe Zeuxis as a painter, or even as a painter of figures, if there were other painters of figures; neither can you define rhetoric simply as an art of persuasion, because there are other arts which persuade, such as arithmetic, which is an art of persuasion about odd and even numbers. Gorgias is made to see the necessity of a further limitation, and he now defines rhetoric as the art of persuading in the law courts, and in the assembly, about the just and unjust. But still there are two sorts of persuasion: one which gives knowledge, and another which gives belief without knowledge; and knowledge is always true, but belief may be either true or false,—there is therefore a further question: which of the two sorts of persuasion does rhetoric effect in courts of law and assemblies? Plainly that which gives belief and not that which gives knowledge; for no one can impart a real knowledge of such matters to a crowd of persons in a few minutes. And there is another point to be considered: when the assembly meets to advise about walls or docks or military expeditions, the rhetorician is not taken into counsel, but the architect or the general. How would Gorgias explain this? Not Socrates only, but all who intend to become his disciples (and there are several of them in the company), are eagerly asking: About what then will rhetoric teach us to persuade or advise the State?

Gorgias illustrates the nature of rhetoric by adducing the example of Themistocles, who persuaded the Athenians to build their docks and walls, and of Pericles, whom Socrates himself remembers to have heard advising them about the middle wall. He adds that he has exercised a similar power over the patients of his brother Herodicus. He could be chosen a physician by the assembly if he pleased, for no physician could compete with a rhetorician in popularity and influence. He could persuade the multitude of anything by the power of his rhetoric; not that the rhetorician ought to abuse this power any more than a boxer should abuse the art of self-defense. Rhetoric is a good thing, but, like all good things, may be unlawfully used. Neither is the teacher of the art to be deemed unjust because his pupils are unjust, and make a bad use of the lessons which they have learned from him.

Socrates would like to know before he replies, whether Gorgias will quarrel with him if he points out a slight inconsistency into which he has fallen, or whether he, like himself, is one who loves to

be refuted. Gorgias declares that he is quite one of his sort, but fears that the argument may be tedious to the company. The company cheer, and Chærephon and Callicles exhort them to proceed. Socrates gently points out the supposed inconsistency into which Gorgias appears to have fallen, and which he is inclined to think may arise out of a misapprehension of his own. The rhetorician has been declared by Gorgias to be more persuasive to the ignorant than the physician, or any other expert. And he is said to be ignorant, and this ignorance of his is regarded by Gorgias as a happy condition, for he has escaped the trouble of learning. But is he as ignorant of just and unjust as he is of medicine or building? Gorgias is compelled to admit that if he did not know them previously, he must learn them from his teacher as a part of the art of rhetoric. But he who has learned carpentry is a carpenter, and he who has learned music is a musician, and he who has learned justice is just. The rhetorician then must be a just man, and rhetoric is a just thing. But Gorgias has already admitted the opposite of this, namely, that rhetoric may be abused, and that the rhetorician may act unjustly. How is the inconsistency to be explained?

The fallacy of this argument is twofold; for in the first place, a man may know justice and not be just—here is the old confusion of the arts and the virtues; nor can any teacher be expected to counteract the effects of natural character; and secondly, a man may have a degree of justice, but not sufficient to prevent him from ever doing wrong. Polus is naturally exasperated at the sophism, which he is unable to detect, and can only reiterate that of course the rhetorician will admit that he teaches justice (how can he do otherwise when pressed by the interrogations of Socrates?), but he thinks also that great want of manners is shown in bringing the argument to such a pass. Socrates ironically replies that when old men trip, the young set them on their legs again; and he is quite willing to retract, if he can be shown to be in error, but upon one condition, which is that Polus studies brevity. Polus is in great indignation at not being allowed to use as many words as he pleases in the free State of Athens. Socrates retorts that yet harder will be his own case, if he is compelled to stay and listen to them. After some altercation they agree that Polus shall ask and Socrates answer.

"What is the art of rhetoric?" says Polus. Not an art at all, replies Socrates, but a thing which in your book you affirm to have created art. Polus asks, "What thing?" and Socrates answers, An experience or routine of making a sort of delight or gratifica-

tion. "But is not rhetoric a fine thing?" I have not yet told you what rhetoric is. Will you ask me another question — what is cookery? "What is cookery?" An experience or routine of making a sort of delight or gratification. Then they are the same, or rather fall under the same class, and rhetoric has still to be distinguished from cookery. "What is rhetoric?" asks Polus once more. A part of a not very creditable whole, which may be termed flattery, is the reply. "But what part?" A shadow of a part of politics. This, as might be expected, is wholly unintelligible, both to Gorgias and Polus; and, in order to explain his meaning to them, Socrates draws a distinction between shadows or appearances and realities: *e.g.* there is real health of body or soul, and the appearance of them; real arts and sciences, and the simulations of them. Now the soul and body have two arts waiting upon them, first the art of politics, which attends on the soul, having a legislative part and a judicial part, and another art attending on the body, which has no generic name, but may also be described as having two divisions, one of which is medicine and the other gymnastic. Corresponding with these four arts or sciences there are four shams or simulations of them, mere experiences, as they may be termed, because they give no reason of their own existence. The art of tiring is the sham or simulation of gymnastic; the art of cookery of medicine; rhetoric is the simulation of justice, and sophistic of legislation. They may be summed up in an arithmetical formula:—

Tiring : gymnastic : : cookery : medicine : : sophistic : legislation.

And,

Cookery : medicine : : rhetoric : justice.

And this is the true scheme of them, but when measured only by the gratification which they procure, they become jumbled together and return to their aboriginal chaos. Socrates apologizes for the length of his speech, which was necessary for the explanation of the subject, and begs Polus not unnecessarily to retaliate on him.

"Do you mean to say that the rhetoricians are esteemed flatterers?" They are not esteemed at all. "Why, have they not great power, and can they not do whatever they desire?" They have no power, and they only do what they think best, and never what they desire; for they never attain the true object of desire, which is the good. "As if you, Socrates, would not envy the possessor of despotic power, who can imprison, exile, kill, any one whom he pleases." But Socrates replies that he has no wish to put any one to death; he who

kills another, even justly, is not to be envied, and he who kills him unjustly is to be pitied ; it is better to suffer than to do injustice. He does not consider that going about with a dagger and putting men out of the way, or setting a house on fire, is real power. To this Polus assents, on the ground that such acts would be punished, but he is still of opinion that evil-doers, if they are unpunished, may be happy enough. He appeals to the example of Archelaus, the usurper of Macedonia. Does not Socrates think him happy? Socrates would like to know more about him ; he cannot pronounce even the great king to be happy, unless he knows his mental and moral condition. Polus explains that Archelaus was really a slave, being an illegitimate son of Alcetas, brother of Perdiccas, king of Macedon, who, by every species of crime and falsehood, first murdering his uncle and then two of his cousins, obtained the kingdom. This was very wicked, and yet all the world, including Socrates himself, would like to have his place. Socrates dismisses the appeal to numbers ; Polus, if he will, may summon all the rich men of Athens, Nicias, Aristocrates, whose splendid offerings fill the temples, the house of Pericles, or any other great family. This is the kind of evidence which is adduced in courts of justice, where truth depends upon numbers. But Socrates employs proof of another sort ; his appeal is to one witness only, — that is to say, the person with whom he is speaking ; him he will convict out of his own mouth. And he is prepared to show, after his manner, that Archelaus cannot be a wicked man and yet happy.

The evil-doer is deemed happy if he escapes, and miserable if he suffers punishment ; but Socrates thinks him less miserable if he suffers than if he escapes. Polus is of opinion that such a paradox as this hardly deserves refutation, and is at any rate sufficiently refuted by the fact. Socrates has only to compare the lot of the successful tyrant who is the envy of the world, and of the wretch who, having been detected in a criminal attempt against the State, is crucified or burnt to death. Socrates replies that if they are both criminal they are both miserable, but that the unpunished is the more miserable of the two. At this Polus laughs outright, which leads Socrates to remark that laughter is a new species of refutation. Polus replies that he is already refuted ; for if he will take the votes of the company, he will find that no one agrees with him. To this Socrates rejoins that he is not a public man, and (referring to his own conduct at the trial of the generals, after the battle of Arginusæ) is unable to take the suffrages of any company, as he had

shown on a recent occasion ; he can only deal with one witness at a time, and that is the person with whom he is arguing. But he is certain that every man believes that to do is worse than to suffer evil.

Polus, though he will not admit this, is ready to acknowledge that to do evil is considered the more foul or dishonorable of the two. But what is fair and what is foul ; whether the terms are applied to bodies, colors, figures, laws, habits, studies, must they not be defined with reference to pleasure and utility ? Polus is very ready to admit this, and is easily persuaded that the fouler of two things must exceed either in pain or hurt. But the doing cannot exceed the suffering of evil in pain, and therefore must exceed in hurt. Thus doing is proved by the testimony of Polus himself to be worse or more hurtful than suffering.

There remains the other question : Is a guilty man better off when he is punished or when he is unpunished ? Socrates replies that what is done justly is suffered justly : if the act is just, the effect is just ; if to punish is just, to be punished is just, and therefore fair, and therefore beneficent ; and the benefit is that the soul is improved. There are three evils from which a man may suffer, and which affect him in estate, body, and soul ; these are, poverty, disease, injustice ; and the foulest of these is injustice, the evil of the soul, because that brings the greatest hurt. And there are three arts which heal these evils — trading, medicine, justice, — and the fairest of these is justice. Happy is he who has never committed injustice, and happy in the second degree he who has been healed by punishment. And therefore the criminal should himself go to the judge as he would to the physician, and purge away his crime. Rhetoric will enable him to display his guilt in proper colors, and to sustain himself and others in enduring the necessary penalty. This is at least a conceivable use of the art, and no other has been discovered by us. And if a man had an enemy, he would desire not to punish him, but that he should go unpunished and become worse and worse (taking care only that he did no injury to himself) ; in this way he would “ heap coals of fire on his head.”

Here Callicles, who has been listening in silent amazement, asks Chærephon whether Socrates is in earnest, and on receiving the assurance that he is, proceeds to ask the same question of Socrates himself. For if such doctrines are true, life must have been turned upside down, and all of us are doing the opposite of what we ought to be doing.

Socrates replies in a style of playful irony, that before men can

understand one another they must have some common feeling. And such a community of feeling exists between himself and Callicles, for both of them are lovers, and they have both a pair of loves; the beloved of Callicles are the Athenian Demos and Demos the son of Pylilampes; the beloved of Socrates are Alcibiades and philosophy. The peculiarity of Callicles is that he can never contradict his loves; he changes as his Demos changes in all his opinions; he watches the countenance of both his loves, and repeats their sentiments, and if any one is surprised at his sayings and doings, the explanation of them is that he is not a free agent but must always be imitating his two loves. And this is the explanation of Socrates's peculiarities also. He is always repeating what his mistress, Philosophy, is saying to him, who, unlike his other love, Alcibiades, is ever the same, ever true. Callicles must refute her, or he will never be at unity with himself; and discord in life is far worse than the discord of musical sounds.

Callicles answers that Gorgias was overthrown because, as Polus said, in compliance with popular prejudice, he had admitted that if his pupil did not know justice the rhetorician must teach him; and Polus has been similarly entangled, because his modesty led him to admit that to suffer is more honorable than to do injustice. By custom "yes," but not by nature, says Callicles. And Socrates is always playing between the two points of view, and putting one in the place of the other. In this very argument, what Polus only meant in a conventional sense has been affirmed by him to be a law of nature. For convention says that "injustice is dishonorable," but nature says that "might is right." And we are always taming down the nobler spirits among us to the conventional level. But sometimes a great man will rise up and reassert his original rights, trampling under foot all our formularies, and then the light of natural justice shines forth. As Pindar says: "Law, the king of all, does violence with high hand"; as is proved by the example of Heracles, who drove off the oxen of Geryon and never paid for them.

This is the truth, Socrates, as you will be convinced if you leave philosophy and pass on to the real business of life. A little philosophy is an excellent thing; too much is the ruin of a man. If a man has not "passed his metaphysics" before he has grown up to manhood, he will never know the world. Philosophers are ridiculous when they take to politics, and I dare say that politicians are equally ridiculous when they take to philosophy: "Every man," as Euripides says, "is fondest of that in which he is best." Philosophy is graceful in youth, like the lisp of infancy, and should be cultivated as a part

of education ; but when a grown-up man lisps or studies philosophy, I should like to beat him. None of those over-refined natures ever come to any good ; they avoid the busy haunts of men, and skulk in corners, whispering to a few admiring youths, and never giving utterances to any noble sentiments.

For you, Socrates, I have a regard, and therefore I say to you, as Zethus says to Amphion in the play, that you have "a noble soul disguised in a puerile exterior." And I would have you consider the danger which you and other philosophers incur. For you would not know how to defend yourself if any one accused you in a law court, — there you would stand, with gaping mouth and dizzy brain, and might be murdered, robbed, boxed on the ears, with impunity. Take my advice, then, and get a little common sense ; leave to others these frivolities ; walk in the ways of the healthy, and be wise.

Socrates professes to have found in Callicles the philosopher's touchstone ; and he is certain that any opinion in which they both agree must be the very truth. Callicles has all the three qualities which are needed in a critic — knowledge, good-will, frankness ; Gorgias and Polus were too modest, and their modesty made them contradict themselves. But Callicles is a well-educated man ; and he is not too modest to speak out (of this he has already given proof), and his good-will is shown both by his own profession and by his giving the same caution against philosophy to Socrates, which Socrates remembers hearing him give long ago to his own clique of friends. He will pledge himself to retract any error into which he may have fallen, and which Callicles may point out. But he would like to know first of all what he and Pindar mean by natural justice. Do they suppose that the rule of justice is the rule of the stronger or of the better ? "There is no difference." Then are not the many superior to the one, and the opinions of the many better ? And their opinion is that justice is equality, and that to do is more dishonorable than to suffer wrong. And as they are the superior or stronger, this opinion of theirs must be in accordance with natural as well as conventional justice. "Why will you continue splitting words ? Have I not told you that the superior is the better ?" But what do you mean by the better ? Tell me that, and please to be a little milder in your language, if you do not wish to drive me away. "I mean the worthier, the wiser." You mean to say that one man of sense ought to rule over ten thousand fools ? "Yes, that is my meaning." Ought the physician then to have a larger share of meats and drinks ? or the weaver to have more coats, or the cobbler larger shoes, or the farmer

the more seed? "You are always saying the same things, Socrates." Yes, and on the same subjects too; but you are never saying the same things. For, first, you defined the superior to be the stronger, and then the wiser, and now something else; whom do you mean? "I mean men of political ability, who ought to govern, and have more than the governed." Than themselves? "What do you mean?" I mean to say that every man is his own governor. "I see that you mean the temperate. But my doctrine is, that a man should let his desires grow, and take the means of satisfying them. To the many this is impossible, and therefore they combine to prevent him. But if he is a king, and has power, how base would he be in submitting to them! To invite the common herd to be lord over him, when he might have the enjoyment of all things! For the truth is, Socrates, that luxury and self-indulgence are virtue and happiness; all the rest is mere talk."

Socrates compliments Callicles on his frankness in saying what other men only think. According to his view, those who want nothing are not happy. "Why," says Callicles, "if they were, stones and the dead would be happy." This leads Socrates into a half serious, half comic vein of reflection. "Who knows," as Euripides says, "whether life may not be death, and the body a tomb?" And this is true. Moreover, the part of the soul in which the desires are situated is a leaky vessel, and some ingenious Sicilian has made an allegory, in which he represents fools as the uninitiated, who are supposed to be carrying water to this vessel, which is full of holes, in a similarly holey sieve, and this sieve is their own soul. This is very fanciful, but nevertheless is a figure of a truth which I want to make you acknowledge, namely, that the life of contentment is better than the life of indulgence. Are you disposed to admit that? "Far otherwise." Then hear another parable. The life of self-contentment and self-indulgence may be represented respectively by two men, who are filling jars with streams of wine, honey, milk,—the jars of the one are sound, and the jars of the other leaky; the first fills his jars, and has no more trouble with them; the second is always filling them, and would suffer extreme misery if he desisted. Are you of the same opinion still? "Yes, Socrates, and that expresses what I mean. For true pleasure is a perpetual stream, flowing in and flowing out. To be hungry and always eating, to be thirsty and always drinking, and to have all the other desires and to satisfy them, that, as I admit, is my idea of happiness." And to be itching and always scratching? "I do not deny

that there may be happiness even in that." And to indulge unnatural desires, if they are abundantly satisfied? Callicles is indignant at the introduction of such topics. But he is reminded by Socrates that they are introduced, not by him, but by the maintainer of the identity of pleasure and good. Will Callicles still maintain this? "Yes, for the sake of consistency, he will." But this does not satisfy Socrates, who fears that he is losing his touchstone. A profession of seriousness on the part of Callicles reassures him, and they proceed with the argument. Pleasure and good are the same, but knowledge and courage are not the same either with pleasure or good, or with one another. Socrates disproves the first of these statements by showing that two opposites cannot coexist, but must alternate with one another—to be well and ill together is impossible. But pleasure and pain are simultaneous, and the cessation of them is simultaneous; *e.g.* in the case of drinking and thirsting whereas good and evil are not simultaneous, and do not cease simultaneously, and therefore pleasure cannot be the same as good.

Callicles has already lost his temper, and can only be persuaded to go on by the interposition of Gorgias. Socrates, having already guarded against objections by distinguishing courage and knowledge from pleasure and good, proceeds: The good are good by the presence of good, and the bad are bad by the presence of evil. And the brave and wise are good, and the cowardly and foolish are bad. And he who feels pleasure is good, and he who feels pain is bad; and both feel pleasure and pain in nearly the same degree, and sometimes the bad man or coward in a greater degree. Therefore the bad man or coward is as good as the brave or may be even better.

Callicles endeavors now to avert the inevitable absurdity by affirming that he and all mankind admitted some pleasures to be good and others bad. The good are the beneficial, and the bad are the hurtful, and we should choose the one and avoid the other. But this, as Socrates observes, is a return to the old doctrine of himself and Polus, that all things should be done for the sake of the good.

Callicles assents to this, and Socrates, finding that they are agreed in distinguishing pleasure from good, returns to his old division of empirical habits, or shams, or flatteries, which study pleasure only, and the arts, which are concerned with the higher interests of soul and body. Does Callicles agree to this division? Callicles will agree to anything, in order that he may get through the argument. Which of the arts then are flatteries? Flute-playing, harp-playing,

choral exhibitions, the dithyrambics of Cinesias, are all equally condemned on the ground that they give pleasure only ; and Meles the harp-player, who was the father of Cinesias, failed even in that. The stately Muse of tragedy is bent upon pleasure, and not upon improvement. Poetry in general is only a rhetorical address to a mixed audience of men, women, and children. And the orators are very far from speaking with a view to what is best ; their way is to humor the assembly as if they were children.

Callicles replies, that this is only true of some of them ; others have a real regard for their fellow-citizens. Granted ; then there are two species of oratory : the one a flattery, another which has a real regard for the citizens. But where are the orators among whom you find the latter ? Callicles admits that there are none remaining, but there were such in the days when Themistocles, Cimon, Miltiades, and the great Pericles were still alive. Socrates replies that none of these were true artists, setting before themselves the duty of bringing order out of disorder. The good man and true orator has a settled design running through his life, to which he conforms all his words and actions ; he desires to implant justice and eradicate injustice, to implant all virtue and eradicate all vice, in the minds of his citizens. He is the physician who will not allow the sick man to indulge his appetites with a variety of meats and drinks, but insists on his exercising self-restraint. And this is good for the soul, and better than the unrestrained indulgence which Callicles was recently approving.

Here Callicles, who has been with difficulty brought to this point, turns restive, and suggests that Socrates shall answer his own questions. "Then," says Socrates, "one man must do for two" ; and though he had hoped to have given Callicles an "Amphion" in return for his "Zethus," he is willing to proceed ; at the same time, he hopes that Callicles will correct him, if he falls into error. He recapitulates the advantages which he has already won :—

The pleasant is not the same as good,—Callicles and I are agreed about that,—but pleasure is to be pursued for the sake of the good, and the good is that of which the presence makes us good ; we and all things good have acquired some virtue or other. And virtue, whether of body or soul, of things or persons, is not attained by accident, but is due to order and harmonious arrangement. And the soul which has order is better than the soul which is without order, and is therefore temperate and is therefore good, and the intemperate is bad. And he who is temperate is also just and brave and

pious, and has attained the perfection of goodness and therefore of happiness, and the intemperate whom you approve is the opposite of all this and is wretched. He therefore who would be happy must pursue temperance and avoid intemperance, and if possible escape the necessity of punishment; but if he have done wrong, he must endure punishment. In this way States and individuals should seek to attain harmony, which, as the wise tell us, is the bond of heaven and earth, of gods and men. Callicles has never discovered the power of geometrical proportion in both worlds; he would have men aim at disproportion and excess. But if he be wrong in this, and if self-control is the true secret of happiness, then the paradox that the only use of rhetoric is in self-accusation is true, and Polus was right in saying that to do wrong is worse than to suffer wrong, and Gorgias was right in saying that the rhetorician must be a just man. And you were wrong in taunting me with my defenseless condition, and in saying that I might be accused or put to death or boxed on the ears with impunity. For I may repeat once more, that to strike is worse than to be stricken—to do than to suffer. All this is now made fast in adamantine bonds. I myself know not the true nature of these things, but I know that no one can deny my words and not be ridiculous. To do wrong is the greatest of evils, and to suffer wrong is the next greatest evil. He who would avoid the last must be a ruler, or the friend of a ruler; and to be the friend he must be the equal of the ruler, and must also resemble him. Under his protection he will suffer no evil, but will he also do no evil? Nay, will he not rather do all the evil which he can and escape? And in this way the greatest of all evils will befall him. “But this imitator of the tyrant,” rejoins Callicles, “will kill any one who does not similarly imitate him.” Socrates replies that he is not deaf, and that he has heard that repeated many times, and can only reply, that a bad man will kill a good one. “Yes, and that is the provoking thing.” Not provoking to a man of sense who is not studying the arts which will preserve him from danger; and this, as you say, is the use of rhetoric in courts of justice. But how many other arts are there which also save men from death, and are yet quite humble in their pretensions—such as the art of swimming, or the art of the pilot? Does not the pilot do men at least as much service as the rhetorician? and yet for the voyage from Ægina to Athens he does not charge more than two obols, and when he disembarks he is quite unassuming in his demeanor. The reason is that he is not certain whether he has done his passengers any good in saving them from death, if one of them is

diseased in body, and still more if he is diseased in mind—who can say? The engineer too will often save whole cities, and yet you despise him, and would not allow your son to marry his daughter, or his son to marry yours. But what reason is there in this? For if virtue only means the saving of life, whether your own or another's, you have no right to despise him or any practiser of saving arts. But is not virtue something different from saving and being saved? I would have you rather consider whether you ought not to disregard length of life, and think only how you can live best, leaving all besides to the will of Heaven. For you must not expect to have influence either with the Athenian Demos or with Demos the son of Pyrilampes, unless you become like them. What do you say to this?

“There is some truth in what you are saying, but I do not quite believe you.”

That is because you are in love with Demos. But let us have a little more conversation. You remember the two processes—one which was directed to pleasure, the other which was directed to making men as good as possible. And those who have the care of the city should make the citizens as good as possible. But who would undertake a public building, if he had never had a teacher of the art of building, and had never constructed a building before? or who would undertake the duty of State physician, if he had never cured either himself or any one else? Should we not examine him before we entrusted him with the office? And as Callicles is about to enter public life, should we not examine him? Whom has he made better? For we have already admitted that this is the statesman's proper business. And we must ask the same question about Pericles, and Cimon, and Miltiades, and Themistocles. Whom did they make better? Nay, did not Pericles make the citizens worse? For he gave them pay, and at first he was very popular with them, but at last they condemned him to death. And yet surely he would be a bad tamer of animals who, having received them gentle, taught them to kick and butt; and man is an animal, and Pericles had the charge of man, and he made him wilder, and more savage and unjust, and therefore he could not have been a good statesman. The same tale might be repeated about Cimon, Themistocles, Miltiades. And yet the charioteer who keeps his seat at first is not thrown out when he gains greater experience and skill. The inference is that the statesmen of a past age were no better than those of our own. They may have been cleverer constructors of docks and harbors, but they did not improve the character of the citizens.

I have told you again and again (and I purposely use the same images) that the soul, like the body, may be treated in two ways—there is the meaner and the higher art. And you seemed to understand this at the time, but when I ask you who were the really good statesmen, you answer—as if I asked you who were the good trainers, and you answered, Thearion, the baker, Mithœcus, the author of the Sicilian cookery book, Sarambus, the vintner. And you would be affronted if I told you that these are a parcel of cooks who make men fat only to make them thin. And those whom they have fattened applaud them, instead of finding fault with them, and lay the blame of their subsequent disorders on their physicians. And in this, Callicles, you are like them; you applaud the statesmen of old time, who pandered to the vices of the citizens, and filled the city with docks and harbors, but neglected virtue and justice. And when the fit of illness comes, the citizens in like manner who applaud Themistocles, Pericles, and others, will lay hold of you and my friend Alcibiades, and you will suffer for the misdeeds of your predecessors. The old story is always being repeated—“after all his services, the ungrateful city banished him, or condemned him to death.” As if the statesman should not have taught the city better! He surely cannot blame the State for having unjustly used him, any more than the sophist or teacher can find fault with his pupils if they cheat him. And the sophist and orator are in the same case, although you admire rhetoric and despise sophistic, whereas sophistic is really the higher of the two. The teacher of the arts takes money, but the teacher of virtue or politics takes no money, because this is the only kind of service which makes the disciple desirous of requiting his teacher.

Socrates concludes by finally asking to which of the two modes of serving the State Callicles invites him. “To the inferior and ministerial one,” is the ingenuous reply. That is the only way of avoiding death, replies Socrates: and he has heard often enough, and would rather not hear again, that the bad man will kill the good. But he thinks that such a fate is very likely reserved for him, because he remarks that he is the only person who teaches the true art of politics. And very probably, as in the case which he described to Polus, he may be the physician who is tried by a jury of children. He cannot say that he has procured the citizens any pleasure, and if any one charges him with perplexing them, or with reviling their elders, he will not be able to make them understand that he has only been actuated by a desire for their good. And therefore there is no saying

what his fate may be. "And do you think that a man who is unable to help himself is in a good condition?" Yes, Callicles, if he have the true self-help, which is never to have said or done any wrong to himself or others. If I had not this kind of self-help, I should be ashamed : but if I die for want of your flattering rhetoric, I should die in peace. For death is no evil, but to go to the world below laden with offenses is the worst of evils. In proof of which I will tell you a tale : —

In the days of Cronos, men were judged on the day of their death, and when judgment had been given on them they departed — the good to the islands of the blest, the bad to the house of vengeance. But as they were still living, and had their clothes on at the time when they were being judged, there was favoritism, and Zeus, on his coming to the throne, was obliged to alter the mode of procedure, and try them after death, having first sent down Prometheus to take away from them the foreknowledge of death. Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus were appointed to be the judges ; Rhadamanthus for Asia, Æacus for Europe, and Minos was to hold the court of appeal. Now death is the separation of soul and body, but after death they both alike retain their characteristics ; the fat man, the dandy, the branded slave, are all distinguishable. Some prince or potentate, perhaps even the great king himself, appears before Rhadamanthus, and he instantly detects him, though he knows not who he is ; he sees the scars of perjury and iniquity, and sends him away to the house of torment.

For there are two classes of souls who undergo punishment — the curable and the incurable. The curable are those who are benefited by their punishment ; the incurable are such as Archelaus, who benefit others by becoming a warning to them. The latter class are generally kings and potentates ; meaner persons, happily for themselves, have not the same power of doing injustice. Sisyphus and Tityus in Homer, and not Thersites, are undergoing everlasting punishment. Not that there is anything to prevent a great man from being a good one, as is shown by the famous example of Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. But to Rhadamanthus the souls are only known as good or bad ; they are stripped of their dignities and preferments ; he despatches the bad to Tartarus, labeled either as curable or incurable, and looks up with love and awe in the face of some just one, whom he sends to the islands of the blest. The same is the practise of Æacus ; and Minos overlooks them, holding a golden scepter, as Odysseus in Homer saw him —

"Wielding a scepter of gold, and giving laws to the dead."

My wish for myself and my fellow-men is that we may present our

souls undefiled to the judge in that day ; my desire in life is to be able to meet death. And I exhort you, and retort upon you the reproach which you cast upon me, — that you will stand before the judge, gaping, and with dizzy brain, and any one may box you on the ear, and do you all manner of evil.

Perhaps you think that this is an old wives' fable. But you, who are the three wisest men in Hellas, have nothing better to say, and no one will ever show that to do is better than to suffer evil. A man should study to be, and not merely to seem, good. If he is bad, he should become good, and avoid all flattery, whether of the many or of the few.

Follow me then ; and if you are looked down upon, that will do you no harm. And when we have practised virtue we will betake ourselves to politics, but not until we are delivered from the shameful state of ignorance and uncertainty in which we are at present. Let us follow in the way of virtue and justice, and not in the way to which you, Callicles, invite us ; for that way is nothing worth.

(1) In the "Gorgias," as in nearly all the other dialogues of Plato, we are made aware that formal logic has as yet no existence. The old difficulty of framing a definition recurs. The illusive analogy of the arts and the virtues also continues. The ambiguity of several words, such as nature, custom, the honorable, the good, is not cleared up. The Sophists are still floundering about the distinction of the real and seeming. Figures of speech are made the basis of arguments. The possibility of conceiving a universal art of science, which admits of application to a particular subject-matter, is a difficulty which remains unsolved, and has not altogether ceased to haunt the world at the present day. The defect of clearness is also apparent in Socrates himself, unless we suppose him to be practising on the simplicity of his opponent, or rather perhaps trying an experiment in dialectics. Nothing can be more fallacious than the contradiction which he pretends to have discovered in the answers of Gorgias (see Analysis). The advantages which he gains over Polus are also due to a false antithesis of pleasure and good, and to an erroneous assertion that an agent and a patient may be described by similar predicates, — a mistake which Aristotle partly shares and partly corrects in the "Nicomachean Ethics." Traces of a "robust sophistry" are likewise discernible in his argument with Callicles (pp. 490, 496, 516).

(2) Although Socrates professes to be convinced by reason only,

yet the argument is often a sort of dialectical fiction, by which he conducts himself and others to his own ideal of life and action. And we may sometimes wish that we could have suggested answers to his antagonists, or pointed out to them the rocks which lay concealed under the ambiguous terms good, pleasure, and the like. But it would be as useless to examine his arguments by the requirements of modern logic, as to criticize this ideal from a merely utilitarian point of view. If we say that the ideal is not true as a matter of fact, and that the world will by no means agree that the criminal is happier when punished than when unpunished, any more than they would agree to the stoical paradox that a man may be happy on the rack, Plato has already admitted the objection which we are urging against him. Neither does he mean to say that Archelaus is tormented by the stings of conscience; or that the sensations of the impaled criminal are more agreeable than of the tyrant drowned in luxurious enjoyment. Neither is he speaking, as in the "Protagoras," of virtue as a calculation of pleasure, an opinion which he afterwards repudiates in the "Phædo." What then is his meaning? And what is the value of his method? His meaning we shall be able to illustrate best by parallel notions, which, whether justifiable by logic or not, have always existed among mankind. We must remind the reader that Socrates himself implies that he will be understood or appreciated by very few.

He is speaking not of the consciousness of happiness, but of the idea of happiness. When a martyr dies in a good cause, when a soldier falls in battle, we do not suppose that death or wounds are without pain, or that their physical suffering is always compensated by a mental satisfaction. Still we regard them as happy, and we would a thousand times rather have their death than a shameful life. Nor is this only because we believe that they will obtain an immortality of fame, or that they will have crowns of glory in another world, when their enemies and persecutors will be proportionably tormented. Men are found in a few instances to do what is right, without reference to public opinion or to consequences. And we regard them as happy on this ground only, much as Socrates's friends are described as regarding him in the opening of the "Phædo"; or as was said of another, "they looked upon his face as upon the face of an angel." We are not concerned to justify this idealism by the standard of utility, or by the rules of logic, but merely to point out the existence of such a sentiment in the better part of human nature.

The idealism of Plato is founded upon this sentiment. He would maintain that in some sense or other truth and right are alone to be sought, and that all other goods are only desirable as means towards these. He is thought to have erred in "considering the agent only and making no reference to the happiness of others, as affected by him." But the happiness of others, or of mankind regarded as an end, is really quite as ideal and almost as paradoxical as Plato's conception of happiness. For the greatest happiness of the greatest number may mean also the greatest pain of the individual which will procure the greatest pleasure of the greatest number. Ideas of utility, like those of duty and right, may be pushed to unpleasant consequences. Nor can Plato in the "Gorgias" be deemed purely self-regarding, considering that Socrates expressly mentions the duty of imparting the truth when discovered to others. Nor must we forget that the side of ethics which regards others is by the ancients merged in politics. Both in Plato and Aristotle, as well as in the Stoics, the social principle, though taking another form, is really far more prominent than in most modern treatises on ethics.

The idealizing of suffering is one of the conceptions which have exercised the greatest influence on mankind. Into the theological import of this, or into the consideration of the errors to which the idea may have given rise, we need not now enter. All will agree that the ideal of the Divine Sufferer, whose words the world would not receive, the man of sorrows of whom the Hebrew prophets spoke, has sunk deep into the heart of the human race. It is a similar picture of suffering goodness which Plato desires to portray, not without an allusion to the fate of his master Socrates. He is convinced that, somehow or other, such an one must be happy in life or after death. In the "Republic," he endeavors to show that his happiness would be assured here in a well-ordered State. But in the actual condition of human things the wise and good would be weak and miserable, like a man fallen among wild beasts, exposed to every sort of wrong and obloquy.

Plato, like other philosophers, is thus led on to the conclusion that if "the ways of God" to man are to be "justified," the hopes of another life must be included. If the question could have been put to him, whether a man dying in torments was happy still, even if, as he suggests in the "Apology," "death be only a long sleep," we can hardly tell what would have been his answer. There have been a few, who, quite independently of rewards and punishments or of posthumous reputation, or any other influences of public opinion,

have been willing to sacrifice their lives for the good of others. It is difficult to say how far in such cases an unconscious hope of a future life, or a general faith in the victory of good in the world, may have supported the sufferers. But this extreme idealism is not in accordance with the spirit of Plato. He supposes a day of retribution, in which the good are to be rewarded and the wicked punished (522 E). Though, as he says in the "Phædo," no man of sense will maintain that the details of the stories about another world are true he will insist that something of the kind is true, and will frame his life with a view to this unknown future. Even in the "Republic" he introduces a future life as an after-thought, when the superior happiness of the just has been established on what is thought an immutable foundation. At the same time he makes a point of determining his main thesis independently of remoter consequences (612 A).

(3) Plato's theory of punishment is partly vindictive, partly corrective. In the "Gorgias," as well as in the "Phædo" and "Republic," a few great criminals, chiefly tyrants, are reserved as examples. But most men have never had the opportunity of attaining this preeminence of evil. They are not incurable, and their punishment is intended for their improvement. They are to suffer because they have sinned; like sick men, they must go to the physician and be healed. On this representation of Plato's the criticism has been made, that the analogy of disease and injustice is partial only, and that suffering instead of being improving may be the reverse.

Like the general analogy of the arts and the virtues, the analogy of disease and injustice, or of medicine and justice, is certainly imperfect. But ideas must be given through something; the nature of the mind which is unseen can only be represented under figures derived from visible objects. If these figures are suggestive of some new aspect under which the mind may be considered, we cannot find fault with them for not exactly coinciding with the ideas represented. They partake of the imperfect nature of language, and must not be construed in too strict a manner. That Plato sometimes reasons from them as if they were not figures but realities, is due to the defective logical analysis of his age.

Nor does he distinguish between the suffering which improves and the suffering which only punishes and deters. He applies to the sphere of ethics a conception of punishment which is really derived from criminal law. He does not see that such punishment is only negative, and supplies no principle of moral growth or development. He is not far off the higher notion of an education of man to be begun

in this world, and to be continued in other stages of existence, which is further developed in the "Republic." And Christian thinkers, who have ventured out of the beaten track in their meditations on the "last things," have found a ray of light in his writings. But he has not explained how or in what way punishment is to contribute to the improvement of mankind. He has not followed out the principle which he affirms in the "Republic," that "God is the author of evil only with a view to good," and that "they were the better for being punished." Still his doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments may be compared favorably with that of those who make the everlasting punishment of human beings depend on a brief moment of time, or even on the accident of an accident. And he has escaped the difficulty which has often beset divines, respecting the future destiny of the meaner sort of men (Thersites and the like), who are neither very good nor very bad, by not counting them worthy of eternal damnation.

We do Plato violence in pressing his figures of speech or chains of argument; and not less so in asking questions which were beyond the horizon of his vision, or did not come within the scope of his design. The main purpose of the "Gorgias" is not to answer questions about a future world, but to place in antagonism the true and false life, and to contrast the judgments and opinions of men with judgment according to the truth. Plato may be accused of representing a superhuman or transcendental virtue, in the description of the just man in the "Gorgias," or in the companion portrait of the philosopher in the "Theætetus"; and at the same time may be thought to be condemning a state of the world which always has existed and always will exist among men. But such ideals act powerfully on the imagination of mankind. And such condemnations are not mere paradoxes of philosophers, but the natural rebellion of the higher sense of right in man against the ordinary conditions of human life. The greatest statesmen have fallen very far short of the political ideal, and are therefore justly involved in the general condemnation.

Subordinate to the main purpose of the dialogue are some other questions, which may be briefly considered:—

a. The antithesis of good and pleasure, which as in other dialogues is supposed to consist in the permanent nature of the one compared with the transient and relative nature of the other. Good and pleasure, knowledge and sense, truth and opinion, essence and generation, virtue and pleasure, the real and the appar-

ent, the finite and infinite, harmony or beauty and discord, dialectic and rhetoric or poetry, are so many pairs of opposites, which in Plato easily pass into one another and are seldom kept perfectly distinct. And we must not forget that Plato's conception of pleasure is the Heraclitean flux transferred to the sphere of human conduct. There is some degree of unfairness in opposing the principle of good, which is objective to the principle of pleasure, which is subjective. For the assertion of the permanence of good is only based on the assumption of its objective character. Had Plato fixed his mind, not on the ideal nature of good, but on the subjective consciousness of happiness, that would have been found to be as transient and precarious as that of pleasure.

b. The arts or sciences, when pursued without any view to truth, or the improvement of human life, are called flatteries. They are all alike dependent upon the opinion of mankind, from which they are derived. To Plato the whole world appears to be sunk in error, based on self-interest. To this is opposed the one wise man hardly professing to have found truth, yet strong in the conviction that a virtuous life is the only good, whether regarded with reference to this world or to another. Statesmen, Sophists, rhetoricians, poets, are alike brought up for judgment. They are the parodies of wise men, and their arts are the parodies of true arts and sciences. All that they call science is merely the result of that study of the tempers of the Great Beast, which he described in the "Republic."

c. A few minor points still remain to be summed up: (1) The extravagant irony in the reason which is assigned for the pilot's modest charge (p. 512); and in the proposed use of rhetoric as an instrument of self-condemnation (p. 480); and in the mighty power of geometrical equality in both worlds (p. 508). (2) The reference of the mythus to the previous discussion should not be overlooked: the fate reserved for incurable criminals such as Archelaus (p. 525); the retaliation of the box on the ears (p. 527); the nakedness of the souls and of the judges who are stript of the clothes or disguises which rhetoric and public opinion have hitherto provided for them (cp. Swift's notion that the universe is a suit of clothes). The fiction seems to have involved Plato in the necessity of supposing that the soul retained a sort of corporeal likeness after death. (3) The appeal to the authority of Homer, who says that Odysseus saw Minos in his court "holding a golden scepter," which gives verisimilitude to the tale.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that Plato is playing "both sides

of the game," and that in criticizing the characters of Gorgias and Polus we are not passing any judgment on historical individuals, but only attempting to analyze the "dramatis personæ" as they were conceived by him. Neither is it necessary to remark that Plato is a dramatic writer, whose real opinions cannot always be assumed to be those which he puts into the mouth of Socrates, or any other speaker who appears to have the best of the argument: or that he is to be criticized as a poet rather than as a mere philosopher: or that he is not to be tried by a modern standard, but interpreted with reference to his place in the history of thought and the opinion of his time.

It has been said that the most characteristic feature of the "Gorgias" is the assertion of the right of dissent, or private judgment. But this mode of stating the question is really opposed both to the spirit of Plato and of ancient philosophy generally. For Plato is not asserting any abstract right or duty of toleration, or advantage to be derived from freedom of thought; indeed, in some other parts of his writings, he has fairly laid himself open to the charge of intolerance. No speculations had as yet arisen respecting the "liberty of prophesying"; and Plato is not affirming any abstract right of this nature: but he is asserting the duty and right of the one wise and true man to dissent from the folly and falsehood of the many. At the same time he acknowledges the natural result, which he hardly seeks to avert, that he who speaks the truth to a multitude, regardless of consequences, will probably share the fate of Socrates.

B. J.

GORGIAS

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

CALLICLES

SOCRATES

CHÆREPHON

GORGIAS

POLUS

Callicles.

THE wise man, as the proverb says, is late for a ^{Stephen,} fray, but not for a feast. ⁴⁴⁷

Socrates. And are we late for a feast?

Cal. Yes, and a delightful feast; for Gorgias has been just exhibiting to us many fine things.

Soc. I must throw the blame, Callicles, on my friend Chærephon here, who would keep us loitering in the Agora.

Chærephon. Never mind, Socrates, — the misfortune of which I have been the cause I will also repair; for Gorgias is a friend of mine, and I will make him repeat the exhibition either now or at some future time.

Cal. What is the matter, Chærephon, — does Socrates want to hear Gorgias?

Chær. Yes, that was our intention in coming.

Cal. Suppose, then, that you proceed to my house; for Gorgias is staying with me, and he shall exhibit to you.

Soc. Very good, Callicles; but will he answer our questions? for I want to hear from him what is the nature of his art, and what this is which he professes and teaches; he may defer the exhibition, as you suggest, to another time.

Cal. There is nothing like asking him, Socrates; and indeed this is a part of his exhibition, for he was saying only just now that any one in my house might ask him anything, and that he would answer.

Soc. I am glad to hear that: will you ask him, Chærephon?

Chær. What shall I ask him?

Soc. Ask him who he is.

Chær. What do you mean?

Soc. I mean such a question as would elicit from him, if he had been a maker of shoes, the answer that he is a cobbler. Do you understand?

Chær. I understand, and will ask him: Tell me, Gorgias, is this true which I hear from Callicles, that you profess to answer any questions which you are asked?

Gorgias. Quite true, Chærephon; I was saying as 448 much only just now; and I may say also, that many years have elapsed since any one has asked me a new one.

Chær. You must be very ready, Gorgias.

Gor. Of that, Chærephon, you can make trial.

Polus. Yes, indeed, and if you like, Chærephon, you may make trial of me too, for I think that Gorgias, who has been a long time talking, is tired.

Chær. And do you, Polus, think that you can answer better than Gorgias?

Pol. What matters that, if I answer well enough for you?

Chær. Not in the least: and you shall answer if you like.

Pol. Ask.

Chær. My question is this: If Gorgias had the skill of his brother Herodicus, what ought we to call him? Ought he not to have the name which is given to his brother?

Pol. Certainly.

Chær. Then we should be right in calling him a physician?

Pol. Yes.

Chær. And if he had the skill of Aristophon the son of Aglaophon, or his brother Polygnotus, what ought we to call him?

Pol. Clearly, a painter.

Chær. But now what shall we call him,—what is the art in which he is skilled?

Pol. O Chærephon, there are many arts among mankind which are experimental, and have their origin in experience, for experience makes the days of men to proceed according to art, and inexperience according to chance, and different persons in different ways are proficient in different arts, and the best persons in the best arts. And our friend Gorgias is

one of the best, and the art in which he is proficient is the noblest.

Soc. Polus has been taught how to make a capital speech, Gorgias; but he is not fulfilling the promise which he made to Chærephon.

Gor. What do you mean, Socrates?

Soc. I mean that he has not exactly answered the question which he was asked.

Gor. Then do you ask him yourself, if you are disposed.

Soc. But I would rather ask you, if you are disposed to answer: for I see, from the few words which Polus has uttered, that he has attended more to the art which is called rhetoric than to dialectic.

Pol. Why do you say that, Socrates?

Soc. Why, Polus, because, when Chærephon asked you what is the art which Gorgias knows, you praised the art as if you were answering some one who found fault with it, but you never said what the art was.

Pol. Why, did I not say that it was the noblest of arts?

Soc. Yes, indeed, but that was no answer to the question: nobody asked what was the quality, but what was the nature, 449 of the art, and how we were to call Gorgias. And I would still beg you to tell me, in the same short and excellent manner in which you answered Chærephon, when he asked you at first what this art is, and what we ought to call Gorgias: Or rather, Gorgias, let me turn to you, and ask the same question, — what is your art, and what are you?

Gor. Rhetoric, Socrates, is my art.

Soc. Then I am to call you a rhetorician?

Gor. Yes, Socrates, and a good one too, if you would call me that which, in Homeric language, "I boast to be."

Soc. I should wish to do that.

Gor. Then pray do.

Soc. And are we to say that you make other men rhetoricians?

Gor. Yes, that is exactly what I profess to make them, not only at Athens, but in all places.

Soc. And will you continue to ask and answer questions, Gorgias, as we are at present doing, and reserve for another occasion the longer mode of speech which Polus was attempt-

ing? and will you keep your promise, and answer shortly the questions which are asked of you?

Gor. Some answers, Socrates, are of necessity longer; but I will do my best to make them as short as I can; for a part of my profession is that I can be as short as any one.

Soc. That is what is wanted, Gorgias; exhibit the shorter method now, and the longer one at some other time.

Gor. Well, I will; and I am sure that you will commend my brevity of speech as unrivaled.

Soc. Well, then, as you say that you are a rhetorician, and a maker of rhetoricians, what is the business of rhetoric in the sense in which I might say that the business of weaving is making garments — might I not?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Might I not say, again, that the business of music is the composition of melodies?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. By Here, Gorgias, I admire the surpassing brevity of your answers.

Gor. Yes, Socrates, and I do think that I am good at that.

Soc. I am glad to hear it; answer me in like manner about rhetoric: what is the business of rhetoric?

Gor. Discourse.

Soc. What sort of discourse, Gorgias? — such discourse as would teach the sick under what treatment they might get well?

Gor. No.

Soc. Then rhetoric does not treat of all kinds of discourse?

Gor. Certainly not.

Soc. And yet rhetoric makes men able to speak?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And to understand that of which they speak?

Gor. To be sure.

Soc. But does not the art of medicine, which we were just now mentioning, also make men able to understand and speak about the sick? 450

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. Then medicine also treats of discourse?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Of discourse concerning diseases?

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. And does not gymnastic also treat of discourse concerning the good or evil condition of the body?

Gor. Very true.

Soc. And the same, Gorgias, is true of the other arts: all of them treat of discourse concerning the subject of which they are the arts.

Gor. That is evident.

Soc. Then why, if you call rhetoric the art which treats of discourse, and all the other arts treat of discourse, do you not call them arts of rhetoric?

Gor. Because, Socrates, the knowledge of the other arts has only to do with some sort of external action, as of the hand; but there is no such action of the hand in rhetoric which operates and in which the effect is produced through the medium of discourse. And therefore I am justified, as I maintain, in saying that rhetoric treats of discourse.

Soc. I do not know whether I perfectly understand you, but I dare say that I shall find out: please to answer me a question; you would allow that there are arts?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And in some of the arts a great deal is done and nothing or very little said; in painting, or statuary, or many other arts, the work may proceed in silence; and these are the arts with which, as I suppose you would say, rhetoric has no concern?

Gor. You perfectly conceive my meaning, Socrates.

Soc. And there are other arts which work wholly by words, and require either no action or very little, as, for example, the arts of arithmetic, of calculation, of geometry, and of playing draughts; in some of which words are nearly coextensive with things: and in most of them predominate over things, and their whole efficacy and power is given by words: and I take your meaning to be that rhetoric is one of this sort?

Gor. Exactly.

Soc. And yet I do not believe that you really mean to call any of these arts rhetoric; although the precise expression which you used was, that rhetoric is an art of which the effect is produced through the medium of discourse; and an adversary who wished to be captious might take a fancy to say,

"And so, Gorgias, you call arithmetic rhetoric." But I do not think that you would call arithmetic rhetoric, any more than you would call geometry rhetoric.

Gor. You are quite right, Socrates, in your apprehension of my meaning. 451

Soc. Well, then, let me have now the rest of my answer: seeing that rhetoric is one of those arts which works mainly by the use of words, and there are other arts which also use words, tell me what is that quality of words by which the effect of rhetoric is given: I will suppose some one to ask me about any of the arts which I was mentioning just now; he might say, "Socrates, what is arithmetic?" and I should reply to him as you replied to me just now, that arithmetic is one of those arts in which the effect is produced by words. And then he would proceed: "Words about what?" and I should say, Words about odd and even numbers, and how many there are of each. And if he asked again, "And what is the art of calculation?" I should say, That also is one of the arts which work wholly by words. And if he further said, "Words about what?" I should say in the Scribe's phrase, "as aforesaid" of arithmetic but with a difference, and the difference is that the art of calculation considers the quantities of odd and even numbers, in their relation to one another as well as in themselves. And suppose, again, I were to say that astronomy works altogether by words—he would ask, "Words about what, Socrates?" and I should answer, that the words of astronomy are about the motions of the stars and sun and moon, and their relative swiftness.

Gor. Very true, Socrates; I admit that.

Soc. And now let us have from you, Gorgias, the truth about rhetoric: which you would admit (would you not?) to be one of those arts which operate and produce all their effects through the medium of words?

Gor. True.

Soc. Tell me, I say, what are the words about? To what class of things do the words which rhetoric uses relate?

Gor. To the greatest, Socrates, and the best of human things.

Soc. That again, Gorgias, is ambiguous; I am still in the dark: for which are the greatest and best of human things?

I dare say that you have heard men singing at feasts the old drinking song, in which the singers enumerate the goods of life, first health, beauty next, thirdly, as the poet says, wealth honestly obtained.

Gor. Yes, I know the song; but what is your drift?

Soc. I mean to say, that the producers of those things which the author of the song praises, that is to say, the physician, the trainer, the money-maker, will at once come to you, and first the physician will say, "O Socrates, Gorgias is deceiving you, for not his art is concerned with the greatest good of men, but mine." And when I ask, Who are you that say this? he will reply, "I am a physician." What do you mean? I shall say. Do you mean that your art produces the greatest good? "Certainly," he will answer, "for is not health the greatest good? What greater good can men have, Socrates?" And after him the trainer will come and say, "I too, Socrates, shall be greatly surprised if Gorgias can show that his art does more good than I can show of mine." I shall say to him, Who are you, my friend, and what is your business? "I am a trainer," he will reply, "and my business is to make men beautiful and strong in body." When I have done with the trainer, there arrives the money-maker, and he, as I expect, will utterly despise them all. "Consider, Socrates," he will say, "whether Gorgias or any one else can produce any greater good than wealth." Well, you and I say to him, and are you a creator of wealth? "Yes," he replies. And who are you? "A money-maker." And do you consider wealth to be the greatest good of man? "Yes," he will reply, "of course." And we shall rejoin: Yes; but our friend Gorgias contends that his art produces a greater good than yours; and then he will be sure to go on and ask, "What is this good? Let Gorgias answer." Now I want you, Gorgias, to imagine that this question is asked of you by them and by me, and to find an answer to us: What is that which, as you say, is the greatest good of man, and of which you are the creator?

Gor. That, Socrates, which is truly the greatest good, being that which gives men freedom in their own persons, and to rulers the power of ruling over others in their several States.

Soc. And what would you consider this to be?

Gor. I should say the word which persuades the judges in the courts, or the senators in the council, or the citizens in the assembly, or at any other public meeting: if you have the power of uttering this word, you will have the physician your slave, and the trainer your slave, and the money-maker of whom you talk will be found to gather treasures, not for himself, but for you who are able to speak and persuade the multitude.

Soc. Now I think, Gorgias, that you have very accurately explained what you conceive to be the art of rhetoric; 453 and you mean to say, if I am not mistaken, that rhetoric is the artificer of persuasion, having this and no other business, and that this is her crown and end. Do you know any other effect of rhetoric over and above that of producing persuasion?

Gor. No; the definition seems to me very fair, Socrates; for persuasion is the crown of rhetoric.

Soc. Then hear me, Gorgias, for I am quite sure that if there ever was a man who entered on the discussion of a matter from a pure love of knowing the truth, I am one, and I believe that you are another.

Gor. What is coming, Socrates?

Soc. I will tell you: I am very well aware that I do not know what, according to you, is the exact nature, or what are the topics of that persuasion of which you speak, and which is given by rhetoric; although I have a suspicion both about the one and about the other. And I am going to ask — what is this power of persuasion which is given by rhetoric, and about what? But why, if I have a suspicion, do I ask instead of telling you? Not for your sake, but in order that the argument may proceed in such a manner as is most likely to elicit the truth. And I would have you observe, that I am right in asking this further question. If I asked, "What sort of a painter is Zeuxis?" and you said, "the painter of figures," should I not be right in asking, "What sort of figures, and where do you find them?"

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. And the reason for asking this second question would be, that there are other painters as well, who paint many other figures?

Gor. True.

Soc. But if there had been no one but Zeuxis who painted them, then you would have answered very well?

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. Now I want to know about rhetoric in the same way; — is rhetoric the only art which brings persuasion, or do other arts have the same effect? I mean to say this — Does he who teaches anything persuade of what he teaches or not?

Gor. He persuades, Socrates, — there can be no mistake about that.

Soc. Again if we take the arts of which we were just now speaking, — do not arithmetic and the arithmetician teach us the properties of number?

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. And therefore persuade us of them?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Then arithmetic as well as rhetoric is an artificer of persuasion?

Gor. That is evident.

Soc. And if any one asks us what sort of persuasion, and about what, — we shall answer, of that which teaches the quantity of odd and even; and we shall be in a position
454 to show that all the other arts of which we were just now speaking are artificers of persuasion, and of what kind of persuasion, and about what.

Gor. Very true.

Soc. Then rhetoric is not the only artificer of persuasion?

Gor. True.

Soc. Seeing, then, that not only rhetoric works by persuasion, but that other arts do the same, as in the case of the painter, a question has arisen which is a very fair one: Of what persuasion is rhetoric the artificer, and about what? is not that a fair way of putting the question?

Gor. I think that is.

Soc. Then, if you approve the question, Gorgias, what is the answer?

Gor. I answer, Socrates, that rhetoric is the art of persuasion in the courts and other assemblies, as I was just now saying, and about the just and unjust.

Soc. And that, Gorgias, was what I was suspecting to be

your notion ; yet I would not have you wonder if by and by I am found repeating a seemingly plain question ; for as I was saying, I ask not for your sake, but in order that the argument may proceed consecutively, and that we may not get the habit of anticipating and suspecting the meaning of one another's words, and that you may proceed in your own way.

Gor. I think that you are quite right, Socrates.

Soc. Then let me raise this question ; you would say that there is such a thing as "having learned" ?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And there is also "having believed" ?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And are the "having learned" and the "having believed," and are learning and belief the same things ?

Gor. In my judgment, Socrates, they are not the same.

Soc. And your judgment is right, as you may ascertain in this way : If a person were to say to you, "Is there, Gorgias, a false belief as well as a true ?" you would reply, if I am not mistaken, that there is.

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Well, but is there a false knowledge as well as a true ?

Gor. No.

Soc. No, indeed ; and this again proves that knowledge and belief differ.

Gor. That is true.

Soc. And yet those who have learned as well as those who have believed are persuaded ?

Gor. That is as you say.

Soc. Shall we then assume two sorts of persuasion, — one which is the source of belief without knowledge, as the other is of knowledge ?

Gor. By all means.

Soc. And which sort of persuasion does rhetoric create in courts of law and other assemblies about the just and unjust, the sort of persuasion which gives belief without knowledge, or that which gives knowledge ?

Gor. Clearly, Socrates, that which only gives belief.

Soc. Then rhetoric, as would appear, is the artificer of a persuasion which creates belief about the just and unjust, but gives no instruction about them ?

Gor. True.

Soc. And the rhetorician does not instruct the courts of law or other assemblies about just and unjust, but he only creates belief about them; for no one can be supposed to instruct such a vast multitude about such high matters in a short time?

Gor. Certainly not.

Soc. Come, then, and let us see what we really mean about rhetoric; for I do not know what my own meaning is as yet. When the assembly meets to elect a physician or a shipwright or any other craftsman, will the rhetorician be taken into counsel? Surely not. For at every election he ought to be chosen who has the greatest skill; and, again, when walls have to be built or harbors or docks to be constructed, not the rhetorician but the master workman will advise; or when generals have to be chosen and an order of battle arranged, or a position taken, then the military will advise and not the rhetoricians: would you admit that, Gorgias? As you profess to be a rhetorician and a maker of rhetoricians, I shall do well to learn the nature of your art from you. And here let me assure you that I have your interest in view as well as my own. For I dare say that some one or other of the young men present might like to become your pupil, and in fact I see some, and a good many too, who have this wish, but they would be too modest to question you. And therefore when you are interrogated by me, I would have you imagine that you are interrogated by them. "What is the use of coming to you, Gorgias?" they will say; "about what will you teach us to advise the State? about the just and unjust only, or about those other things also which Socrates has just mentioned?" How will you answer them?

Gor. I like your way of leading us on, Socrates, and I will endeavor to reveal to you the whole nature of rhetoric. You must have heard, I think, that the docks and the walls of the Athenians and the plan of the harbor were devised in accordance with the counsels, partly of Themistocles, and partly of Pericles, and not at the suggestion of the builders.

Soc. Certainly, Gorgias, that is what is told of Themistocles, and I myself heard the speech of Pericles when he advised us about the middle wall.

Gor. And you will observe, Socrates, that when a decision has to be given in such matters the rhetoricians are the advisers ; they are the men who win their point. 456

Soc. I had that in my admiring mind, Gorgias, when I asked what is the nature of rhetoric, which always appears to me, when I look at the matter in this way, to be a marvel of greatness.

Gor. A marvel indeed, Socrates, if you only knew how rhetoric comprehends and holds under her sway all the inferior arts. And I will give you a striking example of this. On several occasions I have been with my brother Herodicus or some other physician to see one of his patients, who would not allow the physician to give him medicine, or apply the knife or hot iron to him ; and I have persuaded him to do for me what he would not do for the physician just by the use of rhetoric. And I say that if a rhetorician and a physician were to go to any city, and there had to argue in the Ecclesia or any other assembly as to which should be elected, the physician would have no chance ; but he who could speak would be chosen if he wished, and in a contest with a man of any other profession the rhetorician more than any one would have the power of getting himself chosen, for he can speak more persuasively to the multitude than any of them, and on any subject. Such is the power and quality of rhetoric, Socrates. And yet rhetoric ought to be used like any other competitive art, not against everybody, — the rhetorician ought not to abuse his strength any more than a pugilist or pancratiast or other master of fence ; because he has powers which are more than a match either for enemy or friend, he ought not therefore to strike, stab, or slay his friends. And suppose a man who has been the pupil of a palestra and is a skilful boxer, and in the fulness of his strength he goes and strikes his father or mother or one of his familiars or friends, that is no reason why the trainer or master of fence should be held in detestation or banished, — surely not. For they taught this art for a good purpose, as an art to be used against enemies and evil-doers, in self-defense, not in aggression, and others have perverted their instructions, making a bad use of their strength and their skill. But not on this account 457
are the teachers bad, neither is the art in fault or bad in itself ;

I should rather say that those who make a bad use of the art are to blame. And the same holds good of rhetoric; for the rhetorician can speak against all men and on any subject, and in general he can persuade the multitude of anything better than any other man, but he ought not on that account to defraud the physician or any other artist of his reputation merely because he has the power; he ought to use rhetoric fairly, as he would also use his combative powers. And if after having become a rhetorician he makes a bad use of his strength and skill, his instructor surely ought not on that account to be held in detestation or banished. For he was intended by his teacher to make a good use of his instructions, and he abuses them. And therefore he is the person who ought to be held in detestation, banished, and put to death, and not his instructor.

Soc. You, Gorgias, like myself, have had great experience of arguments, and you must have observed, I think, that they do not always terminate to the satisfaction or mutual improvement of the disputants; but disagreements are apt to arise, and one party will often deny that the other has spoken truly or clearly; and then they leave off arguing and begin to quarrel, both parties fancying that their opponents are only speaking from personal feeling. And sometimes they will go on abusing one another until the company at last are quite annoyed at their own condescension in listening to such fellows. Why do I say this? Why, because I cannot help feeling that you are now saying what is not quite consistent or accordant with what you were saying at first about rhetoric. And I am afraid to point this out to you, lest you should think that I have some animosity against you, and that I speak, not for the sake of discovering the truth, but from personal feeling. Now if you are one of my sort, I should like to cross-examine you, but if not I will let you alone. And what
 458 is my sort? you will ask. I am one of those who are very willing to be refuted if I say anything which is not true, and very willing to refute any one else who says what is not true, and just as ready to be refuted as to refute; for I hold that this is the greater gain of the two, just as the gain is greater of being cured of a very great evil than of curing the evil in another. For I imagine that there is no evil which a

man can endure so great as an erroneous opinion about the matters of which we are speaking; and if you claim to be one of my sort, let us have the discussion out, but if you would rather have done, no matter; let us make an end.

Gor. I should say, Socrates, that I am quite the man whom you indicate; but, perhaps, we ought to consider the audience, for, before you came, I had already given a long exhibition, and if we proceed the argument may run on to a great length. And therefore I think that we should consider whether we may not be detaining some part of the company when they are wanting to do something else.

Chær. You hear the audience cheering, Gorgias and Socrates, which shows their desire to listen to you, and for myself, Heaven forbid that I should have any business which would take me away from so important and interesting a discussion.

Cal. I swear by the gods, Chærephon, although I have been present at many discussions, that I doubt whether I was ever as much delighted before, and therefore if you go on discoursing all day I shall only be the better pleased.

Soc. I may truly say, Callicles, that I am willing, if Gorgias is.

Gor. After this, Socrates, I should be disgraced if I refused, especially as I have professed to answer all comers; in accordance with the wishes of the company, then, do you begin, and ask of me any question which you like.

Soc. Let me tell you then, Gorgias, what makes me wonder at your words; though I dare say that you may be right, and I may have mistaken your meaning. You say that you can make any man, who will learn of you, a rhetorician?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Do you mean that you will teach him to gain the ears of the multitude on any subject, and this not by instruction but by persuasion?

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Gor. Certainly.

Soc. You were saying, in fact, that the rhetorician will have greater powers of persuasion than the physician, even in a matter of health?

Gor. Yes, with the multitude, — that is.

Soc. That is to say, greater with the ignorant; for with

those who know, he cannot be supposed to have greater powers of persuasion than the physician has.

Gor. Very true.

Soc. And if he is to have more power of persuasion than the physician, he will have greater power than he who knows?

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. Though he is not a physician, — is he?

Gor. No.

Soc. And he who is not a physician is obviously ignorant of what the physician knows?

Gor. That is evident.

Soc. Then, when the rhetorician is more persuasive than the physician, the ignorant is more persuasive with the ignorant than he who has knowledge? is not that the inference?

Gor. In the case which is supposed, yes.

Soc. And the same holds of the relation of rhetoric to all the other arts; the rhetorician need not know the whole truth about them; he has only to discover some way of persuading the ignorant that he has more knowledge than those who know?

Gor. Yes, Socrates, and is not this a great blessing? — not to have learned the other arts, but the art of rhetoric only, and yet to be in no way inferior to the professors of them?

Soc. Whether the rhetorician is or is not inferior on this account is a question which we will hereafter examine if the inquiry is likely to be of any service to us; but I would rather begin by asking, whether he is as ignorant of the just and unjust, base and honorable, good and evil, as he is of medicine and the other arts; I mean to say, does he know anything actually of what is good and evil, base or honorable, just or unjust in them; or has he only a way with the ignorant of persuading them that he not knowing is to be esteemed to know more than another who knows? Or must the pupil know and come to you knowing these things before he can acquire the art of rhetoric? And if he is ignorant, you who are the teacher of rhetoric will not teach him, for that is not your business, but you will make him seem to know them to the multitude, when he does not know them; and seem to be a good man, when he is not. Or will you be wholly
460 unable to teach him rhetoric unless he knows the truth

of these things first? What is to be said, Gorgias, about all this? I swear that I wish you would, as you were saying, reveal to me the power of rhetoric.

Gor. Well, Socrates, I suppose that if the pupil does chance not to know them, he will have to learn of me these things as well.

Soc. Say no more, for there you are right; and so he whom you make a rhetorician must know the nature of the just and unjust, either of his own previous knowledge, or he must be taught by you.

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. Well, and is not he who has learned carpentering a carpenter?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And he who has learned music a musician?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And he who has learned medicine is a physician, in like manner. He who has learned anything whatever is that which his knowledge makes him.

Gor. Certainly.

Soc. And in the same way, he who has learned what is just is just?

Gor. To be sure.

Soc. And he who is just may be supposed to do what is just?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And must not the rhetorician be just, and is not the just man desirous to do what is just?

Gor. That is clearly the inference.

Soc. Then the just man will surely never be willing to do injustice?

Gor. That is certain.

Soc. And according to the argument the rhetorician ought to be a just man?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And will therefore never be willing to do injustice?

Gor. Clearly not.

Soc. But do you remember saying just now that the trainer is not to be accused or banished if the pugilist makes a wrong use of his pugilistic art; and in like manner, if the rhetori-

cian makes a bad and unjust use of his rhetoric, that is not to be laid to the charge of his instructor, neither is he to be banished, but the wrong-doer himself who made a bad use of his rhetoric is to be banished — was not that said?

Gor. Yes, that was said.

Soc. And now it turns out that this same rhetorician can never have done any injustice.

Gor. True.

Soc. And at the very outset, Gorgias, there was an assertion made, that rhetoric treated of discourse, not about odd and even, but about just and unjust. Is not that true?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. And I thought at the time, when I heard you saying this, that rhetoric, which is always discoursing about justice, could not possibly be an unjust thing. But when you said, shortly afterwards, that the rhetorician might make a bad use
461 of rhetoric, I noted with surprise the inconsistency into which you had fallen; and I said, that if you thought, as I did, that there was a gain in being refuted, there would be an advantage in discussing the question, but if not, I would leave off. And in the course of our examination, as you will see yourself, the rhetorician has been acknowledged to be incapable of making an unjust use of rhetoric, or of unwillingness to do injustice. By the dog, Gorgias, there will be a great deal of discussion, before we get at the truth of all this.

Polus said: And do you, Socrates, seriously incline to believe what you are now saying about rhetoric? What! because Gorgias was ashamed to deny that the rhetorician knew the just and the honorable and the good, and that he could teach them to any one who came to him ignorant of them, and then out of the admission there may have arisen a contradiction; you, as you always do, having recourse to your favorite mode of interrogation. For do you suppose that any one will ever say that he does not know, or cannot teach, the nature of justice? The truth is, that there is great want of manners in bringing the argument to such a pass.

Soc. Illustrious Polus, the great reason why we provide ourselves with friends and children is that when we get old and stumble a younger generation may be at hand, and set us on our legs again in our words and in our actions; and now, if I

and Gorgias are stumbling, there are you a present help to us, as you ought to be; and I for my part engage to retract any error into which you may think that I have fallen — upon one condition.

Pol. What is that?

Soc. That you contract, Polus, the prolixity of speech in which you indulged at first.

Pol. What! do you mean that I am not to use as many words as I please?

Soc. Only to think, my friend, that having come on a visit to Athens, which is the most free-spoken State in Hellas, you of all men should be deprived of the power of speech — that is hard indeed. But then look at my case: should not I be very hardly used if, when you are making a long oration and refusing to answer what you are asked, I may not go away, but am compelled to stay and listen to you? I say rather, that if you have a real interest in the argument, or, to repeat my former expression, have any desire to set me on my legs, take back again anything which you please; and in your turn ask and answer, like myself and Gorgias — refute and be refuted: for I suppose that you would claim to know what Gorgias knows?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And you, like him, invite any one to ask you about anything which he likes, and you will know how to answer him?

Pol. To be sure.

Soc. And now, which will you do, ask or answer?

Pol. I will ask; and do you answer me, Socrates, the same question which Gorgias, as you suppose, is unable to answer: What is rhetoric?

Soc. Do you mean what sort of an art?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Not an art at all, in my opinion, if I am to tell you the truth, Polus.

Pol. Then what, in your opinion, is rhetoric?

Soc. A thing which, in the treatise that I was lately reading of yours, you affirm to have created art.

Pol. What thing?

Soc. I should say a sort of routine or experience.

Pol. Then does rhetoric seem to you to be a sort of experience?

Soc. That is my view, if that is yours.

Pol. An experience of what?

Soc. An experience of making a sort of delight and gratification.

Pol. And if able to gratify others, must not rhetoric be a fine thing?

Soc. What are you saying, Polus? Why do you ask me whether rhetoric is a fine thing or not, when I have not as yet told you what rhetoric is?

Pol. Why, did you not tell me that rhetoric was a sort of experience?

Soc. As you are so fond of gratifying others, will you gratify me in a small particular?

Pol. I will.

Soc. Will you ask me what sort of an art is cookery?

Pol. What sort of an art is cookery?

Soc. Not an art at all, Polus.

Pol. What then?

Soc. I should say a sort of experience.

Pol. Of what? I wish that you would tell me.

Soc. An experience of making a sort of delight and gratification, Polus.

Pol. Then are cookery and rhetoric the same?

Soc. No, they are only different parts of the same profession.

Pol. And what is that?

Soc. I am afraid that the truth may seem discourteous; I should not like Gorgias to imagine that I am ridiculing his profession, and therefore I hesitate to answer. For whether

⁴⁶³ or no this is that art of rhetoric which Gorgias practises I really do not know: from what he was just now saying, nothing appeared of what he thought of his art, but the rhetoric which I mean is a part of a not very creditable whole.

Gor. A part of what, Socrates? Say what you mean, and never mind me.

Soc. To me then, Gorgias, the whole of which rhetoric is a part appears to be a process, not of art, but the habit of a bold and ready wit, which knows how to behave to the world: this I sum up under the word "flattery"; and this habit or

process appears to me to have many other parts, one of which is cookery, which may seem to be an art, and, as I maintain, is not an art, but only experience and routine: another part is rhetoric, and the art of tiring and sophistic are two others: thus there are four branches, and four different things answering to them. And Polus may ask, if he likes, for he has not as yet been informed, what part of flattery is rhetoric: he did not see that I had not yet answered him when he proceeded to ask a further question,—Whether I do not think rhetoric a fine thing? But I shall not tell him whether rhetoric is a fine thing or not, until I have first answered, “What is rhetoric?” For that would not be right, Polus; but I shall be happy to answer, if you will ask me, What part of flattery is rhetoric?

Pol. I will ask, and do you answer: What part of flattery is rhetoric?

Soc. Will you understand my answer? Rhetoric, according to my view, is the shadow of a part of politics.

Pol. And noble or ignoble?

Soc. Ignoble, as I should say, if I am compelled to answer, for I call what is bad ignoble,—though I doubt whether you understand what I was saying before.

Gor. Indeed, Socrates, I cannot say that I understand myself.

Soc. I do not wonder at that; for I have not as yet explained myself, and our friend Polus, like a young colt as he is, is apt to run away.¹

Gor. Never mind him, but explain to me what you mean by saying that rhetoric is the shadow of a part of politics.

Soc. I will try, then, to explain my notion of rhetoric, and if I am mistaken, my friend Polus shall refute me. 464
Are there not bodies and souls?

Gor. There are.

Soc. And you would further admit that there is a good condition of either of them?

Gor. Yes.

Soc. Which condition may not be really good, but good

¹ There is an untranslatable play on the name of “Polus,” which means a “colt.”

only in appearance? I mean to say, that there are many persons who appear to be in good health, and whom only a physician or trainer will discern at first sight not to be in good health.

Gor. True.

Soc. And this applies not only to the body, but also to the soul: in either there may be that which gives the appearance of health and not the reality?

Gor. Yes, certainly.

Soc. And now I will endeavor to explain to you more clearly what I mean: the soul and body being two, have two arts corresponding to them: there is the art of politics attending on the soul; and another art attending on the body, of which I know no specific name, but which may be described as having two divisions, one of which is gymnastic, and the other medicine. And in politics there is a legislative part, which answers to gymnastic, as justice does to medicine; and they run into one another, justice having to do with the same subject as legislation, and medicine with the same subject as gymnastic, yet there is a difference between them. Now, seeing that there are these four arts which are ever ministering to the body and the soul for their highest good, flattery, knowing or rather guessing their natures, has distributed herself into four shams or simulations of them; she puts on the likeness of one or other of them, and pretends to be that which she simulates, and has no regard for men's highest interests, but is ever making pleasure the bait of the unwary, and deceiving them into the belief that she is of the highest value to them. Cookery simulates the disguise of medicine, and pretends to know what food is the best for the body; and if the physician and the cook had to enter into a competition in which children were the judges, or men who had no more sense than children, as to which of them best understands the goodness or badness of food, the physician would be starved to death. A flattery I deem this and an ignoble
 465 sort of thing, Polus, for to you I am now addressing myself, because it aims at pleasure instead of good. And I do not call this an art at all, but only an experience or routine, because it is unable to explain or to give a reason of the nature of its own applications. And I do not call any

irrational thing an art; if you dispute my words, I am prepared to argue in defense of them.

Cookery, then, as I maintain, is the flattery which takes the form of medicine, and the art of tiring, in like manner, takes the form of gymnastic, and is a knavish, false, ignoble, and illiberal art, working deceitfully by the help of lines, and colors, and enamels, and garments, and making men affect a spurious beauty to the neglect of the true beauty which is given by gymnastic.

I would rather not be tedious, and therefore I will only say, after the manner of the geometers (for I think that by this time you will be able to follow),

As the art of tiring : gymnastic : : cookery : medicine ;
or rather —

As tiring : gymnastic : : sophistry : legislation ;
and —

As cookery : medicine : : rhetoric : justice.

And this, I say, is the natural difference between them, but by reason of their near connection, the sphere and subject of the rhetorician is apt to be confounded with that of the sophist; neither do they know what to make of themselves, nor do other men know what to make of them. For if the body presided over itself, and were not under the guidance of the soul, and the soul did not discern and discriminate between cookery and medicine, but the body was made the judge of them and the rule of judgment was the bodily delight which was given by them, then the word of Anaxagoras, that word with which you, friend Polus, are so well acquainted, would come true: chaos would return, and cookery, health, and medicine would mingle in an indiscernible mass. And now I have told you my notion of rhetoric, which is in relation to the soul what cookery is to the body. I may have been inconsistent in making a long speech, when I would not allow you to discourse at length. But I think that I may be excused, as you did not understand me, and could make no use of my shorter answer, and I had to enter into an explanation. And if I show an equal inability to make use of yours, I hope that you will speak at equal length; but if I am able to understand you, let me have the benefit of your brevity, ⁴⁶⁶

for this is only fair; and now this answer of mine is much at your service.

Pol. What do you mean? do you think that rhetoric is flattery?

Soc. Nay, I said a part of flattery; if at your age, Polus, you cannot remember, what will you do by and by, when you get older?

Pol. And are the good rhetoricians meanly regarded in States, under the idea that they are flatterers?

Soc. Is that a question or the beginning of a speech?

Pol. I am asking a question.

Soc. Then my answer is, that they are not regarded at all.

Pol. How not regarded? Have they not very great power in States?

Soc. Not if you mean to say that power is a good to the possessor.

Pol. And I do mean to say that.

Soc. Then, in that case, I think that they have the least power of all the citizens.

Pol. What! Are they not like tyrants, who kill whom they will, or despoil or exile any one whom they think good?

Soc. By the dog, Polus, I cannot make out at each deliverance of yours, whether you are giving an opinion of your own or asking a question of me.

Pol. I am asking a question of you.

Soc. Yes, my friend, but you ask two questions at once.

Pol. How two questions?

Soc. Why, did you not say just now that the rhetoricians are like tyrants, and that they kill whom they will, and despoil or exile any one whom they think good?

Pol. I did.

Soc. Well then, I say to you that here are two questions in one, and I will answer both of them. And I tell you, Polus, that rhetoricians and tyrants have the least possible power in States, as I was just now saying; for they do nothing, as I may say, of what they will, but only what they think best.

Pol. And is not that a great power?

Soc. Polus has already denied that.

Pol. Denied? nay, that is what I affirm.

Soc. By the — what do you call him? — not you, for you say that great power is a good to him who has the power.

Pol. I do.

Soc. And would you maintain that if a fool does what appears best to him he does what is good, and would you call this great power.

Pol. I do not say that.

Soc. Then you must prove that the rhetorician is not a fool, and that rhetoric is an art and not a flattery, — that is the way to refute me; but if you leave me unrefuted, then ⁴⁶⁷ the rhetoricians who do what they think best in States, and the tyrants, will be deprived of this power: for you assume that power is a good thing, and yet admit that the power which is exercised without understanding is an evil.

Pol. Yes; I admit that.

Soc. How then can the rhetoricians or the tyrants have great power in States, unless Polus can refute Socrates, and prove to him that they do as they will?

Pol. This fellow —

Soc. I say that they do not do as they will; now refute me.

Pol. Why, have you not admitted that they do as they think best?

Soc. And that I still admit.

Pol. Then surely they do as they will?

Soc. To that I say no.

Pol. And yet they do as they think best?

Soc. Aye.

Pol. That, Socrates, is monstrous and absurd.

Soc. Good words, good Polus, as I may say in your own peculiar style; but if you have any questions to ask of me, either prove that I am in error or give the answer yourself.

Pol. Very well, I am willing to answer that I may know what you mean.

Soc. Do men appear to you to will that which they do, or do they will that further object, for the sake of which they do that which they do; for example, when they take medicine at the bidding of a physician, do they will the drinking of the medicine which is painful, or the health for the sake of which they drink?

Pol. Clearly, the health.

Soc. And when men go on a voyage or engage in business, they do not will that which they are doing at the time; for who would desire to take the risk of a voyage or the trouble of business? But they will to have the wealth, for the sake of which they go on a voyage.

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And is not this universally true? If a man does something for the sake of something else, he wills not that which he does, but that for the sake of which he does it.

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And are not all things either good or evil, or intermediate and indifferent?

Pol. To be sure, Socrates.

Soc. Wisdom and health and wealth and the like you would call goods, and their opposites evils?

Pol. I should say yes.

Soc. And the things which are neither good nor evil,
468 and which partake sometimes of the nature of good and at other times of evil, or of neither, are such as sitting, walking, running, sailing, or, again, wood, stones, and the like,—these are the things which you call neither good nor evil?

Pol. Exactly.

Soc. And are these indifferent things done for the sake of the good, or the good for the sake of the indifferent?

Pol. Clearly, the indifferent for the sake of the good.

Soc. When we walk we walk for the sake of the good, and under the idea that the good is better, and when we stand we stand equally for the sake of the good?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And when we kill a man we kill him or exile him or despoil him of his goods, because, as we think, that will conduce to our good?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. Men who do these things do them all for the sake of the good?

Pol. I admit that.

Soc. And did we not admit that in doing something for the sake of something else, we do not will those things which we do, but that further thing for the sake of which we do them?

Pol. Most true.

Soc. Then we do not will simply to kill a man or to exile him or to despoil him of his goods, but we will to do that which conduces to our good, and if the act is not conducive to our good we do not will it; for we will, as you say, that which is our good, but that which is neither good nor evil, or simply evil, we do not will. Why are you silent, Polus? Am I not right?

Pol. Yes, that is true.

Soc. Granting this, if any one, whether he be a tyrant or a rhetorician, kills another or exiles another or despoils him of his goods, under the idea that this is for his interests when really not for his interests, he may be said to do what seems best to him?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. But does he do what he wills if he does what is evil? Why do you not answer?

Pol. Well, I suppose he does not.

Soc. Then if great power is a good as you allow, will such an one have great power in his State?

Pol. He will not.

Soc. Then I was right in saying that a man may do what seems good to him in a State, and not have great power, and not do what he wills?

Pol. As though you, Socrates, would not like to have the power of doing what seems good to you in the State, rather than not; you would not be jealous when you see one killing or despoiling or imprisoning whom he pleases, ⁴⁶⁹
O no!

Soc. Justly or unjustly, do you mean?

Pol. In either case is he not equally to be envied?

Soc. Have done, Polus!

Pol. Why "have done"?

Soc. Because you should not envy wretches who are not to be envied, but only pity them.

Pol. And are those of whom I spoke wretches?

Soc. Yes, certainly they are.

Pol. And so you think that he who slays any one whom he pleases, and justly slays him, is pitiable and wretched?

Soc. No, I do not think that of him any more than that he is to be envied.

Pol. Were you not saying just now that he is wretched?

Soc. Yes, my friend, if he killed another unjustly, in which case he is also to be pitied: neither is he to be envied if he killed him justly.

Pol. At any rate you will allow that he who is unjustly put to death is wretched, and to be pitied?

Soc. Not so much, Polus, as he who kills him, and not so much as he who is justly killed.

Pol. How can that be, Socrates?

Soc. That may very well be, inasmuch as doing injustice is the greatest of evils.

Pol. But is that the greatest? Is not suffering injustice a greater evil?

Soc. Certainly not.

Pol. Then would you rather suffer than do injustice?

Soc. I should not like either, but if I must choose between them, I would rather suffer than do.

Pol. Then you would not wish to be a tyrant?

Soc. Not if you mean by tyranny what I mean.

Pol. I mean, as I said before, the power of doing whatever seems good to you in a State, killing, banishing, doing in all things as you like.

Soc. Hear me now, noble friend, and then have your say against me. Suppose that I go into a crowded Agora, and take a dagger under my arm. Polus, I say to you, I have just acquired rare power, and become a tyrant; for if I think that any of these men whom you see ought to be put to death, he is as good as dead; and if I am disposed to break his head or tear his garment, he will have his head broken or his garment torn in an instant. Such is my great power in this city. And if you do not believe me, and I show you the dagger, you would probably reply: Socrates, in that sort of way any one may have great power: he may burn any house that he pleases, and the docks and triremes of the Athenians, and all their other vessels, whether public or private — but this mere doing as you think best is not great power: what do you say?

Pol. Certainly not, when displayed in this way.

470 *Soc.* But can you tell me why you disapprove of such a power?

Pol. I can.

Soc. Why then?

Pol. Why, because he who did as you say would be certain to be punished.

Soc. And punishment is an evil?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And you would admit once more, illustrious friend, that great power is a good to a man if his actions turn out to his advantage, and that this is the meaning of great power, but if not, then his power is an evil and is no power. Let us look at the matter in another way: do we not acknowledge that the things of which we were speaking, the infliction of death, and exile, and the deprivation of property are sometimes a good and sometimes not a good?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. About that you and I may be supposed to agree?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Tell me, then, when do you say that they are good and when that they are evil: how do you determine that?

Pol. I would rather, Socrates, that you should answer as well as ask this.

Soc. Well, Polus, since you would rather have the answer from me, I say that they are good when they are just, and evil when they are unjust.

Pol. Though you are hard of refutation, Socrates, a child may refute that statement.

Soc. Then I shall be very grateful to the child, and equally grateful to you if you will refute me and deliver me from my foolishness. And I hope that you will not be weary of serving a friend, but will refute me.

Pol. Yes, Socrates, and I need not go far or appeal to antiquity; circumstances, which may be said to have happened only yesterday, are enough to refute you, and to prove that many men who do wrong are happy.

Soc. What circumstances?

Pol. You see, I presume, that Archelaus the son of Perdiccas is now the ruler of Macedonia?

Soc. At any rate I hear that he is.

Pol. And do you think that he is happy or miserable?

Soc. I cannot say, Polus, for I have never had any acquaintance with him.

Pol. And cannot you tell at once, and without having an acquaintance with him, whether a man is happy?

Soc. Indeed I cannot.

Pol. Then clearly, Socrates, you would say that you did not even know whether the great king was a happy man?

Soc. And I should say the truth; for I do not know how he stands in the matter of education and justice.

Pol. What! and does all happiness consist in this?

Soc. Yes, indeed, Polus, that is my doctrine; the men and women who are gentle and good are also happy, as I maintain, and the unjust and evil are miserable.

Pol. Then, according to your doctrine, the said Archelaus is miserable?

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Soc. Yes, my friend, if he is wicked he is.

Pol. I cannot deny that he is wicked; for he had no title at all to the throne which he now occupies, as he was only the son of a woman who was the slave of Alcetas the brother of Perdiccas, and therefore in strict right he was the slave of Alcetas himself, and if he had meant to do rightly would have remained his slave, and then, according to your doctrine, he would have been happy; but now he is unspeakably miserable, for he has been guilty of the greatest crimes: in the first place he invited his uncle and master, Alcetas, to come to him, under the pretense that he would restore to him the throne which Perdiccas had usurped, and after entertaining him and his son Alexander, who was his own cousin, and nearly of an age with him, and making them drunk, he threw them into a wagon and carried them off by night, and slew them, and got both of them out of the way; and when he had done all this wickedness he never discovered that he was the most miserable of all men, and was very far from repenting; I will tell you how he showed his remorse: he had a young brother of seven years old, who was the legitimate son of Perdiccas; this was the heir to whom of right the kingdom belonged, but he had no mind to be happy, by bringing him up as he ought, and restoring to him the kingdom: and not long after this he threw him into a well and drowned him, and declared to his mother Cleopatra that he had fallen in, while running after a goose, and had been killed. And now as he is the greatest criminal in all Macedonia he may be

supposed to be the most miserable and not the happiest, and I dare say that his misery would not be desired by any Athenian; and by you least of all — certainly not; he is the last of the Macedonians whose lot you would choose.

Soc. I praise you at first, Polus, for being a rhetorician rather than a reasoner. And now, I suppose that this is the sort of argument with which, as you fancy, a child might refute me, and by which I stand refuted when I say that the unjust man is not happy. But, my good friend, where is the refutation? I certainly do not admit a word that you have been saying.

Pol. That is because you won't; for you surely must think as I do.

Soc. Not so, my simple friend, but because you will refute me in the way which rhetoricians fancy to be refutation in courts of law. For there the one party think that ⁴⁷² they refute the other when they bring forward a number of witnesses of good repute in proof of their allegations, and their adversary has only a single one or none at all. But this kind of proof is of no value where truth is the aim — though a man may sometimes be slandered by a crowd of false witnesses seeming to be somewhat. And now I know that nearly every one, Athenian as well as stranger, will be on your side in this argument, if you like to bring witnesses in disproof of my statement; you may, if you will, summon Nicias the son of Niceratus, and let his brother, who gave the row of tripods which stand in the temple of Dionysos, come with him; or you may summon Aristocrates, the son of Scellius, who is the giver of that famous offering which is at Delphi; summon, if you will, the whole house of Pericles, or any other great Athenian family whom you choose; — they will all agree with you: I only am left alone and cannot agree, for you do not convince me; you only produce many false witnesses against me, in the hope of depriving me of my inheritance, which is the truth. But I consider that I shall have proved nothing unless I make you the one willing witness of my words; neither will you, unless you have me as the one witness of yours; no matter about the rest of the world. For there are two ways of refutation, one which is yours and that of the world in general; but mine is of an-

other sort : let us compare them, and see in what they differ. For, indeed, the matters at issue between us are not trifling ; to know or not to know happiness and misery — that is the sum of them. And what knowledge can be nobler than this ? or what ignorance more disgraceful ? And therefore I will begin by asking you about this very point. Do you not think that a man who is unjust and is doing injustice can be happy, seeing that you think Archelaus unjust, and yet happy ? Am I not right in supposing that to be your meaning ?

Pol. Quite right.

Soc. And I say that this is an impossibility, and here is one point about which we are at issue : very good. But do you mean to say also that if he meets with retribution and punishment he will still be happy ?

Pol. Certainly not ; in that case he will be most miserable.

Soc. On the other hand, if the unjust be not punished, then, according to you, he will be happy ?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. But in my opinion, Polus, the unjust or doer of unjust actions is miserable in any case, — more miserable, however, if he be not punished and does not meet with retribution, and
473 less miserable if he be punished and meets with retribution at the hands of God and men.

Pol. You are trying, Socrates, to maintain a paradox.

Soc. I shall try to make you agree with me, O my friend, for as a friend I regard you. Now the points of difference between us are these — are they not ? I was saying that to do is worse than to suffer injustice ?

Pol. Exactly.

Soc. And you said the opposite ?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. I said also that the wicked are miserable, and this again you denied ?

Pol. Yes, I did, and no mistake.

Soc. But that was only your opinion, Polus.

Pol. Yes, and I am surely right.

Soc. And you said again that the wrong-doer is happy if he be unpunished ?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And I say that he is most miserable, and that those

who are punished are less miserable, — are you going to refute that too?

Pol. That, Socrates, is truly hard of refutation, harder than the other.

Soc. Not hard only, say rather, impossible, Polus; for you can never refute the truth.

Pol. What do you mean? If a man is detected in an unjust attempt to make himself a tyrant, and when detected is racked, mutilated, has his eyes burned out, and after having had all sorts of great injuries inflicted on him, and having seen his wife and children suffer, is at last impaled or tarred and burned, will he be happier than if he escape and become a tyrant, and continue all through life doing what he likes and holding the reins of government, the envy and admiration both of citizens and strangers? Is that the paradox which, as you say, cannot be refuted?

Soc. There, again, you are raising hobgoblins, noble Polus, instead of refuting me, as before you were calling witnesses against me. But please to refresh my memory a little: did you say, — “in an unjust attempt to make himself a tyrant?”

Pol. Yes, I did.

Soc. Then I say that neither of them will be happier than the other, — neither he who unjustly acquires a tyranny, nor he who suffers in the attempt, for of two miserables one cannot be the happier, but that he who escapes and becomes a tyrant is the more miserable of the two. Do you laugh, Polus? Well, this is a new sort of elenchus, — when any one says anything, instead of refuting him to laugh at him.

Pol. But do you not think, Socrates, that you have been sufficiently refuted, when you say that which no human being will allow? Ask the company.

Soc. O Polus, I am not a public man, and only last year, when my tribe were serving as Prytanes, and the lot fell upon me, and I was made a senator, and had to take the votes, there was a laugh at me, because I was unable to take them. And as I failed then you must not ask me 474 to count the suffrages of the company now; but if, as I was saying, you have no better argument than numbers, let me have a turn, and do you make trial of the sort of proof, which, as I think, ought to be given; for I shall produce one witness

only of the truth of my words, and he is the person with whom I am arguing; his suffrage I know how to take; but with the many I have nothing to do, and do not even address myself to them. May I ask then whether you will answer in turn and have your words put to the proof? For I certainly think that I and you and every man do really believe, that to do is a greater evil than to suffer injustice: and not to be punished than to be punished.

Pol. And I should say that neither I nor any man believes this: would you yourself, for example, suffer rather than do injustice?

Soc. Yes, and you, too; I and any man would.

Pol. Quite the reverse; neither you, nor I, nor any man.

Soc. But will you answer?

Pol. Certainly, I will; for I am curious to hear what you are going to say.

Soc. Tell me, then, and you will know, and let us suppose that I am beginning at the beginning: Which of the two, Polus, in your opinion, is the worse? — to do injustice or to suffer?

Pol. I should say that suffering was worse.

Soc. And which is the greater disgrace? — Answer.

Pol. To do.

Soc. And the greater disgrace is the greater evil?

Pol. Certainly not.

Soc. I understand you to say, if I am not mistaken, that the honorable is not the same as the good, or the disgraceful as the evil?

Pol. Certainly not.

Soc. And what do you say to this? When you speak of beautiful things, as, for example, bodies, colors, figures, sounds, institutions, do you not call them beautiful in reference to some standard? bodies, for example, are beautiful in proportion as they are useful, or as the sight of them gives pleasure to the spectators; can you give any other account of personal beauty?

Pol. I cannot.

Soc. And you would speak of everything else, — of figures, or colors, for example, as beautiful, either by reason of the pleasure which they give, or of their use, or of both?

Pol. Yes, I should.

Soc. And you would call sounds and music beautiful for the same reason?

Pol. I should.

Soc. Laws and institutions also have no beauty in them except in as far as they are pleasant or useful to both?

Pol. I think not.

Soc. And may not the same be said of the beauty of knowledge? 475

Pol. To be sure, Socrates; and I very much approve of your measuring beauty by the standard of pleasure and utility.

Soc. And deformity or disgrace may be equally measured by the opposite standard of pain and evil?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. Then when of two beautiful things one exceeds in beauty, the excess is to be measured in one or both of these; that is to say, in pleasure or good or both?

Pol. Very true.

Soc. And of two deformed things, that which exceeds in deformity or disgrace, exceeds either in pain or evil — does not that follow?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. But then again, what was that observation which you just now made, about doing and suffering wrong? Did you not say, that suffering wrong was more evil, and doing wrong more disgraceful?

Pol. I did say that.

Soc. Then, if doing wrong is more disgraceful than suffering, the more disgraceful must be more painful, and exceed in pain or in evil or both: is not that the necessary inference?

Pol. Of course.

Soc. First, then, let us consider whether the doing of injustice exceeds the suffering in pain. Do the injurers suffer more than the injured?

Pol. No, Socrates; certainly not that.

Soc. Then they do not exceed in pain?

Pol. No.

Soc. But if not in pain, then not in both?

Pol. Certainly not.

Soc. Then they can only exceed in the other?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. That is to say in evil?

Pol. True.

Soc. Then doing injustice having an excess of evil, will be a greater evil than suffering injustice?

Pol. Clearly.

Soc. But have not you and the world already agreed that to do injustice is more disgraceful than to suffer?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And that is now discovered to be more evil?

Pol. True.

Soc. And would you prefer a greater evil or a greater dishonor to a less one? Answer, Polus, and fear not; for you will come to no harm if you nobly give yourself to the healing power of the argument, which is a sort of physician; and say either "Yes" or "No" to me.

Pol. I should say not.

Soc. Would any other man?

Pol. Not according to this way of putting the case, Socrates.

Soc. Then I said truly, Polus, that neither you, nor I, nor any man, would rather do than suffer injustice; for to do injustice is the greater evil of the two.

Pol. That is true.

Soc. Then you see, Polus, that when you compare the two kinds of refutations they are quite unlike. All men, with the exception of myself, agree with you; but your assent is enough
476 for me, and I have no need of any other witness; I take your suffrage, and am regardless of the rest. Enough then of this, and let us proceed to the next question; which is, Whether the greatest of evils to a guilty man is to suffer punishment, as you supposed, or whether to escape punishment is not a greater evil, as I supposed. Let us look at the matter in this way: Would you not say that to suffer punishment is another name for being justly corrected?

Pol. I should.

Soc. And would you not allow that all just things are honorable in as far as they are just? Please to reflect, and tell me your opinion.

Pol. Yes, Socrates, I think that they are.

Soc. Consider, then, this further point: Where there is an agent, must there not also be a patient?

Pol. I admit that.

Soc. And will not the patient suffer that which the agent does, and will not the suffering have the quality of the action? I mean, for example, that if a man strikes, there must be something which is stricken?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And if the striker strikes violently or quickly, that which is struck will be struck violently or quickly?

Pol. True.

Soc. And the suffering to him who is stricken is of the same nature as the act of him who strikes?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And if a man burns, there is something which is burned?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And if he burns in excess or with pain, the thing burned will be burned in the same way?

Pol. Truly.

Soc. And if he cuts, the same argument holds — there will be something cut?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And if the cutting be great or deep or painful, the cut will be of the same nature?

Pol. That is evident.

Soc. Then you would agree generally to the universal proposition which I was just now asserting: that the affection of the patient answers to the act of the agent?

Pol. I admit that.

Soc. Then, as this is admitted, let me ask whether being punished is suffering or acting?

Pol. Suffering, Socrates; there can be no doubt of that.

Soc. And suffering implies an agent?

Pol. Certainly, Socrates; and he is the punisher.

Soc. And he who punishes rightly, punishes justly?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And therefore he acts justly?

Pol. Justly.

Soc. Then he who is punished and suffers retribution, suffers justly?

Pol. That is evident.

Soc. And that which is just has been admitted to be honorable?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. Then the punisher does what is honorable, and the punished suffers what is honorable?

Pol. True.

477 *Soc.* And if what is honorable, then what is good, for the honorable is either pleasant or useful?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. Then he who is punished suffers what is good?

Pol. That is true.

Soc. Then he is benefited?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Do I understand you to mean what I mean by the term "benefited"? I mean that his soul is improved, if he be justly punished.

Pol. Surely.

Soc. Then he who is punished is delivered from the evil of his soul?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And is he not then delivered from the greatest evil? Look at the matter in this way: In a worldly estate, do you see any greater evil than poverty?

Pol. There is no greater evil.

Soc. Again, in a man's bodily estate, you would say that the evil is weakness and disease and deformity?

Pol. I should.

Soc. And do you not imagine that the soul likewise has some evil of her own?

Pol. Of course.

Soc. And this you would call injustice and ignorance and cowardice, and the like?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. So then, in mind, body, and estate, which are three, you have pointed out three corresponding evils — injustice, disease, poverty?

Pol. True.

Soc. And which of the evils is the most disgraceful? Is not the most disgraceful of them injustice, and in general the evil of the soul?

Pol. By far the most.

Soc. And if the most disgraceful, then also the worst?

Pol. How is that, Socrates? I do not understand.

Soc. I mean to say, that what is most disgraceful has been already admitted to be most painful or hurtful, or both.

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And now injustice and all evil in the soul has been admitted by us to be most disgraceful?

Pol. That has been admitted.

Soc. And most disgraceful either because most painful and causing excessive pain, or most hurtful, or both?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And therefore to be unjust and intemperate, and cowardly and ignorant, is more painful than to be poor and sick?

Pol. Nay, Socrates; I should say that does not follow, if you are right.

Soc. Then, if not more painful, as you affirm, the evil of the soul is the most disgraceful of all evils; and the excess of disgrace must be caused by some preternatural greatness, or extraordinary hurtfulness of the evil, or both.

Pol. Clearly.

Soc. And that which exceeds most in hurtfulness will be the greatest of evils?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Then injustice and intemperance, and in general the depravity of the soul, is the greatest evil that there is?

Pol. That is evident.

Soc. Now, what art is there which delivers us from poverty? Does not the art of making money?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And what art frees us from disease? Does not the art of medicine?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And what from vice and injustice? If you are not able to answer at once, ask yourself whither we go with the sick, and to whom we take them. 478

Pol. To the physicians, Socrates.

Soc. And to whom do we go with the unjust and intemperate?

Pol. To the judges, you mean.

Soc. Who are to punish them?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And do not those who rightly punish others, punish them in accordance with a certain rule of justice?

Pol. That is evident.

Soc. Then the art of money-making frees a man from poverty; medicine from disease; and justice from intemperance and injustice?

Pol. That is clear.

Soc. Which, then, is the best of these three?

Pol. Will you enumerate them?

Soc. Money-making, medicine, and justice.

Pol. Justice, Socrates, far excels the others.

Soc. And justice, if the best, gives the greatest pleasure or advantage or both?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. But is the being healed a pleasant thing, and are those who are being healed pleased?

Pol. I think not.

Soc. Useful, then?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Why, yes, because giving deliverance from great evils; and this is the advantage of enduring the pain — that you get well.

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. And would he be the happier man in his bodily condition, who is healed, or who never was out of health?

Pol. Clearly he who was never out of health.

Soc. Yes; for happiness surely does not consist in being delivered from evils, but in never having known them.

Pol. True.

Soc. And suppose the case of two persons, who have some evil in their bodies, and that one of them is healed and delivered from evil, and another is not healed, but retains the evil — which of them is the most miserable?

Pol. Clearly he who is not healed.

Soc. And was not punishment said by us to be a deliverance from the greatest of evils, which is vice?

Pol. True.

Soc. And justice punishes us, and makes us more just, and is the healer of our vice?

Pol. True.

Soc. He, then, has the first place in the scale of happiness who has never known vice in his soul ; for this has been shown to be the greatest of evils.

Pol. Clearly.

Soc. And he has the second place, who is delivered from vice?

Pol. True.

Soc. And this is he who receives admonition and rebuke and punishment?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. Then he lives worst, who has known and has no deliverance from injustice?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. That is, he who commits the greatest crimes, and who, being the most unjust of men, succeeds in escaping rebuke or correction or punishment, which, as you say, is the case of Archelaus, and all your tyrants and rhetoricians and mighty men? 479

Pol. True.

Soc. May not their way of proceeding, my friend, be compared to the conduct of a person who is afflicted with the worst of diseases and yet contrives not to pay the penalty to the physician for his sins against his constitution, and will not be cured, because, like a child, he is afraid of the pain of being burned or cut—is not that a parallel case?

Pol. Yes, truly.

Soc. He would seem as if he did not know the nature of health and bodily vigor ; and this, Polus, is shown by our previous conclusions to be the case of those who strive to evade justice, which they see to be painful, but are blind to the advantage which ensues from it, not knowing how far more miserable a companion a diseased soul is than a diseased body ; a soul, I say, which is corrupt and unrighteous and unholy. And hence they do all that they can to avoid punishment and to avoid being released from the greatest of evils ; they provide themselves with money and friends, and cultivate to the utmost their powers of persuasion. But if we, Polus, are right, do you see what follows, or shall we draw out the consequences in form?

Pol. If you please.

Soc. It follows that injustice, and the doing of injustice, is the greatest of evils.

Pol. That is clear.

Soc. And further that to suffer punishment is the way to be released from this evil.

Pol. True.

Soc. And not to suffer is to perpetuate the evil?

Pol. True.

Soc. To do wrong, then, is second only in the scale of evils ; but to do wrong and not to be punished, is first and greatest of all?

Pol. That is true.

Soc. Well, and was not this the point in dispute, my friend ? You deemed Archelaus happy, because he was a very great criminal and unpunished : I, on the other hand, maintained that he or any other who like him has done wrong and has not been punished, is, and ought to be, the most miserable of all men ; and that the doer of injustice, whether Archelaus or any other, is more miserable than the sufferer ; and he who escapes punishment, more miserable than he who suffers—was not that what I said ?

Pol. Yes.

Soc. And that has been proved to be true ?

Pol. Certainly.

Soc. Well, Polus, but if this is true, where is the great
480 use of rhetoric ? If we admit what has been just now said, every man ought in every way to guard himself against doing wrong, for he will thereby suffer great evil ?

Pol. True.

Soc. And if he, or any one about whom he cares, does wrong, he ought of his own accord to go where he will be immediately punished ; he will run to the judge, as he would to the physician, in order that the disease of injustice may not be rendered chronic and become the incurable cancer of the soul ; must we not allow that, Polus, if our former admissions are to stand ? and is not that the only inference which is consistent with them ?

Pol. That, Socrates, is not to be denied.

Soc. Then rhetoric is of no use to us, Polus, in helping a man to excuse his own injustice, or that of his parents or

friends, or children or country; but may be of use, if he hold that instead of excusing he ought to accuse — himself above all, and in the next degree, his family, or any of his friends who may be doing wrong, and if he does not want to conceal, but to bring to light the iniquity, that the wrong-doer may suffer and be healed; and if he would force himself and others to stand firm, closing their eyes manfully, and letting the physician cut, as I may say, and burn them, in the hope of attaining the good and the honorable, not regarding the pain; but if he have done things worthy of stripes, allowing himself to be beaten, or if of bonds to be bound, or if of a fine to be fined, or if of exile to be exiled, or if of death to die, and being himself the first to accuse himself and his own relations, and using rhetoric to this end, that his and their just actions may be made manifest, and they themselves may be delivered from injustice, which is the greatest evil. Shall we admit this or not, Polus?

Pol. To me, Socrates, this appears very strange, though probably in agreement with your premises.

Soc. Must not the premises be disproven, unless this is to be the conclusion?

Pol. Yes; that is true.

Soc. And from the opposite point of view, if any one would harm another, whether he be an enemy or any other; I except the case in which I am myself suffering injury at the hands of another, for I must take precautions against that; but supposing that my enemy injures a third person, then ⁴⁸¹ in every sort of way, by word as well as deed, I should try to prevent his being punished, or appearing before the judge; and if he appears, I should contrive that he should escape, and not suffer punishment: if he has stolen a sum of money, let him keep and spend what he has stolen on him and his, regardless of religion and justice; and if he have done things worthy of death, let him not die, but rather be immortal in his wickedness; or, if this is not possible, let him at any rate be allowed to live as long as he can. For these purposes, Polus, rhetoric may be useful, but is of small if of any use to him who is not intending to commit injustice; at least there was no such use discovered by us in the previous discussion.

Cal. Tell me, Chærephon, is Socrates in earnest, or is he joking about this?

Chær. I should say, Callicles, that he is in most profound earnest; but you may as well ask him.

Cal. By the gods, and I will. Tell me, Socrates, are you in earnest, or only in jest? For if you are in earnest, and what you say is true, is not the whole of human life turned upside down; and are we not doing, as would appear, in everything the opposite of what we ought to be doing?

Soc. O Callicles, if there were not some community of feeling among mankind, however varying in different persons—I mean to say, if every individual had a private feeling which was not shared by the rest of his species—I do not see how we could ever communicate our impressions to one another. I make this remark because I perceive that you and I have such a common feeling. For we are lovers both, and both of us have two loves apiece: I am the lover of Alcibiades, the son of Cleinias, and of philosophy; and you of the Athenian Demos, and Demos the fair son of Pylilampes. Now, I observe that you, with all your cleverness, do not venture to contradict your favorite in any word or opinion of his; but as he changes you change, backwards and forwards. When the Athenian Demos denies anything that you are saying in the assembly, you go over to his opinion; and the same sort of thing happens with Demos, the fair young son of Pylilampes. For you have not the power to resist the words and ideas of your loves; and if a person were to express surprise at the strangeness of what you are apt to say
 482 when under their influence, you would probably reply to him, if you were honest, that you must use the same language as your loves, and that this can only be stopped by their being put to silence. And you may imagine that my words too are like your own, an echo of another, and need not wonder at me; but if you want to stop me, silence philosophy, who is my love, for she is always saying to me what I am now saying to you, my friend, neither is she capricious like my other love; for the son of Cleinias is inconstant, but philosophy is always true. She is the teacher whose words you heard, and at which you are now wondering; her you must refute, and either show, as I was saying, that to do injustice

and to escape punishment is not the worst of all evils ; for if you leave her word unrefuted, by the dog the god of Egypt, I declare, O Callicles, that Callicles will never be at one with himself, but all his life long in a state of discord. And yet, my friend, I would rather that my lyre should be inharmonious, and that there should be no music in the chorus which I provided ; ay, or that the whole world should be at odds with me, and oppose me, rather than that I myself should be at variance with myself, and contradict myself.

Cal. O Socrates, you are a regular declaimer, and are manifestly running riot in the argument. And now you are declaiming in this way because Polus has met with the same evil fate himself which he accused you of bringing upon Gorgias : he said, if I remember rightly, that when Gorgias was asked by you, whether, if some one came to him who wanted to learn rhetoric, and did not know justice, he would teach him justice ? And Gorgias in his modesty replied that he would, because he thought that mankind in general would expect this of him, and would be displeased if he said " No " ; in consequence of this admission, Gorgias was compelled to contradict himself, and you were delighted ; Polus laughed at you at the time, deservedly, as I think ; and now he has himself experienced the same misfortune ; I cannot say very much for Polus's wit when he conceded to you that to do is more dishonorable than to suffer injustice, for this was what led to his being entangled by you ; and because he was too modest to say what he thought, he had his mouth stopped. For the truth is, Socrates, that you, who pretend to be engaged in the pursuit of truth, are appealing now to the popular and vulgar notions of right, which are not natural, but only conventional. Custom and nature are generally at variance with one another : and hence, if a person is too modest to say what he thinks, he is compelled to contradict him-
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self ; and you, ingeniously seeing the advantage which may be won from this, dishonestly contrive that when a person speaks according to this rule of custom, you slyly ask him a question, which is to be referred to the rule of nature ; and if he is talking of the rule of nature, you slip away to custom : as in this very discussion about doing and suffering injustice, when Polus was speaking of the conventionally dishonorable, you pursued

his notion of convention from the point of view of nature ; for by the rule of nature, that only is the more disgraceful which is the greater evil — as, for example, to suffer injustice ; but by the rule of custom, to do evil is the more disgraceful. For this suffering of injustice is not the part of a man, but of a slave, who indeed had better die than live ; for when he is wronged and trampled upon, he is unable to help himself, or any other about whom he cares. The reason, as I conceive, is that the makers of laws are the many weak ; and they make laws and distribute praises and censures with a view to themselves and to their own interests ; and they terrify the mightier sort of men, and those who are able to get the better of them, in order that they may not get the better of them ; and they say that dishonesty is shameful and unjust ; meaning, when they speak of injustice, the desire to have more than their neighbors, for knowing their own inferiority they are only too glad of equality. And therefore this seeking to have more than the many is conventionally said to be shameful and unjust, and is called injustice, whereas nature herself intimates that it is just for the better to have more than the worse, the more powerful than the weaker ; and in many ways she shows, among men as well as among animals, and indeed among whole cities and races, that justice consists in the superior ruling over and having more than the inferior. For on what principle of justice did Xerxes invade Hellas, or his father the Scythians (not to speak of numberless other examples) ? They, I conceive, act according to nature ; yes, and according to the law of nature : not, perhaps, according to that artificial law, which we frame and fashion, taking the best and strongest of us from their youth upwards, and taming

484 them like young lions, and charming them with the sound of the voice, saying to them that with equality they must be content, and that this is the honorable and the just. But if there were a man who had sufficient force, he would shake off and break through, and escape from all this ; he would trample under foot all our formulas and spells and charms, and all our laws, sinning against nature : the slave would rise in rebellion and be lord over us, and the light of natural justice would shine forth. And this I take to be the lesson of Pindar, in the poem in which he says that —

"Law is the king of all, mortals as well as immortals";
this, as he says,

"Makes might to be right, and does violence with exalted hand; as I infer from the deeds of Heracles, for without buying them," —

I do not remember the exact words, but the meaning is that he carried off the oxen of Geryon without buying them, and without their being given to him by Geryon, according to the law of natural right, and that the oxen and other possessions of the weaker and inferior properly belong to the stronger and superior. And this is true, as you may ascertain, if you will leave philosophy and go on to higher things: for philosophy, Socrates, if pursued in moderation and at the proper age, is an elegant accomplishment, but too much philosophy is the ruin of human life. Even if a man has good parts, still, if he carries philosophy into later life, he is necessarily ignorant of all those things which a gentleman and a person of honor ought to know; for he is ignorant of the laws of the State, and of the language which ought to be used in the dealings of man with man, whether private or public, and altogether ignorant of the pleasures and desires of mankind and of human character in general. And people of this sort, when they betake themselves to politics or business, are as ridiculous as I imagine the politicians to be, when they make their appearance in the arena of philosophy. For, as Euripides says, —

"Every man shines in that and pursues that, and devotes the greatest portion of the day to that in which he most excels";

and if he is inferior in anything, he avoids and depreciates that, and praises the other from partiality to himself, 485
and because he thinks that he will thus praise himself. But the right way is to have both: philosophy, as a part of education, is an excellent thing, and there is no disgrace to a man while he is young in pursuing such a study; when, Socrates, he becomes an older man, then the thing is ridiculous, and I feel towards philosophers as I do towards those who lisp and imitate children. For when I see a little child, who is not of an age to speak plainly, lisping at his play, that pleases me; there is an appearance of grace and freedom in his utterance, which is natural to his childish years. But when I hear some small creature carefully articulating his words, that

offends me; the sound is disagreeable, and has to my ears the twang of slavery. And when I see a man lisping as if he were a child, that appears to me ridiculous and unmanly and worthy of stripes. Now, I have the same feeling about students of philosophy: when I see one of your young men studying philosophy, that I consider to be quite in character, and becoming a man of a liberal education: and him who neglects philosophy I regard as an inferior man, who will never aspire to anything great or noble. But if I see him continuing to study philosophy in later life, and not leaving off, I think that he ought to be beaten, Socrates; for, as I was saying, such an one, even though he have good natural parts, becomes effeminate. He flies from the busy center and the market-place, in which, as the poet says, men become distinguished: he creeps into a corner for the rest of his life, and talks in a whisper with three or four admiring youths, but never speaks out like a freeman in a satisfactory manner. Now I, Socrates, am very well inclined towards you, and my feeling may be compared with that of Zethus towards Amphion, in the play of Euripides, of which I was just now speaking: for I am disposed to say to you much what Zethus said to his brother, that you, Socrates, are careless when you ought to be careful; and having a soul so noble, are chiefly remarkable for a puerile exterior; neither in a court of justice could you state a case, or give any probability or proof, nor offer valiant counsel on another's behalf: and you must not be offended, my dear Socrates, for I am speaking out of good-will towards you, if I ask whether you are not ashamed at being in this case? which, indeed, I affirm to be that of all those who will carry the study of philosophy too far. For suppose that some one were to take you, or any one of your sort, off to prison, declaring that you had done wrong when you had done no wrong, you must allow that you would not know what to do: there you would stand giddy and gaping, and not having a word to say; and when you went up before the court, even if the accuser were a poor creature and not good for much, you would die if he were disposed to claim the penalty of death. And yet, Socrates, what is the value of an art which converts a man of sense into a fool, who is helpless, powerless, when the danger is greatest, to save either

himself or others; while he is being despoiled by his enemies of all his goods, and deprived of his rights of citizenship? being a man, if I may use the expression, who may be boxed on the ears with impunity. Then, my good friend, take my advice, and refute no more; learn "the arts of business, and acquire the reputation of wisdom," leaving to others these niceties; whether they are better described as follies or absurdities, they will only give you poverty for the inmate of your dwelling.

Cease, then, emulating these paltry splitters of words, and emulate only the man of substance and honor, who is well-to-do.

Soc. If my soul, Callicles, were made of gold, should I not rejoice to discover one of those stones with which they test gold, and one of the best sort too which I might apply? and if the application showed that my soul had been well cultivated, then I should know that I was in a satisfactory state, and that no other test was needed by me.

Cal. What makes you say that, Socrates?

Soc. I will tell you; I think that in you I have found the desired touchstone.

Cal. Why?

Soc. Because I am sure that if you agree with me in any of the opinions which my soul forms, I have at last found the truth indeed. For I consider that if a man is to make a complete trial of the good or evil of the soul, he ought to have three qualities — knowledge, good-will, frankness, which 487 are all possessed by you. Many whom I have known were unable to make the examination, because they were not wise as you are; others are wise, but they will not tell me the truth, because they have not the interest in me which you have; and these two strangers, Gorgias and Polus, are undoubtedly wise men and my very good friends, but they are not frank enough, and they are too modest. Why, their modesty is so great that they are driven to contradict themselves, first one and then the other of them, in the face of a large company, on matters of the highest moment. But you have all the qualities in which these others are deficient, having received an excellent education; to this many Athenians can testify. And I am sure that you are my friend. How do I prove that? I will tell you: I know that you, Callicles, and Tisander of Aphidnæ, and Andron the son of Androtion, and Nausicydes of

the deme of Cholarges, studied philosophy together: there were four of you, and I once heard you advising with one another as to the extent to which the pursuit should be carried, and the opinion, as I know, which found favor among you was that the study should not be pushed too much into detail. You were cautioning one another not to be overwise, lest, without your knowing, this should be the ruin of you. And now when I hear you giving the same advice to me which you then gave to your most intimate friends, I have in that a sufficient evidence of your real good-will to me. And of the frankness of your nature and freedom from modesty I am assured by yourself, and the assurance is confirmed by your last speech. Well then, the inference clearly is that if you and I agree in an argument on any point, that point will have been sufficiently tested by you and me, and will not require to be referred to any further test. For you cannot have been led to agree with me, either from lack of knowledge or from superfluity of modesty, nor from a desire to deceive me, for you are my friend, as you tell me yourself. And therefore when you and I are agreed, the result will be the attainment of the perfect truth. Now there can be no nobler inquiry, Callicles, than that for which you reprove me, — What ought the character of a man to be, and what his pursuits, and how far he is to go, both in maturer years and in youth? For be assured of
 488 this, that if I err in my own conduct I do not err intentionally, but from my own ignorance. Do not then desist from advising me, now that you have begun, until I have learned clearly what this is which I am to practise, and how I may acquire it. And if you find me assenting to your words, and hereafter not doing that to which I assented, call me "dolt," and "good-for-nothing," and deem me unworthy of receiving further instruction. Once more, then, tell me what you and Pindar mean by natural justice: do you not mean that the superior should take the property of the inferior by force; that the better should rule the worse, the noble have more than the mean? Am I not right in my recollection?

Cal. Yes; that is what I was saying, and what I still maintain.

Soc. And do you mean by the better the same as the superior? for I could not make out what you were saying at the

time — whether you meant by the superior the stronger, and that the weaker must obey the stronger, as you seemed to imply when you said that great cities attack small ones in accordance with natural right, because they are superior and stronger, as though the superior and stronger and better were the same; or whether the better may be also the inferior and weaker, and the superior the worse, or whether better is to be defined in the same way as superior: this is the point which I want to have clearly explained. Are the superior and better and stronger the same or different?

Cal. Well; I tell you plainly that they are the same.

Soc. Then the many are by nature superior to the one, against whom, as you were saying, they make the laws?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. Then the laws of the many are the laws of the superior?

Cal. Very true.

Soc. Then they are the laws of the better; for the superior are far better, as you were saying?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then the laws which are made by them are by nature noble, as they are the superior?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And are not the many of opinion, as you were lately saying, that justice is equality, and that to do is more disgraceful than to suffer injustice? and that equality and not excess is justice? — is that so or no? Answer, Callicles, and let no modesty be found to come in the way (cp. what is said of Gorgias at p. 482): I must beg of you to answer, in order that if you agree with me I may be fortified in my judgment by the assent of so competent an authority.

Cal. Yes; that is the opinion of the many.

Soc. Then not only custom but nature also affirms that to do is more disgraceful than to suffer injustice, and that justice is equality, so that you seem to have been wrong in your former assertion and accusation of me, when you said that nature and custom are opposed, and that I, knowing this, was artfully playing between them, appealing to custom when the argument is about nature, and to nature when the argument is about custom.

Cal. This man always will be talking nonsense. At your age, Socrates, are you not ashamed to be word catching, and when a man trips in a word, thinking that to be a piece of luck? do you not see, — have I not told you already, that by superior I mean better? do you imagine me to say that if a rabble of slaves and nondescripts, who are of no use except perhaps for their physical strength, gets together, their ipsissima verba are laws?

Soc. Ho! my philosopher, is that your line?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. I was thinking, Callicles, that something of the kind must have been in your mind, and that is why I repeated the question, what is the superior, because I wanted to know clearly what you meant; for you surely do not think that two men are better than one, or that your slaves are better than you because they are stronger? Then please to begin again, and tell me who the better are, if they are not the stronger; and I will ask you to be a little milder in your instructions, or I shall have to run away from you.

Cal. You are ironical.

Soc. No, by the hero Zethus, Callicles, in whose person you were just now saying (485 A) many ironical things against me, I am not: tell me, then, whom you mean by the better?

Cal. I mean the more excellent.

Soc. Do you not see that you are yourself repeating words and explaining nothing? — will you tell me whether you mean by the better and superior the wiser, or if not, whom?

Cal. Most assuredly, I do mean the wiser.

Soc. Then, according to you, one wise man may often
 490 be superior to ten thousand fools, and he ought to rule them, and they ought to be his subjects, and he ought to have more than they should. That is what I believe that you mean (and you must not suppose that I am catching words), if you allow that the one is superior to the ten thousand?

Cal. Yes; that is what I mean, and that is what I conceive to be natural justice, — that the better and wiser should rule and have more than the inferior.

Soc. Stop now, and let me ask you what you would say in this case: Let us suppose ourselves to be together as we are now; there are a number of us, and there is a large common

store of meats and drinks, and there are all sorts of persons in our company having various degrees of strength and weakness, and one of us, being a physician, is wiser in these matters than all the rest, and he is probably stronger than some and not so strong as others of us, — will he not, being wiser, be also better than we are, and our superior in this matter?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. Either, then, he will have a larger share of the meats and drinks, because he is better, or he will have the distribution of all of them by reason of his authority, but he will not expend or use a larger share of them on his own person, or if he does, he will be punished; his share will exceed that of some, and be less than that of others, and if he be the weakest of all, he being the best of all will have the smallest share of all, Callicles: am I not right, my friend?

Cal. You talk about meats and drinks and physicians and other nonsense; I am not speaking of them.

Soc. Well, but do you admit that the wiser is the better? Answer that.

Cal. I do.

Soc. And ought not the better to have a larger share?

Cal. Not of meats and drinks.

Soc. I understand: then, perhaps, of coats, the skilfullest weaver ought to have the largest coat, and the greatest number of them, and go about clothed in the best and finest of them?

Cal. Nonsense about coats.

Soc. Then the skilfullest and wisest in making shoes ought to have the advantage in shoes; the shoemaker, clearly, should walk about in the largest shoes, and have the greatest number of them?

Cal. Shoes! fudge. What nonsense you are talking!

Soc. Or, if that is not your meaning, perhaps you mean to say that the wise and good and true husbandman should actually have a larger share of seeds, and have as much seed as possible for his own especial use?

Cal. How you go on, always talking in the same way, Socrates!

Soc. Yes, Callicles, and not only talking in the same way, but on the same subjects.

Cal. Yes, by Heaven, you are literally always talking

of cobblers and fullers and cooks and doctors, as if this had to do with our argument.

Soc. But why will you not tell me in what a man must be superior and wiser in order to claim a larger share; will you neither accept a suggestion, nor offer one?

Cal. I have already told you. In the first place, I mean by the superiors not cobblers or cooks, but wise politicians who understand the administration of a State, and who are not only wise, but also valiant and able to carry out their designs, and not the men to faint from want of soul.

Soc. See now, most excellent Callicles, how different my charge against you is from that which you bring against me, for you reproach me with always saying the same; but I reproach you with never saying the same about the same things, for at one time you were defining the better and the superior as the stronger, then again as the wiser, and now again you bring forward a new notion; the superior and the better are now declared by you to be the more courageous: I wish, my good friend, that you would tell me, once for all, whom you affirm to be the better and superior, and in what particular?

Cal. I have already told you that I mean those who are wise and courageous in the administration of a State; who ought to be the rulers of their States, and ought to have an advantage over their subjects, and this is justice.

Soc. What! my friend, are they to have more than themselves?

Cal. How do you mean?

Soc. I mean that every man is his own ruler; but perhaps you think that there is no necessity for him to rule himself; he is only required to rule others?

Cal. What do you mean by his "ruling over himself"?

Soc. A simple thing enough; just what is commonly said, that a man should be temperate and master of himself, and ruler of his own pleasures and passions.

Cal. How charming! you mean those fools, — the temperate?

Soc. Certainly: any one may know that to be my meaning.

Cal. Quite so, Socrates; and they are really fools — for how can a man be happy who is the servant of anything? On the contrary, I plainly assert that he who would truly live

ought to allow his desires to wax to the uttermost, and not to chastise them ; but when they have grown to their greatest he should have courage and intelligence to minister to them and to satisfy all his longings. And this I affirm to be natural justice and nobility. But the many cannot do so ; and therefore they blame such persons, because they are ashamed of their own inability, which they desire to conceal, and hence they say that intemperance is base. As I was saying before, they enslave the nobler natures, and being unable to satisfy their pleasures, they praise temperance and justice because they are cowards. For if a man had been originally the son of a king, or had a nature capable of acquiring an empire or a tyranny or exclusive power, what could be more truly base or evil than temperance — to a man like him, I say, who might freely be enjoying every good, and has no one to hinder him, and yet has admitted custom and reason and the opinion of other men to be lord over him ? — must not he be in a miserable plight whom the reputation of justice and temperance hinders from giving more to his friends than to his enemies, even though he be a ruler in his city ? Nay, Socrates, the truth is this (and you profess to be a votary of the truth) : that luxury and intemperance and license, if they are duly supported, are happiness and virtue ; all the rest is a mere bauble, custom contrary to nature, fond inventions of men, nothing worth.

Soc. There is a noble freedom, Callicles, in your way of approaching the argument ; for what you say is what the rest of the world think, but are unwilling to say. And I must beg of you not to relax your efforts in order that we may truly know the rule of human life. Tell me, then : you say, do you not, that in the rightly developed man the passions ought not to be controlled, but that we should let them grow to the utmost and somehow or other satisfy them, and that this is virtue ?

Cal. Yes ; that is what I say.

Soc. Then those who want nothing are not truly said to be happy ?

Cal. No, indeed, for then stones and the dead would be the happiest of all.

Soc. Yes, and your words may remind us that life is a

fearful thing; and I think that Euripides was probably right in saying, "Who knows if life be not death and death life?"

493 for I think that we are very likely dead; and I have heard a wise man say that at this very moment we *are* dead, and that the body is a tomb, and that the part of the soul which is the seat of the desires is liable to be influenced and tossed about in different ways; and about this some ingenious man, probably a Sicilian or Italian, playing with the word, made a tale: he called the soul a vessel (*πίθος*), meaning a vessel of faith or belief, and the ignorant he called the uninitiated or leaky, and the place in the souls of the uninitiated in which the desires are seated, being the intemperate and incontinent part, he compared to a vessel full of holes, because they can never be satisfied. He is not of your way of thinking, Callicles, for he declares that of all the souls in Hades, meaning the invisible world (*ᾗδης*), these uninitiated or leaky persons are the most miserable, and that they carry water to a vessel which is full of holes in a similarly holey colander. The colander, as he declares, is the soul, and the soul which he compares to a colander is the soul of the ignorant, which is full of holes, and therefore incontinent; this is owing to a bad memory and want of faith. These are strange words, but still they show what, if I can, I desire to prove to you; that you should change your mind, and, instead of the intemperate and insatiate life, you should choose that which is orderly and duly and sufficiently provided for daily needs. Do I make any impression on you, and are you coming over to the opinion that the orderly are happier than the intemperate? Or do I fail to persuade you, and, however many tales I rehearse to you, do you continue of the same opinion still?

Cal. The latter, Socrates, is more like the truth.

Soc. Well, I will tell you another image, which comes out of the same school: Let me request you to consider how far you would accept this as an account of the two lives of the temperate and intemperate: there are two men, both of whom have a number of casks, and the one man's casks are sound and full, one of wine, another of honey, and a third of milk; and there are divers others, filled with divers other

liquids, and the streams which fill them are few and scanty, and hard to obtain, and to be obtained only with a great deal of toil and difficulty; but when he has once filled them he has no need to feed them any more, and has no further trouble with them or care about them. The other, in like manner, can procure streams, though not without difficulty; but his vessels are leaky and unsound, and night and ⁴⁹⁴ day he is compelled to be filling them, or if he intermit he is visited with the most fearful pains. Such are their respective lives: and now would you say that the life of the intemperate is happier than that of the temperate? Do I, or do I not, convince you that the temperate life is better than the life of the intemperate?

Cal. You do not convince me, Socrates, for the one who has filled himself has no longer any pleasure left; and this, as I was just now saying, is the life of a stone: he has neither joy nor sorrow after he is once filled; but the life of pleasure is an ever-flowing stream.

Soc. And if the stream is always flowing in, must there not be a stream always flowing out, and the holes must be large to admit of the discharge?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. The life, then, of which you are now speaking, is not that of a dead man, or of a stone, but of a cormorant; you mean that he is to be hungering and eating?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And he is to be thirsting and drinking?

Cal. Yes, that is what I mean; he is to have all his desires about him, and to be able to live happily in the gratification of them.

Soc. Capital, excellent; go on as you have begun, and have no shame: I, too, must disencumber myself of shame: and first, will you tell me whether you include itching and scratching, provided you have enough of scratching, and continue scratching through life, in your notion of happiness?

Cal. What a strange being you are, Socrates! a regular claptrap orator.

Soc. That was the reason, Callicles, why I scared the modesty out of Polus and Gorgias; but your modesty will not be scared, for you are a brave man. And now, answer my question.

Cal. I answer that the scratcher would live pleasantly.

Soc. And if pleasantly, then also happily?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. But what if the itching is not confined to the head? Shall I pursue the question? And here, Callicles, I would have you consider how you would reply if consequences are pressed upon you, especially if in the last resort you are asked, whether the life of a catamite is not terrible, foul, miserable? Or would you venture to say, that they too are happy, if they only get enough of what they want?

Cal. Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of introducing such topics into the argument?

Soc. Well, my fine friend, but am I to blame for that, or he who says without any qualification that all who feel pleasure are happy, whatever may be the character of their
495 pleasure, and admits of no distinction of good and bad pleasures? And I would still ask, whether you say that pleasure and good are the same, or whether there is some pleasure which is not a good?

Cal. Well, then, for the sake of consistency, I will say that they are the same.

Soc. You are breaking the original agreement, Callicles, and will no longer be a satisfactory companion in the search after truth, if you say what is contrary to your real opinion.

Cal. Why, that is what you are doing, too, Socrates.

Soc. Then we are both doing wrong. Still, my dear friend, I would ask you to consider whether pleasure, from whatever source derived, is the good? for, if this be true, then the disagreeable consequences which have been shadowed forth must follow, and many others.

Cal. That, Socrates, is only your opinion.

Soc. And do you, Callicles, really maintain this doctrine?

Cal. Indeed I do.

Soc. Then, as you appear to be in earnest, shall I proceed with the argument?

Cal. By all means.

Soc. Well, if you are willing to proceed, determine me this: there is something, I presume, which you would call knowledge?

Cal. There is.

*INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION OF A GREEK
YOUTH.*

Photogravure from a portion of a painting by Meyer, showing Socrates
and Plato with friends and disciples.



Soc. And were you not saying just now, that some courage implied knowledge?

Cal. I was.

Soc. And you were speaking of courage and knowledge as two things different from one another?

Cal. Certainly I was.

Soc. And would you say that pleasure and knowledge are the same, or not the same?

Cal. Not the same, O man of wisdom.

Soc. And would you say that courage differed from pleasure?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. Well, then, let us remember that Callicles, the Acharnian, says that pleasure and good are the same, but that knowledge and courage are not the same, either with one another, or with the good.

Cal. And what does our friend Socrates, of Fox-moor, say to this: does he assent, or not?

Soc. He does not assent; neither will Callicles, when he sees himself truly. You will admit, I suppose, that good and evil fortune are opposed to each other?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And if they are opposed to each other, then, like health and disease, they exclude one another: a man cannot have them both, or be without them both, at the same time?

Cal. What do you mean?

Soc. Take the case of any bodily affection: a man may have the complaint in his eyes which is called ophthalmia?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. He surely cannot have the same eyes at the same time well and sound? 496

Cal. Certainly not.

Soc. And when he has got rid of his ophthalmia, has he got rid of the health of his eyes, too? Is the final result, that he gets rid of them both together?

Cal. Certainly not.

Soc. That would surely be marvelous and absurd?

Cal. Very.

Soc. I suppose that he has them, and gets rid of them in turns?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And he may have strength and weakness in the same way, by fits?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Or swiftness and slowness?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And does he have and not have good and happiness, and their opposites, evil and misery, in a similar alternation?

Cal. Certainly he has.

Soc. If then there be anything which a man has and has not at the same time, clearly that cannot be good and evil—do we admit that? Please not to answer without consideration.

Cal. I entirely admit that.

Soc. Go back now to our former admissions. Did you say that to hunger, I mean the mere state of hunger, was pleasant or painful?

Cal. I said painful, but that to eat when you are hungry is pleasant.

Soc. I know; but still the actual hunger is painful: is not that so?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And thirst, too, is painful?

Cal. Yes, very.

Soc. Need I adduce any more instances, or would you admit of all wants and desires, that they are painful?

Cal. That I admit, and therefore you need not adduce any more.

Soc. Very good. And you would admit that to drink, when you are thirsty, is pleasant?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And in the sentence which you have just uttered, the word "thirsty" implies pain?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And the word to "drink" is expressive of pleasure, and of the satisfaction of the want?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. There is pleasure in that you drink?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. When you are thirsty?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. When in pain?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Do you see the inference — that pleasure and pain are simultaneous, when you say that being thirsty, you drink? For are they not simultaneous, and do they not affect at the same time the same part, whether of the soul or the body; for that cannot be supposed to be of any consequence? Is that true, or not?

Cal. True.

Soc. You said also, that no man could have good and evil fortune at the same time?

Cal. Yes, I say that.

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Soc. But you admitted, that when in pain a man might also have pleasure?

Cal. That is evident.

Soc. Then pleasure is not the same as good fortune, or pain the same as evil fortune, and therefore the good is not the same as the pleasant?

Cal. I wish I knew, Socrates, what your quibbling means.

Soc. You know, Callicles, but you affect not to know.

Cal. Well, get on, and don't be fooling: exhibit your wisdom in instructing me.

Soc. Does not a man cease from his thirst and from his pleasure in drinking at the same time?

Cal. I do not understand what you are saying.

Gor. Nay, Callicles, answer, if only for our sakes, as we should like to hear the argument out.

Cal. Yes, Gorgias, but I must complain of the habitual trifling of Socrates; he is always arguing about little and unworthy questions.

Gor. What matter? That does you no harm, Callicles; let Socrates argue in his own fashion.

Cal. Well, then, Socrates, you shall ask these narrow and little questions, since Gorgias wishes to have them.

Soc. I envy you, Callicles, for having been initiated in the great mysteries before you were initiated into the little. I thought that was not allowable. But to return to our argument: does not a man cease from thirsting and from the pleasure of drinking at the same moment?

Cal. True.

Soc. And if he is hungry, or has any other desire, does he not cease from the desire and the pleasure at the same moment?

Cal. Very true.

Soc. Then he ceases from pain and pleasure at the same moment?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. But he does not cease from good and evil at the same moment, as you have admitted, — do you not still admit that?

Cal. Yes, I do; but what is the inference?

Soc. Why, my friend, the inference is that the good is not the same as the pleasant, or the evil the same as the painful, for there is a cessation of pleasure and pain at the same moment; but not of good and evil. How then can pleasure be the same as good, or pain as evil? And I would have you look at the matter in another point of view, which could hardly, I think, have occurred to you when you identified them: Are not the good good because they have good present with them, as the beautiful are those who have beauty present with them?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And do you call the fools and cowards good men? — that was not what you were saying just now; you were saying that the courageous and the wise are the good, — would you not say that?

Cal. Certainly I should.

Soc. And did you never see a foolish child rejoicing?

Cal. Yes, I have.

Soc. And a foolish man too?

Cal. Yes, certainly; but what is your drift?

Soc. Nothing particular, if you will only answer.

Cal. Yes, I have.

Soc. And did you ever see a sensible man rejoicing or sorrowing?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Which rejoice and sorrow most, — the wise or the foolish?

Cal. I should say that there was not much difference between them.

Soc. Well, that will do. And did you ever see a coward in battle?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. And which appeared to you to rejoice most at the departure of the enemy, the coward or the brave?

Cal. I should say that they both rejoiced, neither more than the other; or, at any rate, that they rejoiced about equally.

Soc. No matter; then the cowards rejoice?

Cal. Greatly.

Soc. And the foolish, as would appear?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And are only the cowards pained at the approach of their enemies, or are the brave also pained?

Cal. Both are pained.

Soc. And are they equally pained?

Cal. I should imagine that the cowards are more pained.

Soc. And are they not better pleased at their departure?

Cal. I dare say.

Soc. Then are the foolish and the wise and the cowards and the brave all nearly equally pleased and pained, as you were saying, but the cowards more pleased and pained than the brave?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. But surely the wise and the brave are the good, and the foolish and the cowardly are the bad?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then are the good and the bad nearly equally pleased and pained?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then are the good and bad equally good and equally bad, or have the bad the advantage both in good and evil? [*i.e.* in having more pleasure and more pain.]

Cal. I really do not know what you mean.

Soc. Why, do you not remember saying that the good were good because good was present with them, and the evil because evil; and that pleasures were goods and pains evils?

Cal. Yes, I do remember that.

Soc. And are not these pleasures or goods present to those who rejoice — if they do rejoice?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. Then those who rejoice are good by reason of the presence of good?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And those who are in pain have evil or sorrow present with them?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And would you say that the evil are evil by reason of the presence of evil, or would you retract this?

Cal. I should agree to that.

Soc. Then those who rejoice are good, and those who are in pain are evil?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. The degrees of good and evil vary with the degrees of pleasure and of pain?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Have the wise man and the fool, the brave and the coward, joy and pain in nearly equal degrees? or would you say that the coward has more?

Cal. I should say that he has.

Soc. Help me then to draw out the conclusion which follows from our admissions; for twice and thrice over, as they
 499 say, good is it to repeat and review what is good. Both the wise man and the brave man we allow to be good?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And the foolish man and the coward to be evil?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And he who has joy is good?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And he who is in pain is evil?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. We say further that the good and evil both have joy and pain, and, perhaps, that the evil has more of them?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then must we not infer that the bad man is as good and bad as the good, or, perhaps, even better?—is not this a further inference which follows equally with the preceding from the assertion that the good and the pleasant are the same: can this be denied, Callicles?

Cal. I have been listening and making admissions to you, Socrates; and I remark that if a person makes any conces-

sion to you, even in jest, you fasten upon this like a child. But do you really suppose that I or any other human being denies that some pleasures are good and others bad?

Soc. Alas, Callicles, how unfair you are! you certainly treat me as if I were a child, sometimes saying one thing, and then another, as if you were meaning to deceive me. And yet I thought at first that you were my friend, and would not have deceived me if you could have helped. But I see that I was mistaken; and now I suppose that I must make the best of a bad business, as they said of old, and take what I can get. Then I may assume that some pleasures are good and others evil, as I understand your present meaning?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. The beneficial are good, and the hurtful are evil?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. And the beneficial are those which do some good, and the hurtful are those which do some evil?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Take, for example, the bodily pleasures of eating and drinking, which we were just now mentioning — you mean to say that those which promote health, or any bodily excellence, are good, and their opposites evil?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And in the same way there are good pains and there are evil pains?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. And ought we not to choose and use the good pleasures and pains?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. But not the evil?

Cal. That is evident.

Soc. Because, if you remember, Polus and I agreed that all our actions are to be done for the sake of the good; and will you agree with us in saying that the good is the end of all our actions, and that all our actions are to be done for the sake of the good, and not the good for the sake of them? 500 — will you give a third vote for that proposition?

Cal. I will.

Soc. Then pleasure as well as all else is for the sake of good, and not good for the sake of pleasure?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. But can every man choose what pleasures are good and what are evil, or must he have art or knowledge of them in detail?

Cal. He must have art.

Soc. Let me now remind you of what I was saying to Gorgias and Polus; I was saying, as you will not have forgotten, that there were some processes which aim at pleasure, and at pleasure only, and know nothing of good and evil, and there are other processes which know good and evil. And I considered that cookery, which I do not call art, but only an experience, was of the former class, which is concerned with pleasure, and the art of medicine of the class which is concerned with the good. And now, by the god of friendship, I must beg you, Callicles, not to jest, or to imagine that I am jesting with you; do not answer at random what is not your real opinion; for you will observe that we are arguing about the way of human life; and what question can be more serious than this to a man who has any sense at all: whether he should follow after that way of life to which you exhort me, and truly fulfil what you call the manly part of speaking in the assembly, and cultivating rhetoric, and engaging in public affairs, after your manner; or whether he should pursue the life of philosophy, and in what this differs from the other. But perhaps we had better distinguish them first, as I attempted to do before, and when we have done this, and have come to an agreement as to whether these two lives are distinct, we may proceed to consider in what they differ from one another, and which of them we should choose. Perhaps, however, you do not even now understand what I mean?

Cal. No, I do not.

Soc. Then I will explain myself more clearly: seeing that you and I have agreed that there is such a thing as good, and that there is such a thing as pleasure, and that pleasure is not the same as good, and that the pursuit and process of acquisition of the one, that is, pleasure, is different from the pursuit and process of acquisition of the other, which is good—I wish that you would tell me whether you agree in this or not?

Cal. Yes, I agree.

Soc. Then I will proceed, and ask whether you also agree

with me, and whether you think that I spoke the truth in what I further said to Gorgias and Polus — that cookery in my opinion is not an art, but only an experience; and I said of medicine, that this is an art which considers the constitution of the patient, and has principles of action and reasons in each case, but that cookery is not an art, and is wholly in the service of pleasure, and simply looks to that, without regarding either the nature or the reason of the pleasure, or considering or calculating, as one may say, anything at all, being only an experience and routine, which preserves the recollection of the customary means of attaining pleasure. And first, I would have you consider whether this is satisfactorily proven, and then whether there are not other similar processes which have to do with the soul — some of them processes of art, making a provision for the soul's highest interest — others despising this, and, as in the previous case, considering only the pleasure of the soul, and how this may be acquired, but not considering what pleasures are good or bad, and having no other aim but to afford gratification, whether good or bad. In my opinion, Callicles, there are such processes, and this is the sort of thing which I term flattery, whether concerned with the body or the soul, or whenever employed with a view to pleasure, and without any consideration of good and evil. And now I wish that you would tell me whether you agree with us in this notion, or whether you differ?

Cal. I do not differ: on the contrary, I agree; for in that way I shall soonest bring the argument to an end, and shall oblige my friend Gorgias.

Soc. And is this true of one soul, or of two or more?

Cal. Equally true of two or more.

Soc. Then one may delight a whole assembly, and yet have no regard for their true interest?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Can you tell me the pursuits which delight mankind, — or rather, if you would prefer, let me ask, and do you answer, which of them belong to this class, and which of them not? In the first place, what say you of flute-playing? Does not that appear to be an art which seeks only pleasure, Callicles, and thinks of nothing else?

Cal. I assent.

Soc. And is not the same true of all similar arts, as, for example, the art of playing the lyre at festivals?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And what do you say of the choral art and of dithyrambic poetry? — is not that of the same nature? Do you imagine that Cinesias the son of Meles considers what will
502 tend to the moral improvement of his hearers, or what will give pleasure to the multitude?

Cal. In the case of Cinesias, Socrates, the answer is manifest.

Soc. And what do you say of his father, Meles the harp-player? Did he perform with any view to the good of his hearers? Could he be said to regard even their pleasure? for his singing was an affliction to his audience. And of harp-playing and dithyrambic poetry in general, what would you say? Have they not been invented wholly for the sake of pleasure?

Cal. That is my notion of them.

Soc. And to what does their solemn sister, the wondrous Muse of Tragedy, devote herself? Is all her aim and desire only to give pleasure to the spectators, or does she fight against them and refuse to speak of their pleasant vices, and willingly proclaim in word and song truths welcome and unwelcome? which is her character?

Cal. There can be no doubt, Socrates, that Tragedy has her face turned towards pleasure and gratification.

Soc. And is not that the sort of thing, Callicles, which we were just now describing as flattery?

Cal. Quite true.

Soc. Well now, suppose that we strip all poetry of song and rhythm and meter, there will remain speech?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. And this speech is addressed to a crowd of people or to a demos?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then poetry is a sort of rhetoric?

Cal. True.

Soc. And do not the poets in the theaters seem to you to be rhetoricians?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then now we have discovered a sort of rhetoric which is addressed to a demos of men, women, and children, bond

and free. And this is not much to our taste, for we have described it as having the nature of flattery.

Cal. Quite true.

Soc. Very good. And what do you say of that other rhetoric which addresses the Athenian assembly and the assemblies of freemen in other States? Do the rhetoricians appear to you always to aim at what is best in their speeches, and to desire only the greatest improvement of the citizens, or are they too bent upon giving them pleasure, forgetting the public good in the thought of their own interest, playing with the people as with children, and trying to amuse them, but never considering whether they are better or worse for this?

Cal. I must distinguish. There are some who have a real care of the public in what they say, and there are others such as you describe. 503

Soc. I am contented with the admission that rhetoric is of two sorts; one, which is mere flattery and disgraceful declamation; the other, which is noble and aims at the training and improvement of the souls of the citizens, and strives to say what is best, whether welcome or unwelcome, to the audience; but have you ever known such a rhetoric; or if you have, and can point out any rhetorician who is of this stamp, will you tell me who he is?

Cal. But, indeed, I am afraid that I cannot tell you of any such among the orators who are at present living.

Soc. Well, then, can you mention any one of a former generation, who may be said to have improved the Athenians, who found them worse and made them better, from the day that he began to make speeches? for, indeed, I do not know of such a man.

Cal. What! did you never hear that Themistocles was a good man, and Cimon and Miltiades and Pericles, who is just lately dead and whom you heard yourself?

Soc. Yes, Callicles, they were good men, if, as you said at first, true virtue consists only in the satisfaction of our own desires and those of others; but if not, and if, as we were afterwards compelled to acknowledge, the satisfaction of some desires makes us better and of others worse, and we ought to gratify the one and not the other, and there is an art in distinguishing them — can you tell me of any of these who did distinguish them?

Cal. No, indeed, I cannot.

Soc. Yet, surely, Callicles, if you look you will find such a one. Suppose that we just calmly consider whether any of them was such as I have described. Will not the good man, who says whatever he says with a view to the best, speak with a reference to some standard and not at random; just as any other artists, whether the painter, the builder, the shipwright, or any other, look to their work, and do not select and apply at random what they apply, but keep in view the form of their
 504 work? The artist disposes all things in order, and compels the one part to harmonize and accord with the other part, until he has constructed a regular and systematic whole; and this is true of all artists, and in the same way the trainers and physicians, of whom we spoke before, give order and regularity to the body: do you deny that?

Cal. No; I am ready to admit that.

Soc. Then the house in which order and regularity prevail is good; that in which there is disorder, evil?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And the same is true of a ship?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And the same may be said of the human body?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And what would you say of the soul? Will the good soul be that in which disorder is prevalent, or that in which there is harmony and order?

Cal. The latter follows from our previous admissions.

Soc. What is the name which is given to the effect of harmony and order in the body?

Cal. I suppose that you mean health and strength?

Soc. Yes, I do; and what is the name which you would give to the effect of harmony and order in the soul? Try and discover a name for this as well as for the other.

Cal. Why do you not give the name yourself, Socrates?

Soc. Well, if you would rather, I will; and you shall say whether you agree with me, and if not, you shall refute and answer me. Healthy, as I conceive, is the name which is given to the regular action of the body, and from this comes health and every other bodily excellence: is that true or not?

Cal. True.

Soc. And to the regular order and action of the soul the name which is given is lawful, and law making men lawful and orderly: what is this but temperance and justice? would you not grant that?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And will not the true rhetorician who has art and virtue have his eye directed upon these, in all the words which he addresses to the souls of men, and in all his actions, both in what he gives and in what he takes away, will not this be his aim? Will he not seek to implant justice in the souls of his citizens and take away injustice—to implant temperance and take away intemperance, to implant every virtue and take away every vice? Do you allow that?

Cal. Yes, I allow that.

Soc. For what use is there, Callicles, in giving to the body of a sick man who is in a bad state of health a quantity of the most delightful food or drink or any other pleasant thing, which may be really as bad for him as if you gave him nothing, 505 or even worse if rightly estimated? Is not that true?

Cal. I will not say no to that.

Soc. For in my opinion there is no profit in a man's life if his body is in an evil plight, for in that case his life also is evil: am I not right?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. When a man is in health the physicians will generally allow him to eat when he is hungry and drink when he is thirsty, and to satisfy his desires as he likes, but when he is sick they hardly suffer him to satisfy his desires at all: you admit that?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And does not the same hold of the soul, my good sir? While she is in a bad state and is senseless and intemperate, and unjust and unholy, her desires ought to be controlled, and she ought to be prevented from doing anything that does not tend to her own improvement?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And that will be for her true interests?

Cal. To be sure.

Soc. And controlling her desires is chastising her?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. Then control or chastisement is better for the soul than intemperance or the absence of control, which you were just now preferring?

Cal. I don't understand you, Socrates, and I wish that you would ask some one who does.

Soc. Here is a gentleman who cannot endure to be improved, or chastised as the argument would say.

Cal. I do not heed a word of what you are saying, and have only answered thus far out of civility to Gorgias.

Soc. What are we to do, then? Shall we break off in the middle?

Cal. That I leave you to determine.

Soc. Well, but people say that "a tale should have a head and not break off in the middle," and I should not like to have the argument wandering about without a head; please then to go on a little longer, and put the head on.

Cal. How tyrannical you are, Socrates! I wish that you would have done, or would get some one else to argue with you.

Soc. But who else is willing? I want to finish the argument.

Cal. Cannot you finish the argument yourself, either talking straight on, or in question and answer?

Soc. Must I then say with Epicharmus, "two men spoke before, but now one shall be enough?" I suppose that there is absolutely no help. And if this is to be the method of procedure, I will first of all remark that not only I but all of us should have an ambition to know what is true and what is false in this matter, for the discovery of the truth is a common good. And now I will proceed to argue according to 506 my own notion. But if any of you think that I arrive at conclusions which are untrue, you must interpose and refute me, for I do not speak from any knowledge of what I am saying; I am an inquirer like yourselves, and therefore, if my opponent says anything which is of force, I shall be the first to agree with him. I am saying this on the supposition that the argument ought to be completed; but if you think otherwise let us leave off and go our ways.

Gor. I think, Socrates, that we should not go our ways until you have completed the argument; and this appears to me to be the wish of the rest of the company; I myself should very much like to hear what more you have to say.

Soc. I too, Gorgias, should have liked to continue the argument with Callicles, and then I might have given him a speech of "Amphion" in return for his "Zethus";¹ but since you, Callicles, are unwilling to continue, I hope that you will listen, and if I seem to you to be in error and if you refute me, I shall not be angry with you as you are with me, but I shall inscribe you as the greatest of benefactors on the tablets of my soul.

Cal. My good friend, never mind me, but get on.

Soc. Listen to me, then, while I recapitulate the argument: Is the pleasant the same as the good? Not the same. Callicles and I are agreed about that. And is the pleasant to be pursued for the sake of the good? or the good for the sake of the pleasant? The pleasant is to be pursued for the sake of the good. And that is pleasant at the presence of which we are pleased, and that is good at the presence of which we are good? To be sure. And we are good, and all good things whatever are good when some virtue is present in them? That, Callicles, is my conviction. But the virtue of each thing, whether body or soul, instrument or creature, when given to them in the best way comes to them not by chance but as the result of the order and truth and art which are imparted to them. Am I not right? I maintain that I am. And is not the virtue of each thing dependent on order or arrangement? Yes, I say. And that which makes a thing good is the proper order inhering in each thing? That is my view. And is not the soul which has an order of her own better than that which has no order of her own? Certainly. And the soul which has order is orderly? Of course. And that which is orderly is temperate? Assuredly. And the temperate soul is good? No other answer can I give, Callicles dear; have you any?

Cal. Go on, my good fellow.

Soc. Then I shall proceed to add that if the temperate soul is the good soul, the soul which is in the opposite condition, that is, the foolish and intemperate, is the bad soul.

Cal. Very true.

Soc. And will not the temperate man do what is proper, both

¹ P. 485.

in relation to gods and men; for he would not be temperate if he did not do what is proper? Yes, certainly. And in his relation to other men he will do what is just, and in his relation to the gods he will do what is holy; and he who does what is just and holy cannot be other than just and holy? Very true. And he must be courageous, for the duty of a temperate man is not to follow or to avoid what he ought not, but what he ought, whether things or men or pleasures or pains, and patiently to endure when he ought; and therefore, Callicles, the temperate man, being, as we have described, also just and courageous and holy, cannot be other than a perfectly good man, nor can the good man do otherwise than well and perfectly whatever he does; and he who does well must of necessity be happy and blessed, and the evil man who does evil, miserable: now this is the intemperate who is the opposite of the temperate, and this is he whom you were applauding. Such is my position which I assert to be true, and if this be true then I affirm that he who desires to be happy must pursue and practise temperance and run away from intemperance as fast as his legs will carry him; let him so order his life as not to need punishment,—this will be best; but if either he or any of his friends, whether private individual or city, are in need of punishment, then justice must be done and he must suffer punishment, if he would be happy. This appears to me to be the aim which a man ought to have in living, and towards which he ought to direct all the energies both of himself and of the State, acting so that he may have temperance and justice present with him and be happy, not suffering his lusts to be unrestrained, and in the never-ending desire to satisfy them leading a robber's life. Such a one is the friend neither of God nor man, for he is incapable of communion, and he who is incapable of communion is also incapable of friendship. Now philosophers tell us, Callicles, that communion and friendship and
 508 orderliness and temperance and justice bind together heaven and earth and gods and men, and that this universe is therefore called Cosmos or order, not disorder or misrule, my friend. But although you are a philosopher you seem to me never to have observed that geometrical equality is mighty, both among gods and men: you think that you

ought to cultivate inequality or excess, and do not care about geometry. Well, then, either the principle that the happy are made happy by the possession of justice and temperance, and the miserable miserable by the possession of vice, must be refuted, or if this is granted, what are the consequences? All the consequences which I drew before, Callicles, and about which you asked me whether I was in earnest when I said that a man ought to accuse himself and his son and his friend if he did anything wrong, and that for this end he should use his rhetoric—all these consequences are true. And that which you thought that Polus was led to admit out of modesty is also true, namely: that to do injustice is as much worse than to suffer as it is more disgraceful; and the other position which Polus thought that Gorgias admitted only from modesty, that he who would truly be a rhetorician ought to be just and have a knowledge of justice—that has also turned out to be true. Assuming this, let us proceed to consider whether you are right in throwing in my teeth that I am unable to help myself or any of my friends or kinsmen, or to save them in the extremity of danger, or that I am like an outlaw to whom any one may do what he likes; he may box my ears, which was a brave saying of yours; or he may take away my goods or banish me, or even do his worst and kill me, and this, as you say, is the height of disgrace. My answer to you is one which has been already often repeated, but may as well be repeated once more. I tell you, Callicles, that to be boxed on the ears wrongfully is not the worst evil that can befall a man, nor to have my face and purse cut open, but that to smite and slay me and mine wrongfully is far more disgraceful and more evil; aye, and to despoil and enslave and pillage, or in any way at all to wrong me and mine, is far more disgraceful and evil to the doer of the wrong than to me who am the sufferer. These things, which have been already set forth in the previous discussion as I now state them, have been fixed and fastened, if I may 509 use an expression which is certainly bold, in iron and adamantine bonds, as would appear on the face of them; and unless you or some other still more enterprising hero shall break them, there is no possibility of denying what I say. For what I am always saying is that I know not the truth

about these things, and yet of those whom I have known, no one could say anything else, any more than you can, and not be ridiculous. This has always been my position, and if this position is a true one, and if injustice is the greatest of evils to the doer of injustice, and yet there is if possible a greater than the greatest evils, in an unjust man not suffering retribution, what is that defense without which a man will be truly ridiculous? Must not the defense be one which will avert the greatest of human evils? And will not the worst of all defenses be that with which a man is unable to defend himself or his family or his friends? and next will come that which is unable to avert the next greatest evil; thirdly, that which is unable to avert the third greatest evil; and so of other evils. As is the greatness of evil so is the honor of being able to avert them in their several degrees, and the disgrace of not being able to avert them. Am I not right, Callicles?

Cal. Yes, quite right.

Soc. Seeing then that there are these two evils, the doing injustice and the suffering injustice, — and we affirm that to do injustice is a greater, and to suffer injustice a lesser evil, — how can a man procure such a defense as will give him these two advantages, the one of not doing and the other of not suffering injustice — is power or will such a defense? What I mean to ask is this: Will a man escape injustice, if he has the will to escape, or must he have provided himself with the power?

Cal. He must have provided himself with the power; that is clear.

Soc. And what do you say of doing injustice? Is the will only sufficient, and will that prevent him from doing injustice, or must he have provided himself with power and art, and without them will he be unjust still? Why do you not answer me that, Callicles, above all things? Do you think that Polus and I were right in being driven to the conclusion that no one does wrong voluntarily, but that all do wrong against their will?

⁵¹⁰ *Cal.* I am not inclined to dispute that, Socrates, because I want you to have done.

Soc. Then, as would appear, power and art have to be provided in order that we may do no injustice?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And what is that art which will protect us from suffering injustice, if not wholly, yet as far as possible? I want to know whether you agree with me; for I think that such an art is the art of one who is either a tyrant or ruler himself, or the equal and companion of the ruling power.

Cal. I think that is excellent, and I hope, Socrates, that you will see how ready I am to praise you when you talk sense.

Soc. Think and tell me whether you would approve this also: to me every man appears to be most the friend of him who is most like him—like to like, as ancient sages say. What do you think of that?

Cal. I approve.

Soc. But when the tyrant is rude and uneducated, if there is any one who is his superior in virtue, he may be expected to fear him, and will never be able to be perfectly friendly with him.

Cal. That is true.

Soc. Neither will he be the friend of any one who is greatly his inferior, for the tyrant will despise him, and will never seriously regard him as a friend.

Cal. That again is true.

Soc. Then the only friend worth mentioning, whom the tyrant can have, will be one who is of the same character, and has the same likes and dislikes, and is at the same time willing to be subject and subservient to him; he is the man who will have power in the State, and no one will injure him with impunity: is not that true?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And if a young man begins to ask how he may become great and formidable, this would seem to be the way: he will accustom himself, from his youth upward, to feel sorrow and joy on the same occasions as his master, and will contrive to be as like him as possible?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And in this way he will have accomplished, as you say, the end of becoming a great man and not suffering injury?

Cal. Very true.

Soc. But will he also escape from doing injury? Must not

the very opposite be true, if he is to be like the tyrant in his injustice, and to have influence with him? Will he not rather
511 contrive to do as much wrong as possible, and not be punished?

Cal. True.

Soc. And as he imitates his master and acquires power his soul will become bad and corrupted, and that will be the greatest evil to him?

Cal. You always contrive somehow or other, Socrates, to invert everything: do you not know that he who imitates the tyrant will, if he has a mind, kill him who does not imitate him and take away his goods?

Soc. Excellent Callicles, I am not deaf, and I have heard that a great many times from you and from Polus and from nearly every man in the city, but I wish that you would hear me too. I dare say that he will kill him if he has a mind — the bad man will kill the good and true.

Cal. And is not that just the provoking thing?

Soc. Nay, not to a man of sense, as the argument shows: do you think that all our cares are to be directed to prolonging life to the uttermost, and to the study of those arts which secure us from danger always; like that art of rhetoric which saved men in courts of law, and which you recommend me to cultivate?

Cal. Yes, truly, and very good advice too.

Soc. Well, my friend, but what do you think of the art of swimming; does that appear to have any great pretensions?

Cal. No indeed.

Soc. And yet surely swimming saves a man from death, and there are occasions on which he must know how to swim. And if you despise the swimmers, I will tell you of another and greater art, the art of the pilot, which not only saves the souls of men, but also their bodies and properties from the extremity of danger, just like rhetoric. But this art is modest and unpretending, and has no airs or pretenses of doing anything extraordinary, and, in return for the same salvation which is given by the pleader, demands only two obols, if the voyage is from Ægina to Athens, or for the longer voyage from Pontus or Egypt, at the utmost two drachmæ, for the great benefit of saving the passenger and his wife and children

and goods, and disembarking them safely at the Piræus; and he who is the master of the art, and has done all this, gets out and walks about on the seashore by his ship in an unassuming way. For he is a philosopher, you must know, and is aware that there is no certainty as to which of his fellow passengers he has benefited and which of them he has injured in not allowing them to be drowned. He knows that they are just the same when he disembarked them as when they embarked, and not a whit better either in their bodies or in their souls; and he considers that if a man who is afflicted 512 by great and incurable bodily diseases is only to be pitied for having escaped, and is in no way benefited by him in having been kept alive, much more must this be true of one who has great and incurable diseases, not in his body, but in his soul, which is the more honorable part of him; neither is life worth having nor of any profit to him, whether he be saved from the sea, or the law courts, or any other devourer; — he knows that the bad man had better not live, for he cannot live well.

And this is the reason why the pilot, although he is our savior, is not usually conceited, any more than the engineer, who is not a whit behind either the general, or the pilot, or any one else, in his saving power, for he sometimes saves whole cities. Is there any comparison between him and the pleader? And yet, Callicles, if he were to talk in your grandiose style, he would bury you under a mountain of words, declaring and insisting that we ought all of us to be engine-makers, and that they are the only realities; he would have plenty to say. Nevertheless you despise him and his art, and sneeringly call him an engine-maker, and you will not allow your daughters to marry his son, or marry your son to his daughters. And yet, on your principle, what justice or reason is there in this? What right have you to despise the engine-maker, and the other whom I was just now mentioning? I know that you will say, "I am better, and better born." But if the better is not what I say, and virtue consists only in a man saving himself and his, whatever may be his character, then your censure of the engine-maker, and of the physician, and of the other arts of salvation, is ridiculous. O my friend! I want you to see that the noble and the good may possibly be something different from saving and being saved, and that he who is truly a

man ought not to care about living a certain time: he knows, as women say, that none can escape the day of destiny, and therefore he is not fond of life; he leaves all that with God, and considers in what way he can best spend his appointed term; whether by assimilating himself to that constitution under which he lives, as you at this moment have to consider how you may become as like as possible to the Athenian people if you intended to be dear to them, and to have power in the State; whereas I want you to think and see whether this is for the interest of either of us; I would not have us risk that which is dearest on the acquisition of this power, like the Thessalian enchantresses, who, as they say, bring down the moon from heaven at the risk of their own perdition. But if you suppose that any man will show you the art of becoming great in the city, and yet not conforming yourself to the ways of the city, whether for better or worse, then I can only say that you are mistaken, Callicles; for he who would deserve to be the true natural friend of the Athenian Demos, aye, or of Pyrilampes's darling, who is called after them, must be by nature like them, and not an imitator only. He, then, who will make you most like them, will make you as you desire, a statesman and orator: for every man is pleased, when he is spoken to in his own language and spirit, and dislikes any other. But perhaps you, sweet Callicles, may be of another mind. What do you say?

Cal. Somehow or other your words, Socrates, always appear to me to be good words; and yet, like the rest of the world, I am not quite convinced by you.

Soc. The reason is, Callicles, that the love of the Demos which abides in your soul is an adversary to me; but I dare say that if we recur to these same matters, and consider them more thoroughly, you may be convinced for all that. Please, then, to remember that there are two processes of training all things, including body and soul; in the one, as we said, we treat them with a view to pleasure, and in the other with a view to the highest good, and then we do not indulge but resist them; was not that the distinction which we drew?

Cal. Very true.

Soc. And the one which has pleasure in view was just a vulgar flattery: was not that another of our conclusions?

Cal. I will not deny what you say.

Soc. And the other had in view the greatest improvement of that which is ministered to, whether body or soul?

Cal. Quite true.

Soc. And must we not have the same end in view in the treatment of our city and citizens? Must we not try and make them as good as possible? For we have already discovered that there is no use in imparting to them any other good, unless the mind of those who are to have the good, whether money, or office, or any other sort of power, be gentle and good. Shall we say that? 514

Cal. Yes, certainly, if you like.

Soc. Well, then, if you and I, Callicles, were engaged in the administration of political affairs, and were advising one another to undertake some public work, such as walls, docks, or temples of the largest size, ought we not to examine ourselves, first, as to whether we know or do not know the art of building, and who taught us? — would not that be necessary, Callicles?

Cal. True.

Soc. In the second place, we should have to consider whether we had ever constructed any private house, either of our own or for our friends, and whether this building was a success or not; and if upon consideration we found that we had had good and eminent masters, and had been successful in building, not only with their assistance, but without them, by our own unaided skill, — in that case prudence would not dissuade us from proceeding to the construction of public works. But if we had no master to show, and no building, or many which were of no worth, then, surely, it would be ridiculous in us to attempt public works, or to advise one another to undertake them. Is not this true?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And does not the same hold in all other cases? If you and I were physicians, and were advising one another that we were competent to practise as State physicians, should I not ask you, and would you not ask me, Well, but how about Socrates himself, has he good health? and was any one else ever known to be cured by him, whether slave or freeman? And I should make the same inquiries about you. And if we

arrived at the conclusion that no one, whether citizen or stranger, man or woman, had ever been any the better for the medical skill of either of us, then, by Heaven, Callicles, what an absurdity to think that we or any human being should be so silly as to set up as a State physician, and advise others like ourselves to do the same, without having first practised in private, whether successfully or not, and acquired experience of the art. Is not this, as the saying is, to begin with the wine jar in learning the potter's art; which is a foolish thing?

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Cal. True.

Soc. And now, my friend, as you are already beginning to be a public character, and are admonishing and reproaching me for not being one, suppose that we ask a few questions of one another. Tell me, then, Callicles, how about making any of the citizens better? Was there ever a man who was once vicious, or unjust, or intemperate, or foolish, and became by the help of Callicles good and noble? Was there ever such a man, whether citizen or stranger, slave or freeman? Tell me, Callicles, if a person were to ask these questions of you, what would you answer? Whom would you say that you had improved by your conversation? May there not be good deeds of this sort which were done by you as a private person, before you come forward in public? If you have any, will you mention them?

Cal. You are pugnacious, Socrates.

Soc. Nay, I ask you, not out of pugnacity, but because I really want to know in what way you think that affairs should be administered among us — whether, when you come to the administration of them, you have any other aim but the improvement of the citizens? Have we not already admitted many times over that this is the duty of a public man? Nay, we have surely agreed to that, for if you will not answer for yourself I must answer for you. But if this is what the good man ought to effect for the benefit of his own State, allow me to recall to you the names of those whom you were just now mentioning, Pericles, and Cimon, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ask whether you still think that they were good citizens.

Cal. I do.

Soc. But if they were good, then clearly each of them must have made the citizens better instead of worse?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And, therefore, when Pericles first began to speak in the assembly, the Athenians were not so good as when he spoke last?

Cal. Very likely.

Soc. Nay, my friend, "likely" is not the word; for if he was a good citizen, the inference is certain.

Cal. And what difference does that make?

Soc. None; only I should like further to know whether the Athenians are said to have been made better by Pericles, or, on the contrary, to have been corrupted by him; for I hear that he was the first who gave the people pay, and made them idle and cowardly, and encouraged them in the love of talk and of money.

Cal. You heard that, Socrates, from the Laconizing set, who bruise one another's ears.

Soc. But what I am going to tell you now is not mere hearsay, but well known both to you and me: that at first, Pericles was glorious and his character unimpeached by any verdict of the Athenians—this was during the time when ⁵¹⁶ they were not so good—yet afterwards, when they had been made good and gentle by him, at the very end of his life they convicted him of theft, and almost put him to death, clearly under the notion that he was a malefactor.

Cal. Well, but how does that prove Pericles's badness?

Soc. Why, surely, you would say that he was but a bad manager of asses or horses or oxen, who had received them originally neither kicking nor butting nor biting him, and imparted to them all these savage tricks? Would he not be a bad manager of any animals who received them gentle, and made them fiercer than they were when he received them? What do you say to that?

Cal. I will do you the favor of saying yes.

Soc. And will you also do me the favor of saying whether man is an animal?

Cal. Certainly he is.

Soc. And was not Pericles a shepherd of men?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. And if he was a good political shepherd, ought not the animals who were under him, as we were just now acknowledging, to have become more just, and not more unjust?

Cal. Quite true.

Soc. And are not just men gentle, as Homer says? — or are you of another mind?

Cal. I agree.

Soc. And yet he really did make them more savage than he received them, and their savageness was shown towards himself; and this was the last thing which he would have desired.

Cal. Do you want me to agree with you?

Soc. Yes, if I seem to you to speak the truth.

Cal. I will admit what you say.

Soc. And if they were more savage, must they not have been more unjust and inferior?

Cal. Granted.

Soc. Then upon this view, Pericles was not a good statesman?

Cal. That is, upon your view.

Soc. Nay, the view is yours, after what you have admitted. What do you say about Cimon again? Did not the very persons whom he was serving ostracize him, in order that they might not hear his voice for ten years? and they did just the same to Themistocles, adding the penalty of exile; and they voted that Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, should be thrown into the pit of death, and he was only saved by the chief Prytanis. And yet, if they had been really good men as you say, this would never have happened to them. For the good charioteers are not those who at first keep their place, and then, when they have broken in their horses, and themselves become better charioteers, are thrown out, — that is not the way either in charioteering or in any other sort of occupation. What do you think?

Cal. I should think not.

Soc. Well, and that proves the original assertion, that
⁵¹⁷ no one has ever shown himself a good statesman in this State; and you admitted that this was true of our present statesmen, but not true of former ones, and you preferred them to the others; but they have turned out to be no better

than our present ones; so that, if they were rhetoricians, they did not use the true art of rhetoric or of flattery, or they would not have fallen out of favor.

Cal. And yet surely, Socrates, no living man ever came near any one of them in his performances.

Soc. O, my dear friend, I say nothing against them regarded as the serving men of the State; and I do think that they certainly were more serviceable than those who are living now, and better able to gratify the desires of the State; but as to transforming those desires and not allowing them to have their way, and in using their powers whether of persuasion or of force, to the amendment of their fellow citizens, which is the prime object of the truly good citizen, I do not see that in these respects they were a whit superior to our present statesmen, although I do admit that they were more skilful at providing ships and walls and docks, and all that. You and I have a ridiculous way, for during the whole time that we are arguing, we are always going round and round to the same point, and constantly misunderstanding one another. If I am not mistaken, you have admitted and acknowledged more than once, that there are two kinds of operations which have to do with the body, and two which have to do with the soul: one of the two is ministerial, and if our bodies are hungry provides food for them, and if they are thirsty gives them drink, or if they are cold supplies them with garments, blankets, shoes, and all they crave (and let me remark that I purposely use the same images as before, in order that you may the better understand me). The purveyor of these things may provide them either wholesale or retail, or he may be the maker of any of them, — the baker, or the cook, or the weaver, or the shoemaker, or the currier; and he is naturally thought to be the minister of the body, in his own judgment as well as in the judgment of every one else. For none of them know that, besides all these, there is an art of gymnastic and medicine which is the true minister of the body, and ought to be the mistress of all the others, and to use their results according to the knowledge which she has and they have not, of the real good or bad effects of meats and drinks on the body. And therefore all these
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other arts, which have to do with the body, are servile

and menial and illiberal; and gymnastic and medicine, as they ought to be, are their mistresses. Now, when I say that all this is equally true of the soul, you seem at first to know and understand and assent to my words, and then in a little while afterwards you come, saying, has not the State had good and noble citizens? and when I ask you who they are, you reply, seemingly quite in earnest, as if I had asked who are or have been good trainers; and you replied: Thearion, the baker, Mithæcus, who wrote the Sicilian cookery book, Sarambus, the vintner: these are ministers of the body, first-rate in their art; for the first makes admirable loaves, the second excellent dishes, and the third wines; and to me these appear to be the exact parallel of the statesmen whom you mention. And yet you would not be altogether pleased if I said to you, my friend, you know nothing of gymnastics; those of whom you are speaking to me are only the ministers and purveyors of luxury, who have no good or noble notions of their art, and may very likely be filling and fattening men's bodies and gaining their approval, although the result is that they lose their original flesh in the long run, and become thinner than they were before; and yet they, in their simplicity, will not blame their entertainers as the authors of this disorder and of the loss of their flesh; but whoever happens to be near them at the time, and offers them advice, when in after-years the unhealthy surfeit brings the attendant penalty of disease, is accused and blamed by them, and if they could they would do him some harm: at the same time that they praise the others who are the authors of the evil. And that is exactly what you are now doing, Callicles. You praise the men who feasted the citizens and satisfied
519 their desires, and people say that they have made the city great, not seeing that the ulcerated and swollen condition of the State is to be attributed to these elder statesmen; for they have filled the city full of harbors and docks and walls and revenues, and all that, and have left no room for justice and temperance. And when the crisis of the disorder comes, the people will blame the advisers of the hour, and applaud Themistocles and Cimon and Pericles, who are the real authors of their calamities; and if you are not careful they may assail you and my friend Alcibiades, when they

are losing not only their new acquisitions, but also their original possessions; not that you are the authors of these calamities of theirs, although you may perhaps be accessories after the fact. A foolish piece of work is always being made, as I see and am told, now as of old, about our statesmen. When the State regards any of them as malefactors, I observe that there is a great uproar and indignation at the supposed ill treatment of them; "after all their valuable services, that they should unjustly perish," — so the tale runs. But this is all a lie; for no statesman ever could be unjustly put to death by the city of which he is the head. The case of the professed statesman is, I believe, very much like that of the professed sophist; for the Sophists, although they are wise men, are nevertheless guilty of a strange piece of folly: when they who profess to be teachers of virtue accuse their disciples, as is often the case, of wronging them, and defrauding them of their pay, and showing no gratitude for their services. But what can be more absurd than that men who have become just and good, and whose injustice has been taken away from them, and who have had justice given them by their teachers, should act unjustly by reason of the injustice which is not in them? Can anything be more irrational, my friend, than this? You, Callicles, compel me to be a claptrap orator, because you will not answer.

Cal. And you are the man who cannot speak unless there is some one to answer?

Soc. I suppose that I can; at any rate, I am making long speeches now because you refuse to answer me. But I adjure you by the god of friendship, my good sir, do tell me whether there is not a great inconsistency in professing to have made a man good, and that he is good, and then blaming him for being bad?

Cal. Yes, I think that.

Soc. Do you never hear our professors of education 520 saying such things?

Cal. Yes, but why talk of men who are good for nothing?

Soc. I would rather say, why talk of men who profess to be rulers, and declare that they are devoted to the improvement of the city, and, nevertheless, upon occasions, declaim against the utter vileness of the city: do you think that there

is any difference between one and the other? My good friend, as I was saying to Polus, the sophist and the rhetorician are the same, or nearly the same; but you ignorantly fancy that rhetoric is a perfect thing, and sophistry a thing to be despised; whereas the truth is that sophistry is as much superior to rhetoric as legislation is to the practise of law, or gymnastic to medicine: and I supposed further that the orators and Sophists are the only class who cannot find fault with that which they impart to others, as working ill to themselves, without accusing themselves in the same breath of having done no good to those whom they profess to benefit. Is not that true?

Cal. Certainly.

Soc. And if they say truly that they make men better, then they would be the only class who could afford to leave their remuneration to those who have been benefited by them: whereas if a man has been benefited in any other way, if, for example, he has been taught to run by a trainer, he might possibly defraud him of his pay, if the trainer left the matter to him, and made no agreement with him that he should receive money as soon as he had given him the utmost speed; for not because of any deficiency of speed do men act unjustly, but by reason of injustice.

Cal. Very true.

Soc. But he who removes injustice can be in no danger of being treated unjustly: he alone can without risk allow his service to be remunerated at the discretion of others, if he be really able to make them good — am I not right?

Cal. Yes.

Soc. This, then, appears to be the reason why there is no dishonor in a man receiving pay who is called in to advise about building or any other art?

Cal. Yes; this seems to be the reason.

Soc. But when the question is, how a man may become best himself, and best govern his family and State, then to say that you will give no advice gratis is held to be dishonorable?

Cal. True.

Soc. And clearly the reason is, that only such benefits call forth a desire to requite them, and there is evidence that a

benefit has been conferred when the benefactor receives a return; otherwise not. Is not that true?

Cal. Yes, that is true.

Soc. Then to which service of the State do you invite me? determine that for me. Am I to be the physician of the State who will strive and struggle to make the Athenians 521 as good as possible; or am I to be the servant and flatterer of the State? Speak out, my good friend, freely and fairly as you did at first and ought to do again, and tell me your entire mind.

Cal. I say then that you should be the servant of the State.

Soc. The flatterer? well, sir, that is a noble invitation.

Cal. Say the Mysian, Socrates, or any other degrading name. For if you refuse, the consequences will be—

Soc. Please not to repeat the old story—that he who likes will kill me and get my money, for then I shall be obliged to reply that he will be a bad man and will kill the good, and that the money will be of no use to him; but that he will wrongly use that which he wrongly took, and if wrongly, basely, and if basely, hurtfully.

Cal. How confident you are, Socrates, that you will never suffer any of these things! you seem to think that you live in another world, and can never be brought into a court of justice, as you may very likely be brought by some miserable and mean person.

Soc. Then I must indeed be a fool, Callicles, if I do not know that in the Athenian State any man may suffer anything. And if I am brought to trial and incur the dangers of which you speak, he will be a villain who brings me to trial—of that I am very sure, for no good man would accuse the innocent. Nor shall I be surprised if I am put to death. Shall I tell you why I anticipate this?

Cal. By all means.

Soc. I think that I am the only or almost the only Athenian living who sets his hand to the true art of politics; I am the only politician of my time. Now, seeing that when I speak I speak not with any view of pleasing, and that I look to what is best and not to what is most pleasant, being unwilling to practise those graces which you recommend, I shall

have nothing to say in the justice court. And the figure which I used to Polus may be applied to me: I shall be tried just as a physician would be tried in a court of little boys at the indictment of the cook. What would he reply in such a case, if some one were to accuse him, saying, "O my boys, many evil things has this man done to you: he is the death of you, especially of the younger ones among you, cutting
 522 and burning and starving and suffocating you, until you know not what to do; he gives you the bitterest potions, and compels you to hunger and fast. How unlike the variety of meats and sweets which I procured for you!" What do you suppose that the physician would reply when he found himself in this predicament? For if he told the truth he could only say, "All this, my boys, I did with a view to health," and then would there not just be a clamor among such judges? How they would cry out!

Cal. I dare say.

Soc. Would he not be utterly at a loss for a reply?

Cal. He certainly would.

Soc. And that is the sort of thing which I too should experience, as I well know, if I were brought before the court. For I should not be able to rehearse to the people the pleasures which I have procured for them, and which, although I am not disposed to envy either the procurers or the enjoyers of them, are deemed by them to be benefits and advantages. And if any one says that I corrupt young men, and perplex their minds, or that I speak evil of old men, and use bitter words towards them, whether in private or public, I may not say the truth: That all this I do with a view to justice, and out of a regard to your interest, my judges, and to that only. And therefore there is no saying what may happen to me.

Cal. And do you think, Socrates, that a man who is thus defenseless in a city is in a good position?

Soc. Yes, Callicles, if he have that defense which you have often admitted that he should have; if he be his own defense, and have never said or done anything wrong, either in respect of gods or men; for that has often been acknowledged by us to be the best sort of defense. And if any one could convict me of inability to defend myself or others after this sort, I should blush for shame, whether I was convicted before many,

or before a few, or by myself alone ; and if I died for want of this ability, that would indeed grieve me. But if I died because I have no powers of flattery or rhetoric, I am very sure that you would not find me repining at death. For no man but an utter fool and coward is afraid of death itself, but he is afraid of doing wrong. For to go to the world below, having a soul which is like a vessel full of injustice, is the last and worst of all evils. And in proof of this, if you have no objection, I should like to tell you a story.

Cal. Very well ; as you have made an end of the rest, make an end of this.

Soc. Listen, then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty 523 tale, which I dare say that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale, for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us¹ how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed, and still continues in heaven, that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil, but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die ; the judges were alive, and the men were alive ; and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said : " I shall put a stop to this ; the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive ; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf, that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging, their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are inter-

¹ Il. xv. 187 fol.

posed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way; there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission, the execution of which I have already entrusted to Prometheus: in the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead; and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and has left his brave attire in the world above, and then the judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges; two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from Europe, Æacus.

524 And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead, one to the islands of the blest, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal, in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believe, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible; for example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was, after he is dead; and the fat man will remain fat; and so on: and the dead man, who in life had a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with a whip and had the prints of the scourge, or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word,

whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles ; when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia come to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is : perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him, but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, ⁵²⁵ full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and despatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold ; he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better ; those who are punished by gods and men, and improved, are those whose sins are curable ; still the way of improving them, as in this world so also in another, is by pain and suffering ; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples ; for, as they are incurable, the time has passed at which they can receive any benefit themselves. But others get good when they behold them forever enduring the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins ; there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison-house of the world below, a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And among them, as I confidently affirm, will be found Archelaus, if Polus truly reports of him, and any other tyrant who is like him. And most of those fearful examples, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants, and kings, and potentates, and public

men, for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for those whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below are always kings and potentates; — there are Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment because he was incurable. For to do as they did was, as I am inclined to think, not in his power, and he was
 526 happier than those who had the power. Yes, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet in that very class there may arise good men, and worthy of all admiration they are, for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, in this and other States, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. But, in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

And, as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is, nor who his parents are; he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense. Or, again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth; he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime; him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same; and they both have scepters, and judge; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him —

“Holding a scepter of gold, and giving laws to the dead.”

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and

to live as well as I can, and, when the time comes, to die. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And, in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you; ⁵²⁷ you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world, and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you contemn. And there might be reason in your contemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised, and that the next best thing to a man being just is that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others; of the few as of the many: and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

Follow me then, and I will lead you where you will be happy in life and after death, as your own argument shows. And never mind if some one despises you as a fool, and insults you, if he has a mind; let him strike you, by Zeus, and do you be of good cheer and do not mind the insulting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practise of virtue, if you are a really good and true man. When we have practised virtue in common, we will betake ourselves to politics, if that seems desirable, or we will advise about what-

ever else may seem good to us, for we shall be better able to judge then. In our present condition we ought not to give ourselves airs, for even on the most important subjects we are always changing our minds; and what state of education does that imply! Let us, then, take this discourse as our guide, which signifies to us that the best way of life is to practise justice and every virtue in life and death. This way let us go; and in this exhort all men to follow, not in that way in which you trust and in which you exhort me to follow you; for that way, Callicles, is nothing worth.

INTRODUCTION TO PROTAGORAS

THE "Protagoras," like several of the dialogues of Plato, is put into the mouth of Socrates, who describes a conversation which had taken place between himself and the great Sophist at the house of Callias—"the man who had spent more upon the Sophists than all the rest of the world," and in which the learned Hippias and the grammarian Prodicus had also shared, as well as Alcibiades and Critias, both of whom said a few words—in the presence of a distinguished company consisting of disciples of Protagoras and of leading Athenians belonging to the Socratic circle. The dialogue commences with a request on the part of Hippocrates that Socrates would introduce him to the celebrated teacher. He has come before the dawn had risen to testify his zeal. Socrates moderates his excitement and advises him to find out "what Protagoras will make of him," before he becomes his pupil.

They go together to the house of Callias; and Socrates, after explaining the purpose of their visit to Protagoras, asks the question "What he will make of Hippocrates?" Protagoras answers, "That he will make him a better and a wiser man." "But in what will he be better?"—Socrates desires to have a more precise answer. Protagoras replies, "That he will teach him prudence in affairs private and public; in short, the science or knowledge of human life."

This, as Socrates admits, is a noble profession: but he is doubtful—or rather would have been, if Protagoras had not assured him of it—whether such knowledge can be taught. And this for two reasons: (1) Because the Athenian people, who recognize in their assemblies the distinction between the skilled and the unskilled, do not recognize any distinction between the trained politician and the untrained; (2) Because the wisest and best Athenian citizens do not teach their sons political virtue. Will Protagoras explain this anomaly to him?

Protagoras explains his views in the form of an apologue, in which, after Prometheus had given men the arts, Zeus is represented as

sending Hermes to them, bearing with him Justice and Reverence. These are not, like the arts, to be imparted to a few only, but all men are to be partakers of them. Therefore the Athenian people are right in distinguishing between the skilled and unskilled in the arts, and not between skilled and unskilled politicians. (1) For all men have the political virtues to a certain degree, and whether they have them or not are obliged to say that they have them. A man would be thought a madman who professed an art which he did not know; and he would be equally thought a madman if he did not profess a virtue which he had not. (2) And that the political virtues can be taught and acquired, in the opinion of the Athenians, is proved by the fact that they punish evil-doers, with a view to prevention, of course—mere retribution is for beasts, and not for men. (3) Another proof of this is the education of youth, which begins almost as soon as they can speak, and is continued by the State, when they pass out of the control of their parents. (4) Nor is there any inconsistency in wise and good fathers having foolish and worthless sons; for (*a*) in the first place the young do not learn of their fathers only, but of all the citizens; and (*b*) this is partly a matter of chance and of natural gifts: the sons of a great statesman are not necessarily great statesmen any more than the sons of a good artist are necessarily good artists. (5) The error of Socrates lies in supposing that there are no teachers, when all men are teachers. Only a few, like Protagoras himself, are somewhat better than others.

Socrates is highly delighted, and quite satisfied with this explanation of Protagoras. But he has still a doubt lingering in his mind. Protagoras has spoken of the virtues: are they many, or one? are they parts of a whole, or different names of the same thing? Protagoras replies that they are parts, like the parts of a face, which have their several functions, and no one part is like any other part. This admission, which has been somewhat hastily made, is now taken up and cross-examined by Socrates:—

“Is justice just, and is holiness holy? And are justice and holiness opposed to one another?”—“Then justice is unholy.” Protagoras would rather say that justice is different from holiness, and yet in a certain point of view nearly the same. He does not, however, escape in this way from the cunning of Socrates, who entangles him into an admission that everything has but one opposite. Folly, for example, is opposed to wisdom; and folly is also opposed to temperance; and therefore temperance and wisdom are the same. And holiness has been already admitted to be nearly the same as

justice. Temperance, therefore, has now to be compared with justice.

Protagoras, whose temper begins to get a little ruffled at the process to which he has been subjected, is aware that he will soon be compelled by the dialectics of Socrates to admit that the temperate is the just. He therefore defends himself with his favorite weapon; that is to say, he makes a long speech not much to the point, which elicits the applause of the audience.

Here occurs a sort of interlude, which commences with a declaration on the part of Socrates that he cannot follow a long speech, and therefore he must beg Protagoras to speak shorter. As Protagoras declines to accommodate him, he rises to depart, but is detained by Callias, who thinks him unreasonable in not allowing Protagoras the liberty which he takes himself of speaking as he likes. But Alcibiades answers that the two cases are not parallel. For Socrates admits his inability to speak long; will Protagoras in like manner acknowledge his inability to speak short?

Counsels of moderation are urged, first in a few words by Critias, and then by Prodicus in balanced and sententious language: and Hippias proposes an umpire. But who is to be the umpire? rejoins Socrates; he would rather suggest as a compromise that Protagoras shall ask, and he will answer. To this Protagoras yields a reluctant assent.

Protagoras selects as the thesis of his questions a poem of Simonides of Ceos, in which he professes to find a contradiction. First the poet says, —

“Hard is it to become good,”

and then reproaches Pittacus for having said, “Hard is it to be good.” How is this to be reconciled? Socrates, who is familiar with the poem, is embarrassed at first, and invokes the aid of Prodicus the Cean, who must come to the help of his countryman, but apparently only with the intention of flattering him into absurdities. First a distinction is drawn between (*εἶναι*) to be, and (*γενέσθαι*) to become: to become good is difficult; to be good is easy. Then the word difficult or hard is explained to mean “evil” in the Cean dialect. To all this Prodicus assents; but when Protagoras reclaims, Socrates slyly withdraws Prodicus from the fray, under the pretense that his assent was only intended to test the wits of his adversary. He then proceeds to give another and more elaborate explanation of the whole passage. The explanation is as follows:—

The Lacedæmonians are great philosophers (although this is a

fact which is not generally known) ; and the soul of their philosophy is brevity, which was also the style of primitive antiquity and of the seven sages. Now Pittacus had a saying, "Hard is it to be good" : Simonides was jealous of the fame of this saying, and wrote a poem which was designed to controvert it. No, says he, Pittacus ; not "hard to be good," but "hard to become good." Socrates proceeds to argue in a highly impressive manner that the whole composition is intended as an attack upon Pittacus. This, though manifestly absurd, is accepted by the company, and meets with the special approval of Hippias, who has however a favorite interpretation of his own, which he is requested by Alcibiades to defer.

The argument is now resumed, not without some disdainful remarks of Socrates on the practise of introducing the poets, who ought not to be allowed, any more than flute girls, to come into good society. Men's own thoughts should supply them with the materials for discussion. A few soothing flatteries are addressed to Protagoras by Callias and Socrates, and then the old question is repeated, "Whether the virtues are one or many?" To which Protagoras is now disposed to reply that four out of the five virtues are in some degree similar ; but he still contends that the fifth, courage, is wholly dissimilar. Socrates proceeds to undermine the last stronghold of the adversary, first obtaining from him the admission that all virtue is in the highest degree good : —

The courageous are the confident ; and the confident are those who know their business or profession : those who have no such knowledge and are still confident are madmen. This is admitted. Then, says Socrates, courage is knowledge — an inference which Protagoras evades by drawing a futile distinction between the courageous and the confident in a fluent speech.

Socrates renews the attack from another side : he would like to know whether pleasure is not the only good, and pain the only evil? Protagoras seems to doubt the morality or propriety of assenting to this ; he would rather say that "some pleasures are good, some pains are evil," which is also the opinion of the generality of mankind. What does he think of knowledge? does he agree with the common opinion about this also, that knowledge is overpowered by passion? or does he hold that knowledge is power? Protagoras agrees that knowledge is certainly a governing power.

This, however, is not the doctrine of men in general, who maintain that many who know what is best, act contrary to their knowledge under the influence of pleasure. But this opposition of good and

evil is really the opposition of a greater or lesser amount of pleasure. Pleasures are evils because they end in pain, and pains are good because they end in pleasures. Thus pleasure is seen to be the only good; and the only evil is the preference of the lesser pleasure to the greater. But then comes in the illusion of distance. Some art of mensuration is required in order to show us pleasures and pains in their true proportion. This art of mensuration is a kind of knowledge, and knowledge is thus proved once more to be the governing principle of human life, and ignorance the origin of all evil: for no one prefers the less pleasure to the greater, or the greater pain to the less, except from ignorance. The argument is drawn out in an imaginary "dialogue within a dialogue," conducted by Socrates and Protagoras on the one part, and the rest of the world on the other. Hippias and Prodicus, as well as Protagoras, admit the soundness of the conclusion.

Socrates then applies this new conclusion to the case of courage—the only virtue which still holds out against the assaults of the Socratic dialectic. No one chooses the evil or refuses the good except through ignorance. This explains why cowards refuse to go to war: because they form a wrong estimate of good, and honor, and pleasure. And why are the courageous willing to go to war?—because they form a right estimate of pleasures and pains, of things terrible and not terrible. Courage then is knowledge, and cowardice is ignorance. And the five virtues, which were originally maintained to have five different natures, after having been easily reduced to two only, are at last resolved in one. The assent of Protagoras to this last position is extracted with great difficulty.

Socrates concludes by professing his disinterested love of the truth, and remarks on the singular manner in which he and his adversary had changed sides. Protagoras began by asserting, and Socrates by denying, the teachableness of virtue, and now the latter ends by affirming that virtue is knowledge, which is the most teachable of all things, while Protagoras has been striving to show that virtue is not knowledge, and this is almost equivalent to saying that virtue cannot be taught. He is not satisfied with the result, and would like to renew the inquiry with the help of Protagoras in a different order, asking (1) What virtue is, and (2) Whether virtue can be taught. Protagoras declines this offer, but commends Socrates's earnestness and mode of discussion.

The "Protagoras" is often supposed to be full of difficulties. These are partly imaginary and partly real. The imaginary ones are:

(1) Chronological,—which were pointed out in ancient times by Athenæus, and are noticed by Schleiermacher and others, and relate to the impossibility of all the persons in the dialogue meeting at any one time, whether in the year 425 B.C., or in any other. But Plato, like other writers of fiction, aims only at the probable, and has shown in other dialogues an extreme disregard of the historical accuracy which is sometimes demanded of him. (2) The exact place of the “Protagoras” among the dialogues, and the date of composition, have also been much disputed. But there are no criteria which afford any real grounds for determining the date of composition; and the affinities of the dialogues, when they are not indicated by Plato himself, must always to some extent remain uncertain. (3) There is another class of difficulties, which may be ascribed to preconceived notions of commentators, who imagine that Protagoras the Sophist ought always to be in the wrong, and his adversary Socrates in the right; or that in this or that passage—*e.g.* in the explanation of good as pleasure—Plato is inconsistent with himself: or that the dialogue fails in unity, and has not a proper “beginning, middle, and ending.” They seem to forget that Plato is a dramatic writer who throws his thoughts into both sides of the argument, and certainly does not aim at any unity which is inconsistent with freedom, and with a natural or even wild manner of treating his subject; also that his mode of revealing the truth is by lights and shadows, and far off and opposing points of view, and not by dogmatic statements or definite results.

The real difficulties arise out of the extreme subtlety of the work, which, as Socrates says of the poem of Simonides, is a most perfect piece of art. There are dramatic contrasts and interests, threads of philosophy broken and resumed, satirical reflections on mankind, veils thrown over truths which are lightly suggested, and all woven together in a single design, and moving towards one end.

In the introductory scene Plato raises the expectation that a “great personage” is about to appear on the stage (perhaps with a further view of showing that he is destined to be overthrown by a greater still, who makes no pretensions). Before introducing Hippocrates to him, Socrates thinks proper to warn the youth of the dangers of “influence,” of the invidious nature of which Protagoras is also sensible. Hippocrates readily adopts the suggestion of Socrates that he shall learn the accomplishments which befit an Athenian gentleman of Protagoras, and let alone his “sophistry.” There is nothing however in the introduction which leads to the inference

that Plato intended to blacken the character of the Sophists; he only makes a little merry at their expense.

The "great personage" is somewhat ostentatious, but frank and honest. He is introduced on a stage which is worthy of him—at the house of the rich Callias, in which are congregated the noblest and wisest of the Athenians. He considers openness to be the best policy, and particularly mentions his own liberal mode of dealing with his pupils, as if in answer to the favorite accusation of the Sophists that they received pay. He is remarkable for the good temper which he exhibits throughout the discussion under the trying and often sophistical cross-examination of Socrates. Although once or twice ruffled, and reluctant to continue the discussion, he parts company on perfectly good terms, and appears to be, as he says of himself, the "least jealous of mankind."

Nor is there anything in the sentiments of Protagoras which impairs this pleasing impression of the grave and weighty old man. His real defect is that he is inferior to Socrates in dialectics. The opposition between him and Socrates is not the opposition of good and bad, true and false, but of the old art of rhetoric and the new science of interrogation and argument; also of the irony of Socrates and the self-assertion of the Sophists. There is quite as much truth on the side of Protagoras as of Socrates; but the truth of Protagoras is based on common sense and common maxims of morality, while that of Socrates is paradoxical or transcendental, and though full of meaning and insight, hardly intelligible to the rest of mankind.

For example: (1) one of the noblest statements to be found in antiquity about the preventive nature of punishment is put into the mouth of Protagoras; (2) he is clearly right also in maintaining that virtue can be taught (which Socrates himself, at the end of the dialogue, is disposed to concede); and also (3) in his explanation of the phenomenon that good fathers have bad sons; (4) he is right also in observing that the virtues are not, like the arts, gifts, or attainments of special individuals, but the common property of all: this, which in all ages has been the strength and weakness of ethics and politics, is deeply seated in human nature; (5) there is a sort of half truth in the notion that all civilized men are teachers of virtue; and (6) the religious allegory should be noticed, in which the arts are said to be given by Prometheus (who stole them), whereas justice and reverence and the political virtues could only be imparted by Zeus. It is observable also (7) in the latter part of the dialogue, when Socrates is arguing that "pleasure is the only

good," Protagoras deems it more in accordance with his character to maintain that "some pleasures only are good."

There is no reason to suppose that in all this Plato is depicting an imaginary Protagoras; at any rate, he is showing us the teaching of the Sophists under the milder aspect under which he once regarded them. Nor is there any reason to doubt that Socrates is equally an historical character, paradoxical, ironical, tiresome, but seeking for the unity of virtue and knowledge as for a precious treasure; willing to rest this even on a calculation of pleasure, and irresistible here, as everywhere in Plato, in his intellectual superiority.

The aim of Socrates, and of the dialogue, is to show the unity of virtue. In the determination of this question the identity of virtue and knowledge is found to be involved. But if virtue and knowledge are one, then virtue can be taught; the end of the dialogue returns to the beginning. Had Protagoras been allowed by Plato to make the Aristotelian distinction, and say that virtue is not knowledge, but is accompanied with knowledge; or to point out with Aristotle that the same quality may have more than one opposite; or with Plato himself in the "*Phædo*" to deny that good is a mere exchange of a greater pleasure for a less—the unity of virtue and the identity of virtue and knowledge would have required to be proved by other arguments.

The victory of Socrates over Protagoras is in every way complete when their minds are fairly brought together. Protagoras falls before him after two or three blows. Socrates partly gains his object in the first part, and completely in the second. Nor does he appear at any disadvantage when subjected to "the question" by Protagoras. He succeeds in making his two "friends," Prodicus and Hippias, ludicrous by the way; he also makes a long speech in defense of the poem of Simonides, after the manner of the Sophists, showing, as Alcibiades says, that he is only pretending to have a bad memory.

Not having the whole of this poem before us, it is impossible for us to answer certainly the question of Protagoras, how the two passages of Simonides are to be reconciled. We can only follow the indications given by Plato himself. But it seems likely that the reconciliation offered by Socrates is only a caricature of the methods of interpretation which were practised by the Sophists—for the following reasons: (1) The transparent irony of the previous interpretations given by Socrates. (2) The ludicrous opening of the speech in which the Lacedæmonians are described as the true phi-

losophers, and Laconic brevity as the true form of philosophy, evidently with an allusion to Protagoras's long speeches. (3) The manifest futility and absurdity of the explanation of ἐμῶν ἐπαίνημι ἀλαθέως, which is hardly consistent with the rational interpretation of the rest of the poem. The opposition of εἶναι and γενέσθαι seems also intended to express the rival doctrines of Socrates and Protagoras, and is a sort of facetious commentary on their differences. (4) The general treatment in Plato both of the Poets and the Sophists, who are their interpreters, and whom he delights to identify with them. (5) The depreciating spirit in which Socrates speaks of the introduction of the Poets as a substitute for original conversation, which is intended to contrast with Protagoras's exaltation of the study of them — this again is hardly consistent with the serious defense of Simonides. (6) The marked approval of Hippias, who is supposed at once to catch the familiar sound, just as in the previous conversation Prodicus is represented as ready to accept any distinctions of language however absurd. At the same time Hippias is desirous of substituting a new interpretation of his own; as if the words might really be made to mean anything, and were only to be regarded as affording a field for the ingenuity of the interpreter.

This curious passage is, therefore, to be regarded as Plato's satire on the tedious and hypercritical arts of interpretation which prevailed in his own day, and may be compared with his condemnation of the same arts when applied to mythology in the "Phædrus," and with his other parodies, *e.g.* with the second speech in the "Phædrus" and with the "Menexenus." Several lesser touches of satire appear in it, *e.g.* the claim of philosophy advanced for the Lacedæmonians, which is a parody of the claims advanced for the Poets by Protagoras; the mistake of the Laconizing set in supposing that the Lacedæmonians are a great nation because they bruise their ears; the far-fetched notion, which is "really too bad," that Simonides uses the Lesbian (?) word, ἐπαίνημι, because he is addressing a Lesbian. The whole may also be considered as a satire on those who spin pompous theories out of nothing.

All the interests and contrasts of character in a great dramatic work like the "Protagoras" are not easily exhausted. The impressiveness of the scene should not be lost upon us, or the gradual substitution of Socrates in the second part for Protagoras in the first. There is Alcibiades, who is compelled by the necessity of his nature to be a partisan, lending effectual aid to Socrates; there is Critias assuming the tone of impartiality; Callias there as always inclining

to the Sophist, but eager for any intellectual repast ; Prodicus, who finds an opportunity for displaying his distinctions of language ; Hippias for exhibiting his vanity and superficial knowledge of natural philosophy. Both of these have been previously a good deal damaged by the mock sublime description of them in the introduction. It may be remarked that Protagoras is consistently presented to us throughout as the teacher of moral and political virtue ; there is no allusion to the theories of sensation which are attributed to him elsewhere, or to his denial of the existence of the gods ; he is the religious rather than the irreligious teacher in this dialogue. Also it may be observed that Socrates shows him as much respect as is consistent with his own ironical character.

Thus after many preparations and oppositions, both of the characters of men and aspects of the truth, especially of the popular and philosophical aspect ; and after many interruptions and detentions by the way, which, as Theodorus says in the "Theætetus," are quite as agreeable as the argument, we arrive at the great Socratic thesis that virtue is knowledge. This is an aspect of the truth which was lost almost as soon as it was found, and yet has to be recovered by every one for himself who would pass the limits of proverbial and popular philosophy. It is not to be regarded only as a passing stage in the history of the human mind, but as an anticipation of the reconciliation of the moral and intellectual elements of human nature.

B. J.

PROTAGORAS

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES, *who is the narrator of
the dialogue to his* COMPANION
HIPPOCRATES
ALCIBIADES

PROTAGORAS
HIPPIAS
PRODICUS
CALLIAS, *a wealthy Athenian*

} *Sophists*

CRITIAS

SCENE: — The House of Callias

Companion.

WHERE do you come from, Socrates? And ^{Stephen,} yet I need hardly ask the question, as I know ³⁰⁹ that you have been in chase of the fair Alcibiades. I saw him the day before yesterday; and he had got a beard like a man, — and he is a man, as I may tell you in your ear. But I thought that he was still very charming.

Socrates. What of his beard? Are you not of Homer's opinion, who says that¹—

“Youth is most charming when the beard first appears”?

And that is now the charm of Alcibiades.

Com. Well, and how do matters proceed? Have you been visiting him, and was he gracious to you?

Soc. Yes, I thought that he was very gracious; and especially to-day, for I have just come from him, and he has been helping me in an argument. But shall I tell you a strange thing? Although he was present, I never attended to him, and several times he quite passed out of my mind.

Com. What is the meaning of this? Has anything happened between you and him? For surely you cannot have discovered a fairer love than he is; certainly not in this city of Athens.

¹ Il. xxiv. 348.

Soc. Yes, much fairer.

Com. What do you mean — a citizen or a foreigner?

Soc. A foreigner.

Com. Of what country?

Soc. Of Abdera.

Com. And is this stranger really in your opinion fairer than the son of Cleinias?

Soc. And is not the wiser always the fairer, sweet friend?

Com. But have you really met, Socrates, with some wise one?

Soc. Yes; I would say, rather, with the wisest of all living men, if you are willing to accord that title to Protagoras.

Com. What! Do you mean to say that Protagoras is in Athens?

Soc. Yes; he has been here two days.

Com. And do you just come from an interview with him?

310 *Soc.* Yes; and I have heard and said many things.

Com. Then, if you have no engagement, suppose that you sit down and tell me what passed, and my attendant shall give up his place to you.

Soc. To be sure; and I shall be grateful to you for listening.

Com. Thank you, too, for telling us.

Soc. That is thank you twice over. Listen then:—

Last night, or rather very early this morning, Hippocrates, the son of Apollodorus and the brother of Phason, gave a tremendous thump with his staff at my door; some one opened to him, and he came rushing in and bawled out: Socrates, are you awake or asleep?

I knew his voice, and said: Hippocrates, is that you? and do you bring any news?

Good news, he said; nothing but good.

Very good, I said; but what news? and why have you come here at this unearthly hour?

He drew nearer to me and said: Protagoras is come.

Yes, I said; he came two days ago: have you only just heard of his arrival?

Yes, indeed, he said; I heard yesterday evening.

At the same time he felt for the truckle-bed, and sat down at my feet, and then he said: I heard yesterday quite late in

the evening, on my return from Cœne whither I had gone in pursuit of my runaway slave Satyrus — as I was going to have told you if some other matter had not come in the way; on my return, when we had done supper and were about to retire to rest, my brother said to me: Protagoras is come. And I was going to you at once, if I had not considered that the night was far spent. But when sleep relaxed her hold on me after my toil, I got up and came hither direct.

I, who knew the very courageous madness of the man, said: What is the matter? has Protagoras robbed you of anything?

He replied, laughing: Yes, indeed he has, Socrates, of the wisdom which he keeps to himself.

But, surely, I said, if you give him money, and make friends with him, he will make you as wise as he is himself.

Would to Heaven, he replied, that he would! He might take all that I have, and all that my friends have, if he would. And that is why I have come to you now, in order that you may speak to him on my behalf; for I am young, and also I have never seen nor heard him (when he visited Athens before I was but a child); and all men praise him, Socrates, as being the most accomplished of speakers. There is no reason why we should not go to him at once, and ³¹¹ then we shall find him at home. He lodges, as I hear, with Callias, the son of Hipponicus. Let us start.

I replied: Not yet, my good friend; the hour is too early. But let us rise and take a turn in the court and wait there until daybreak, and when the day breaks, then we will go; for Protagoras is generally at home, and we shall be sure to find him; never fear.

Upon this we got up and walked about in the court, and I thought that I would make trial of the strength of his resolution. So I examined him and put questions to him. Tell me, Hippocrates, I said, as you are going to Protagoras, and will be paying your money to him, what is he to whom you are going? and what will he make of you? If you were going to Hippocrates, the Coan, the Asclepiad, and were about to give him your money, and some one said to you: As being what, do you give money to your namesake Hippocrates, O Hippocrates? what would you answer?

I should say, he replied, that I give money to him as a physician.

And what will he make of you?

A physician, he said.

And if you went to Polycleitus the Argive, or Pheidias the Athenian, and intended to give them money, and some one were to ask you: As being what, do you give this money to Polycleitus and Pheidias? what would you answer?

I should answer, as being statuaries.

And what will they make of you?

A statuary, of course.

Well, now, I said, you and I are going to Protagoras, and we are ready to pay him money for you. If our own means are sufficient, and we can gain him with these, we shall be too glad; but if not, then we are to spend your friend's money as well. Now suppose that while we are in this intense state of excitement, some one were to say to us: Tell me, Socrates, and you, Hippocrates, as being what, are you going to pay money to Protagoras? how should we answer him? I know that Pheidias is a sculptor, and Homer is a poet; but what appellation is given to Protagoras? how is he designated?

They call him a Sophist, Socrates, he replied.

Then we are going to pay our money to him in the character of a Sophist?

Certainly.

But suppose a person were to ask this further question:

312 And how about yourself? what will Protagoras make you, if you go to see him?

He answered, with a blush upon his face (for the day was just beginning to dawn, so that I could see him): Unless this differs in some way from the former instances, I suppose that he will make a Sophist of me.

And are you not in sober earnest ashamed, I said, at having to appear before the Hellenes in the character of a Sophist?

Indeed, Socrates, if I am to confess the truth, I am.

But why do you assume, Hippocrates, that the instruction of Protagoras is of this nature? and why may you not learn of him in the same way that you learned the arts of the

grammarian or musician or trainer, not with the view of making any of them a profession, but only as a part of education, and because a private gentleman and freeman ought to know them?

Just so, he said; and that, in my opinion, is a far truer account of the teaching of Protagoras.

I said: I wonder whether you know what you are doing?

And what am I doing?

You are going to commit your soul to the care of a man whom you call a Sophist. And yet I hardly think that you know what a Sophist is; and if not, then you do not even know whether you are committing your soul to good or evil.

I certainly think that I do know, he replied.

Then tell me, what do you imagine that he is?

I take him to be one who is wise and knowing, he replied, as his name implies.

And might you not, I said, affirm this of the painter and the carpenter also; are not they, too, wise and knowing? But suppose a person were to ask us: In what are the painters wise? We should answer: In what relates to the making of likenesses, and similarly of other things. And if he were further to ask: What is the wisdom of the Sophist, and what is the manufacture over which he presides? how should we answer him?

How should we answer him, Socrates? What other answer could there be but that he presides over the art which makes men eloquent?

Yes, I replied, that is very likely a true, but not a sufficient, answer; for a further question is involved: About what does the Sophist make a man eloquent? The player on the lyre may be supposed to make a man eloquent about that which he makes him understand, that is about playing the lyre. Is not that true?

Yes.

Then about what does the Sophist make him eloquent? must not he make him eloquent in that which he understands?

Yes, that may be assumed.

And what is that which the Sophist knows and makes his disciple know?

Indeed, he said, that I cannot tell.

313 Then I proceeded to say: Well, but are you aware of the danger which you are incurring? If you were going to commit the body to some one, and there was a risk of your getting good or harm from him, would you not carefully consider and ask the opinion of your friends and kindred, and deliberate many days as to whether you should give him the care of your body? But when the soul is in question, which you hold to be of far more value than the body, and upon the well or ill being of which depends your all, — about this you never consulted either with your father or with your brother, or with any one of us who are your companions. But no sooner does this foreigner appear, than you instantly commit your soul to his keeping. In the evening, as you say, you hear of him, and in the morning you go to him, never deliberating, or taking the opinion of any one as to whether you ought to entrust yourself to him or not; you have quite made up your mind that you will be a pupil of Protagoras, and are prepared to expend all the property of yourself and of your friends in carrying out at any price this determination, although, as you admit, you do not know him, and have never spoken with him: and you call him a Sophist, but are manifestly ignorant of what a Sophist is; and yet you are going to commit yourself to his keeping.

When he heard me say this he replied: That I suppose, Socrates, is the conclusion which I must draw from your words.

I proceeded: Is not a Sophist, Hippocrates, one who deals wholesale or retail in the food of the soul? To me that appears to be the sort of man.

And what, Socrates, is the food of the soul?

Surely, I said, knowledge is the food of the soul; and we must take care, my friend, that the Sophist does not deceive us when he praises what he sells, like the dealers wholesale or retail who sell the food of the body; for they praise indiscriminately all their goods, without knowing what are really beneficial or hurtful; neither do their customers know, with the exception of any trainer or physician who may happen to buy of them. In like manner those who carry about the wares of knowledge, and make the round of the cities, and sell or retail them to any customer who is in want of them, praise

them all alike; and I should not wonder, O my friend, if many of them were really ignorant of their effect upon the soul; and their customers equally ignorant, unless he who buys of them happens to be a physician of the soul. If therefore you have understanding of what is good and evil, you may safely buy knowledge of Protagoras or of any one; but if not, then, O my friend, pause, and do not hazard ³¹⁴ your dearest interests at a game of chance. For there is far greater peril in buying knowledge than in buying meat and drink: the one you purchase of the wholesale or retail dealer, and carry them away in other vessels, and before you receive them into the body as food you may deposit them at home and call in any experienced friend who knows what is good to be eaten or drunken, and what not, and how much and when; and hence the danger of purchasing them is not so great. But when you buy the wares of knowledge you cannot carry them away in another vessel; they have been sold to you, and you must take them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited by the lesson: and therefore we should think about this and take council with our elders; for we are still young — too young to determine such a matter. And now let us go, as we were intending, and hear Protagoras; and when we have heard what he has to say, we may take council of others; for not only is Protagoras at the house of Callias, but there is Hippias of Elis, and, if I am not mistaken, Prodicus of Ceos, and several other wise men.

To this we agreed, and proceeded on our way until we reached the vestibule of the house; and there we stopped in order to finish a dispute which had arisen as we were going along; and we stood talking in the vestibule until we had finished and come to an understanding. And I think that the doorkeeper, who was a eunuch, and who was probably annoyed at the great inroad of the Sophists, must have heard us talking. At any rate, when we knocked at the door, and he opened and saw us, he grumbled: They are Sophists — he is not at home; and instantly gave the door a hearty bang with both his hands. Again we knocked, and he answered without opening: Did you not hear me say that he is not at home, fellows? But, my friend, I said,

we are not Sophists, and we are not come to see Callias; fear not, for we want to see Protagoras; and I must request you to announce us. At last, after a good deal of difficulty, the man was persuaded to open the door.

When we entered, we found Protagoras taking a walk in the portico; and next to him, on one side, were walking Callias the son of Hipponicus, and Paralus the son of Pericles, who, by the mother's side, is his half-brother, and
 315 Charmides the son of Glaucon. On the other side of him were Xanthippus, the other son of Pericles, Philip-pides the son of Philomelus; also Antimærus of Mende, who of all the disciples of Protagoras is the most famous, and intends to make sophistry his profession. A train of listeners followed him, of whom the greater part appeared to be foreigners, who accompanied Protagoras out of the various cities through which he journeyed. Now he, like Orpheus, attracted them by his voice, and they followed the attraction. I should mention also that there were some Athenians in the company. Nothing delighted me more than the precision of their movements: they never got into his way at all but when he and those who were with him turned back, then the band of listeners divided into two parts on either side; he was always in front, and they wheeled round and took their places behind him in perfect order.

After him, as Homer says,¹ "I lifted up my eyes and saw" Hippias the Elean sitting in the opposite portico on a chair of state, and around him were seated on benches Eryximachus the son of Acumenus, and Phædrus the Myrrhinusian, and Andron the son of Androtion, and there were strangers whom he had brought with him from his native city of Elis, and some others; they appeared to be asking Hippias certain physical and astronomical questions, and he, *ex cathedrâ*, was determining their several questions to them and discoursing of them.

Also, "my eyes beheld Tantalus";² for Prodicus the Cean was at Athens: he had been put into a room which, in the days of Hipponicus, was a storehouse; but as the house was full, Callias had cleared this out and made the room into a guest-chamber. Now Prodicus was still in bed, wrapped

¹ Od. xi. 601 foll.

² Od. xi. 582.

up in sheepskins and bedclothes, of which there seemed to be a great heap; and there were sitting by him, on the couches near, Pausanias of the deme of Cerameis, and with Pausanias was a youth quite young, who is certainly remarkable for his good looks, and, if I am not mistaken, is also of a fair and gentle nature. I think that I heard him called Agathon, and my suspicion is that he is the beloved of Pausanias. There was this youth and also there were the two Adeimantuses, one the son of Cepis, and the other of Leucolophides, and some others. I was very anxious to hear what Prodicus was saying, for he seemed to me to be an extraordinarily wise and divine man; but I was not able to get into the inner circle, and his fine deep voice made an echo in the room which rendered his words inaudible. 316

No sooner had we entered than there followed us Alcibiades the beautiful, as you say, and I believe you; and also Critias the son of Callæschrus.

On entering we stopped a little, in order to look about us, and then walked up to Protagoras, and I said: Protagoras, my friend Hippocrates and I have come to see you.

Do you wish, he said, to speak with me alone, or in the presence of others?

That is as you please, I said: you shall determine when you have heard the object of our visit.

And what is that? he said.

I must explain, I said, that my friend Hippocrates is a native Athenian; he is the son of Apollodorus, and of a great and prosperous house, and he is himself in natural ability quite a match for those of his own age. I believe that he aspires to political eminence; and this he thinks that conversation with you is most likely to procure for him: now it is for you to decide whether you would wish to speak to him of these matters alone or in company.

Thank you, Socrates, for your consideration of me. For certainly a stranger finding his way into great cities, and persuading the flower of the youth in them to leave the company of their other kinsmen or acquaintance and live with him, under the idea that they will be improved by his conversation, ought to be very cautious; great jealousies are occasioned by his proceedings, and he is the subject of many enmities and con-

spiracies. I maintain the art of the Sophist to be of ancient date; but that in ancient times the professors of the art, fearing this odium, veiled and disguised themselves under various names: some under that of poets, as Homer, Hesiod, and Simonides; some as hierophants and prophets, as Orpheus and Musæus; and some, as I observe, even under the name of gymnastic masters, like Iccus of Tarentum, or the more recently celebrated Herodicus, now of Selymbria and formerly of Megara, who is a first-rate Sophist. Your own Agathocles pretended to be a musician, but was really an eminent Sophist; also Pythocleides the Cean; and there were many others; and all of them, as I was saying, adopted these arts as veils or disguises because they were afraid of the envy of the multitude. But that is not my way, for I do not believe
 317 that they effected their purpose, which was to deceive the government, who were not blinded by them; and as to the people, they have no understanding, and only repeat what their rulers are pleased to tell them. Now to run away, and to be caught in running away, is the very height of folly, and also greatly increases the exasperation of mankind; for they regard him who runs away as a rogue, in addition to any other objections which they have to him; and therefore I take an entirely opposite course, and acknowledge myself to be a Sophist and instructor of mankind; such an open acknowledgment appears to me to be a better sort of caution than concealment. Nor do I neglect other precautions, and therefore I hope, as I may say, by the favor of Heaven that no harm will come of the acknowledgment that I am a Sophist. And I have been now many years in the profession — for all my years when added up are many — and there is no one here present of whom I might not be the father. Wherefore I should much prefer conversing with you, if you do not object, in the presence of the company.

As I suspected that he would like to have a little display and glory in the presence of Prodicus and Hippias, and would gladly show us to them in the light of his admirers, I said: But why should we not summon Prodicus and Hippias and their friends to hear us?

Very good, he said.

Suppose, said Callias, that we hold a council in which you

may sit and discuss. This was determined, and great delight was felt at the prospect of hearing wise men talk; we ourselves all took the chairs and benches, and arranged them by Hippias, where the other benches had been already placed. Meanwhile Callias and Alcibiades got up Prodicus and brought in him and his companions.

When we were all seated, Protagoras said: Now that the company are assembled, Socrates, tell me about the young man of whom you were just now speaking.

I replied: I will begin again at the same point, Protagoras, and tell you once more the purport of my visit: this is my friend Hippocrates, who is desirous of making your acquaintance; he wants to know what will happen to him if he associates with you. That is all I have to say. 318

Protagoras answered: Young man, if you associate with me, on the very first day you will return home a better man than you came, and better on the second day than on the first, and better every day than you were on the day before.

When I heard this, I said: Protagoras, I do not at all wonder at hearing you say this; even at your age, and with all your wisdom, if any one were to teach you what you did not know before, you would become better no doubt: but please to answer in a different way; I will explain how by an example. Let me suppose that Hippocrates, instead of desiring your acquaintance, wished to become acquainted with the young man Zeuxippus of Heraclea, who has newly come to Athens, and he were to go to him as he has gone to you, and were to hear him say, as he has heard you say, that every day he would grow and become better if he associated with him: and then suppose that he were to ask him, "In what would he be better, and in what would he grow?" Zeuxippus would answer, "In painting." And suppose that he went to Orthagoras the Theban, and heard him say the same, and asked him, "In what would he become better day by day?" he would reply, "In flute-playing." Now I want you to make the same sort of answer to this young man and to me, who am asking questions on his account. When you say that on the first day on which he associates with you he will return home a better man, and on every day will grow in

like manner—in what, Protagoras, will he be better? and about what?

When Protagoras heard me say this, he replied: You ask questions fairly, and I like to answer a question which is fairly put. If Hippocrates comes to me he will not experience the sort of drudgery with which other Sophists are in the habit of insulting their pupils; who, when they have just escaped from the arts, are taken and driven back into them by these teachers, and made to learn calculation, and astronomy, and geometry, and music (he gave a look at Hippias as he said this); but if he comes to me, he will learn that which he comes to learn. And this is prudence in affairs private as well as public; he will learn to order his own house in the best manner, and he will be best able to speak and act in the affairs of the State.

319 Do I understand you, I said; and is your meaning that you teach the art of politics, and that you promise to make men good citizens?

That, Socrates, is exactly the profession which I make.

Then, I said, you do indeed possess a noble art, if there is no mistake about this; for I will freely confess to you, Protagoras, that I have a doubt whether this art is capable of being taught, and yet I know not how to disbelieve your assertion. And I ought to tell you why I am of opinion that this art cannot be taught or communicated by man to man. I say that the Athenians are an understanding people, as indeed they are esteemed by the other Hellenes. Now I observe that when we are met together in the assembly, and the matter in hand relates to building, the builders are summoned as advisers; when the question is one of ship-building, then the ship-builders; and the like of other arts which they think capable of being taught and learned. And if some person offers to give them advice who is not supposed by them to have any skill in the art, even though he be good-looking, and rich, and noble, they don't listen to him, but laugh at him, and hoot him, until either he is clamored down and retires of himself; or if he persist, he is dragged away or put out by the constables at the command of the Prytanes. This is their way of behaving about the arts which have professors. When, however, the question is an affair of State,

then everybody is free to have a say, — carpenter, tinker, cobbler, sailor, passenger; rich and poor, high and low, — any one who likes gets up, and no one reproaches him, as in the former case, with not having learned, and having no teacher, and yet giving advice; evidently because they are under the impression that this sort of knowledge cannot be taught. And not only is this true of the State, but of individuals; the best and wisest of our citizens are unable to impart their political wisdom to others: as, for example, Pericles, the father of these young men, who gave them excellent instruction in all that could be learned from masters, in his own department of politics taught them nothing; nor did he give them teachers, but they were allowed to wander at their own free will, in a sort of hope that they would light upon virtue of their own accord. Or take another example: there was Cleinias, the younger brother of our friend Alcibiades, of whom this very same Pericles was the guardian; and he being in fact under the apprehension that Cleinias would be corrupted by Alcibiades, took him away, and placed him in the house of Aripbron to be educated; but before six months had elapsed, Aripbron sent him back, not knowing what to do with him. And I could mention numberless other instances of persons who were good themselves, and never yet made any one else good, whether friend or stranger. Now I, Protagoras, when I reflect on all this, am inclined to think that virtue cannot be taught. But then again, when I listen to your words, I am disposed to waver; and I believe that there must be something in what you say, because I know that you have great experience, and learning, and invention. And I wish that you would, if possible, show me a little more clearly that virtue can be taught. Will you be so good?

That I will, Socrates, and gladly. But what would you like? Shall I, as an elder, speak to you as younger men in an apologue or myth, or shall I argue the question?

To this several of the company answered that he should choose for himself.

Well, then, he said, I think that the myth will be more interesting.

Once upon a time there were gods only, and no mortal creatures. But when the time came that these also should

be created, the gods fashioned them out of earth and fire and various mixtures of both elements in the inward parts of the earth; and when they were about to bring them into the light of day, they ordered Prometheus and Epimetheus to equip them, and to distribute to them severally their proper qualities. Epimetheus said to Prometheus: "Let me distribute, and do you inspect." This was agreed, and Epimetheus made the distribution. There were some to whom he gave strength without swiftness, or again swiftness without strength; some he armed, and others he left unarmed; and devised for the latter some other means of preservation, making some large, and having their size as a protection, and others small, whose nature was to fly in the air or burrow in the ground; this was to be their way of escape. Thus did
321 he compensate them with the view of preventing any race from becoming extinct. And when he had provided against their destruction by one another, he contrived also a means of protecting them against the seasons of heaven; clothing them with close hair and thick skins sufficient to defend them against the winter cold and summer heat, and for a natural bed of their own when they wanted to rest; also he furnished them with hoofs and hair and hard and callous skins under their feet. Then he gave them varieties of food, — to some herbs of the soil, to others fruits of trees, and to others roots, and to some again he gave other animals as food. And some he made to have few young ones, while those who were their prey were very prolific; and in this way the race was preserved. Thus did Epimetheus, who, not being very wise, forgot that he had distributed among the brute animals all the qualities that he had to give, — and when he came to man, who was still unprovided, he was terribly perplexed. Now while he was in this perplexity, Prometheus came to inspect the distribution, and he found that the other animals were suitably furnished, but that man alone was naked and shoeless, and had neither bed nor arms of defense. The appointed hour was approaching in which man was to go forth into the light of day; and Prometheus, not knowing how he could devise his salvation, stole the mechanical arts of Hephæstus and Athene, and fire with them (they could neither have been acquired nor used with-

out fire), and gave them to man. Thus man had the wisdom necessary to the support of life, but political wisdom he had not; for that was in the keeping of Zeus, and the power of Prometheus did not extend to entering into the castle of heaven, in which Zeus dwelt, who moreover had terrible sentinels; but he did enter by stealth into the common workshop of Athene and Hephæstus, in which they used to pursue their favorite arts, and took away Hephæstus's art of working by fire, and also the art of Athene, and gave them to man. And in this way man was supplied with the means of life. But Prometheus is said to have been afterwards prosecuted for theft, owing to the blunder of Epimetheus.

Now man, having a share of the divine attributes, was 322 at first the only one of the animals who had any gods, because he alone was of their kindred; and he would raise altars and images of them. He was not long in inventing language and names; and he also constructed houses and clothes and shoes and beds, and drew sustenance from the earth. Thus provided, mankind at first lived dispersed, and there were no cities. But the consequence was that they were destroyed by the wild beasts, for they were utterly weak in comparison of them, and their art was only sufficient to provide them with the means of life, and would not enable them to carry on war against the animals: food they had, but not as yet any art of government, of which the art of war is a part. After a while the desire of self-preservation gathered them into cities; but when they were gathered together, having no art of government, they evil entreated one another, and were again in process of dispersion and destruction. Zeus feared that the race would be exterminated, and so he sent Hermes to them, bearing reverence and justice to be the ordering principles of cities and the bonds of friendship and conciliation. Hermes asked Zeus how he should impart justice and reverence among men: should he distribute them as the arts are distributed; that is to say to a favored few only, — for one skilled individual has enough of medicine, or of any other art, for many unskilled ones? Shall this be the manner in which I distribute justice and reverence among men, or shall I give them to all? To all, said Zeus; I should like them all to have a share; for cities cannot exist, if a few

only share in the virtues, as in the arts. And further, make a law by my order, that he who has no part in reverence and justice shall be put to death as a plague of the State.

And this is the reason, Socrates, why the Athenians and mankind in general, when the question relates to carpentering or any other mechanical art, allow but a few to share in their deliberations; and when any one else interferes, then, as you say, they object, if he be not of the favored few, and that, as I say, is very natural. But when they come to deliberate about political virtue, which proceeds only by
323 way of justice and wisdom, they are patient enough of any man who speaks of them, as is also natural, because they think that every man ought to share in this sort of virtue, and that states could not exist if this were otherwise. I have explained to you, Socrates, the reason of this phenomenon.

And that you may not suppose yourself to be deceived in thinking that all men regard every man as having a share of justice and every other political virtue, let me give you a further proof, which is this. In other cases, as you are aware, if a man says that he is a good flute-player, or skilful in any other art in which he has no skill, people either laugh at him or are angry with him, and his relations think that he is mad and go and admonish him; but when honesty is in question, or some other political virtue, even if they know that he is dishonest, yet, if the man comes publicly forward and tells the truth about his dishonesty, in this case they deem that to be madness which in the other case was held by them to be good sense. They say that men ought to profess honesty whether they are honest or not, and that a man is mad who does not make such a profession. Their notion is, that a man must have some degree of honesty; and that if he has none at all he ought not to be in the world.

I have been showing that they are right in admitting every man as a counselor about this sort of virtue, as they are of opinion that every man is a partaker of it. And I will now endeavor further to show that they regard this virtue, not as given by nature, or growing spontaneously, but as capable of being learned and acquired by study. For injustice is punished, whereas no one would instruct, or rebuke, or be angry at those whose calamities they suppose to come to them either

by nature or chance; they do not try to alter them, they do but pity them. Who would be so foolish as to chastise or instruct the ugly, or the diminutive, or the feeble? And for this reason; they know, I imagine, that this sort of good and evil comes to them by nature and chance; whereas if a man is wanting in those good qualities which come to men from study and exercise and teaching, and has only the contrary evil qualities, men are angry with him, and punish him and reprove him. And one of those evil qualities is impiety and injustice, and they may be described generally as the opposite of political virtue. When this is the case, any man will be ³²⁴ angry with another, and reprimand him, — clearly under the impression that by study and learning the virtue in which he is deficient may be acquired. For if you will think, Socrates, of the effect which punishment has on evil-doers, you will see at once that in the opinion of mankind virtue may be acquired; for no one punishes the evil-doer under the notion, or for the reason, that he has done wrong, — only the unreasonable fury of a beast acts in that way. But he who desires to inflict rational punishment does not retaliate for a past wrong, for that which is done cannot be undone, but he has regard to the future, and is desirous that the man who is punished, and he who sees him punished, may be deterred from doing wrong again. And he implies that virtue is capable of being taught; as he undoubtedly punishes for the sake of prevention. This is the notion of all who retaliate upon others either privately or publicly. And the Athenians, too, like other men, retaliate on those whom they regard as evil-doers; and this argues them to be of the number of those who think that virtue may be acquired and taught. Thus far, Socrates, I have shown you clearly enough, if I am not mistaken, that your countrymen are right in admitting the tinker and the cobbler to advise about politics, and also that they deem virtue to be capable of being taught and acquired.

There yet remains one difficulty which has been raised by you about the sons of good men. What is the reason why good men teach their sons the knowledge which is gained from teachers, and make them wise in that, but do nothing towards improving them in the virtues which distinguish themselves? And here, Socrates, I will leave the apologue and take up the

argument. Please to consider: Is there or is there not some one quality in which all the citizens must be partakers, if there is to be a city at all? In the answer to this question is contained the only solution of your difficulty; there is no other. For if there be any such quality, and this quality or unity is
325 not the art of the carpenter, or the smith, or the potter, but justice and temperance and holiness, and, in a word, manly virtue, — if this is the quality of which all men must be partakers, and which is the very condition of their learning or doing anything else, and if he who is wanting in this, whether he be a child only or a grown-up man or woman, must be taught and punished, until by punishment he becomes better, and he who rebels against instruction and punishment is either exiled or condemned to death under the idea that he is incurable, — if, I say, this be true, and nevertheless good men have their sons taught other things and not this, do consider how extraordinary would be their conduct. For we have shown that they think virtue capable of being taught and inculcated both in private and public; and yet, notwithstanding this, they teach their sons lesser matters, ignorance of which does not involve the punishment of death: but those things, the ignorance of which may cause death and exile to those who have no knowledge or training, — aye, and confiscation as well as death, and, in a word, may be the ruin of families, — those things, I say, they are supposed not to teach them, — not to take the utmost care that they should learn. That is not likely, Socrates.

Education and admonition commence in the first years of childhood, and last to the very end of life. Mother and nurse and father and tutor are quarreling about the improvement of the child as soon as ever he is able to understand them: he cannot say or do anything without their setting forth to him that this is just and that is unjust; this is honorable, that is dishonorable; this is holy, that is unholy; do this and abstain from that. And if he obeys, well and good; if not, he is straightened by threats and blows, like a piece of warped wood. At a later stage they send him to teachers, and enjoin them to see to his manners even more than to his reading and music; and the teachers do as they are desired. And when the boy has learned his letters and is beginning to un-

derstand what is written, as before he understood only what was spoken, they put into his hands the works of great poets, which he reads at school; in these are contained many admonitions, and many tales, and praises, and encomia 326 of ancient famous men, which he is required to learn by heart, in order that he may imitate or emulate them and desire to become like them. Then, again, the teachers of the lyre take similar care that their young disciple is temperate and gets into no mischief; and when they have taught him the use of the lyre, they introduce him to the poems of other excellent poets, who are the lyric poets; and these they set to music, and make their harmonies and rhythms quite familiar to the children, in order that they may learn to be more gentle, and harmonious, and rhythmical, and so more fitted for speech and action; for the life of man in every part has need of harmony and rhythm. Then they send them to the master of gymnastic, in order that their bodies may better minister to the virtuous mind, and that the weakness of their bodies may not force them to play the coward in war or on any other occasion. This is what is done by those who have the means, and those who have the means are the rich: their children begin education soonest and leave off latest. When they have done with masters, the State again compels them to learn the laws, and live after the pattern which they furnish, and not after their own fancies; and just as in learning to write, the writing-master first draws lines with a style for the use of the young beginner, and gives him the tablet and makes him follow the lines, so the city draws the laws, which were the invention of good lawgivers who were of old time; these are given to the young man, in order to guide him in his conduct whether as ruler or ruled; and he who transgresses them is to be corrected, or, in other words, called to account, which is a term used not only in your country, but also in many others. Now when there is all this care about virtue private and public, why, Socrates, do you still wonder and doubt whether virtue can be taught? Cease to wonder, for the opposite would be far more surprising.

But why then do the sons of good fathers often turn out ill? Let me explain that, — which is far from being wonderful, if, as I have been saying, the very existence of the State

implies that virtue is not any man's private possession.
³²⁷ If this be true — and nothing can be truer — then I will ask you to imagine, as an illustration, some other pursuit or branch of knowledge which may be assumed equally to be the condition of the existence of a state. Suppose that there could be no state unless we were all flute-players, as far as each had the capacity, and everybody was freely teaching everybody the art, both in private and public, and reproving the bad player as freely and openly as every man now teaches justice and the laws, not concealing them as he would conceal the other arts, but imparting them — for all of us have a mutual interest in the justice and virtue of one another, and this is the reason why every one is ready to teach justice and the laws; suppose, I say, that there were the same readiness and liberality among us in teaching one another flute-playing, do you imagine, Socrates, that the sons of good flute-players would be more likely to be good than the sons of bad ones? I think not. Would not their sons grow up to be distinguished or undistinguished according to their own natural capacities as flute-players, and the son of a good player would often turn out to be a bad one, and the son of a bad player to be a good one, and all flute-players would be good enough in comparison of those who were ignorant and unacquainted with the art of flute-playing? In like manner I would have you consider that he who appears to you to be the worst of those who have been brought up in laws and humanities, would appear to be a just man and a master of justice if he were to be compared with men who had no education, or courts of justice, or laws, or any restraints upon them which compelled them to practise virtue — with the savages, for example, whom the poet Pherecrates exhibited on the stage at the last year's Lenæan festival. If you were living among men such as the man-haters in his Chorus, you would be only too glad to meet with Eurybates and Phrynonidas, and you would sorrowfully desire the rascality of this part of the world. And you, Socrates, are discontented, and why? Because all men are teachers of virtue, each one according to his ability, and you say that there is no teacher. You might as well ask,
³²⁸ Who teaches Greek? For of that too there will not be any teachers found. Or you might ask, Who is to teach

the sons of our artisans this same art which they have learned of their fathers? He and his fellow workmen have taught them to the best of their ability, — but who will carry them further in their arts? And you would certainly have a difficulty, Socrates, in finding a teacher of them; but there would be no difficulty in finding a teacher of those who are wholly ignorant. And this is true of virtue or of anything; and if a man is better able than we are to promote virtue ever so little, that is as much as we can expect. A teacher of this sort I believe myself to be, and above all other men to have the knowledge which makes a man noble and good; and I give my pupils their money's worth, and even more, as they themselves confess. And therefore I have introduced the following mode of payment: When a man has been my pupil, if he likes he pays my price, but there is no compulsion; and if he does not like, he has only to go into a temple and take an oath of the value of the instructions, and he pays no more than he declares to be their value.

Such is my apologue, Socrates, and such is the argument by which I endeavor to show that virtue may be taught, and that this is the opinion of the Athenians. And I have also attempted to show that you are not to wonder at good fathers having bad sons, or at good sons having bad fathers, as may be seen in the sons of Polycleitus, who are of the same age as our friends Paralus and Xanthippus, and who are very inferior to their father; and this is true of many other artists. But I ought not to say the same as yet of Paralus and Xanthippus themselves, for they are young and there is still hope of them.

Protagoras ended, and in my ear, —

“So charming left his voice, that I the while
Thought him still speaking; still stood fixed to hear.”

At length, when I saw that he had really finished, I gradually recovered consciousness, and looking at Hippocrates, I said to him: O son of Apollodorus, how deeply grateful I am to you for having brought me hither; I would not have missed the speech of Protagoras for a great deal. For I used to imagine that no human care could make men good; but I know better now. Yet I have still one very small diffi-

culty which I am sure that Protagoras will easily explain, as
329 he has already explained so much. For if a man were
to go and consult Pericles or any of our great speakers
about these matters, he might perhaps hear as fine a dis-
course; but then if any one has a question to ask of any of
them, like books, they can neither answer nor ask; and if
any one challenges the least particular of their speech, they
go ringing on in a long harangue, like brazen pots, which
when they are struck continue to sound unless some one puts
his hand upon them; whereas our friend Protagoras can not
only make a good speech, as he has already shown, but when
he is asked a question he can answer briefly; and when he
asks he will wait and hear the answer; and this is a very
rare gift. Now I, Protagoras, have a little question that I
want to ask of you, and if you will only answer me that,
I shall be quite satisfied. You were saying that virtue can
be taught; that I will take upon your authority, and there is
no one to whom I am more ready to trust. But I marvel at
one thing about which I should like to have my mind set
at rest. You were speaking of Zeus sending justice and re-
verence to men; and several times while you were speaking,
justice and temperance and holiness, and all these qualities,
were described by you as if together they made up virtue.
Now I want you to tell me truly whether virtue is one whole,
of which justice and temperance and holiness are parts; or
whether all these are only the names of one and the same
thing: that is the doubt which still lingers in my mind.

There is no difficulty, Socrates, in answering that the qualities
of which you are speaking are the parts of virtue, which is one.

And are they parts, I said, in the same sense in which
mouth, nose, and eyes, and ears, are the parts of a face; or
are they like the parts of gold, which differ from the whole
and from one another only in being larger or smaller?

I should say that they differed, Socrates, in the first way;
as the parts of a face are related to the whole face.

And do men have some one part and some another part of
virtue? Or if a man has one part, must he also have all the
others?

By no means, he said; for many a man is brave and not
just, or just and not wise.

Why then, I said, courage and wisdom are also parts of virtue?

Most undoubtedly, he said; and wisdom is the noblest of the parts. 330

And they are all different from one another? I said.

Yes.

And each of them has a distinct function like the parts of the face; the eye, for example, is not like the ear, and has not the same functions; and the other parts are none of them like one another, either in their functions, or in any other way? Now I want to know whether the parts of virtue do not also differ in themselves and in their functions; as that is clearly what the simile would imply.

Yes, Socrates, you are right in that.

Then, I said, no part of virtue is like knowledge, or like justice, or like courage, or like temperance, or like holiness.

No, he answered.

Well then, I said, suppose that you and I inquire into their natures. And first, you would agree with me that justice is of the nature of a thing, would you not? That is my opinion; would not that be yours also?

Yes, he said, that is mine also.

And suppose that some one were to ask us, saying, O Protagoras, and you, Socrates, what about this thing which you just now called justice, is it just or unjust? And I were to answer just: and you — would you vote for me or against me?

With you, he said.

Thereupon I should answer to him who asked me, that justice is of the nature of the just, would not you?

Yes, he said.

And suppose that he went on to say: Well now, is there such a thing as holiness? — we should answer, Yes, if I am not mistaken?

Yes, he said.

And that you acknowledge to be a thing — should we admit that?

He assented.

And is this a sort of thing which is of the nature of the holy, or of the nature of the unholy? I should be angry at

his putting such a question, and should say, Peace, man; nothing can be holy if holiness is not holy. What do you say to that? Would you not answer in the same way?

Certainly, he said.

And then after this suppose that he came and asked us, What were you saying just now? Perhaps I may not have heard you rightly, but you seemed to me to be saying that the parts of virtue were not the same as one another. I should
331 reply, You certainly heard that said, but you did not, as you think, hear me say that; for Protagoras gave the answer, and I did but ask the question. And suppose that he turned to you and said, Is this true, Protagoras? and do you maintain that one part of virtue is unlike another, and is this your position? how would you answer him?

I could not help acknowledging the truth of what he said, Socrates.

Well then, Protagoras, assuming this, and supposing that he proceeded to say further, Then holiness is not of the nature of justice, nor justice of the nature of holiness, but of the nature of unholiness; and holiness is of the nature of the not just, and therefore of the unjust, and the unjust is unholy; how shall we answer him? I should certainly answer him on my own behalf that justice is holy, and that holiness is just; and I would say in like manner on your behalf also, if you would allow me, that justice is either the same with holiness, or very nearly the same; and I would most assuredly say that justice is like holiness and holiness is like justice; and I wish that you would tell me whether I may be permitted to give this answer on your behalf, and whether you would agree with me.

He replied, I cannot simply agree, Socrates, to the proposition that justice is holy and that holiness is just, for there appears to me to be a difference between them. But what matter? if you please I please; and let us assume, if you will, that justice is holy, and that holiness is just.

Pardon me, I said; I do not want this "if you wish" or "if you will" sort of argument to be proven, but I want you and me to be proven; and I mean by this that the argument will be best proven if there be no "if."

Well, he said, I admit that justice bears a resemblance to

holiness, for there is always some point of view in which everything is like every other thing; white is in a certain way like black, and hard is like soft, and the most extreme opposites have some qualities in common; even the parts of the face, which, as we were saying before, are distinct and have different functions, are still in a certain point of view similar, and one of them is like another of them. And you may prove that they are like one another on the same principle that all things are like one another; and yet things which are alike in some particular ought not to be called alike, nor things which are unlike in some particular, however slight, unlike.

And do you think, I said in a tone of surprise, that justice and holiness have but a small degree of likeness?

Certainly not, he said; but I do not agree with what I understand to be your view.

Well, I said, as you appear to have a difficulty about this, let us take another of the examples which you have mentioned, instead. Do you admit the existence of folly? 332

I do.

And is not wisdom the very opposite of folly?

That is true, he said.

And when men act rightly and advantageously they seem to you to be temperate or moderate?

Yes, he said.

And moderation makes them moderate?

Certainly.

And they who do not act rightly act foolishly, and in thus acting are not moderate?

I agree to that, he said.

Then to act foolishly is the opposite of acting moderately?

He assented.

And foolish actions are done by folly, and moderate or temperate actions by moderation?

He agreed.

And that is done strongly which is done by strength, and weakly which is done by weakness?

He assented.

And that which is done with swiftness is done swiftly, and that which is done with slowness, slowly?

He acknowledged that.

And if anything is done in the same way, that is done by the same; and if anything is done in an opposite way, by the opposite?

He agreed.

Once more, I said, is there anything beautiful?

Yes.

To which the only opposite is the ugly?

There is no other.

And is there anything good?

There is.

To which the only opposite is the evil?

There is no other.

And there is the acute in sound?

True.

To which the only opposite is the grave?

There is no other, he said, but that.

Then every opposite has one opposite only and no more?

He assented.

Then now, I said, let us recapitulate our admissions. First of all we admitted that everything has one opposite and not more than one?

To that we assented.

And we admitted also that what was done in opposite ways was done by opposites?

Yes.

And that which was done foolishly, as we also admitted, was done in the opposite way to that which was done moderately?

Yes.

And that which was done moderately was done by moderation or temperance, and that which was done foolishly by folly?

He agreed.

And that which was done in opposite ways is done by opposites?

Yes.

And one thing is done by moderation or temperance, and quite another thing by folly?

Yes.

And those are opposite ways?

Certainly.

And therefore done by opposites. Then folly is the opposite of moderation or temperance?

That is evident.

And do you remember that folly has already been acknowledged by us to be the opposite of wisdom?

He assented.

And we said that everything has only one opposite?

Yes.

Then, Protagoras, which of the two assertions shall we renounce? One says that everything has but one opposite; the other that wisdom is distinct from temperance or moderation, and that both of them are parts of virtue; and that they are not only distinct, but unlike, both in themselves and in their functions, like the parts of a face. Which of these two assertions shall we renounce? For both of them together are certainly not in harmony; they do not accord or agree: for how can they be said to agree if everything is assumed to have only one opposite and not more than one, and yet folly, which is one, has clearly the two opposites — wisdom and temperance? Is not that true, Protagoras? I said. What else would you say?

He assented, but with great reluctance.

Then temperance and wisdom are the same, as before justice and holiness appeared to us to be nearly the same. And now, Protagoras, I said, do not let us be faint-hearted, but let us complete what remains. Do you think that an unjust man can be temperate in his injustice?

I should be ashamed, Socrates, he said, to acknowledge this, which nevertheless many may be found to assert.

And shall I argue with them or with you? I replied.

I would rather, he said, that you should argue with the many first, if you will.

Whichever you please, if you will only answer me and say whether you are of their opinion or not. My object is to test the validity of the argument; and yet the result may be that I and you who ask and answer may also be put on our trial.

Protagoras at first made a show of refusing, as he said that the argument was not encouraging; at length, however, he consented to answer.

Now then, I said, begin at the beginning and answer me.

You think that some men are moderate or temperate, and yet unjust?

Yes, he said; let that be admitted.

And moderation is good sense?

Yes.

And good sense is good counsel in doing injustice?

Granted.

If they succeed, I said, or if they don't succeed?

If they succeed.

And you would admit the existence of goods?

Yes.

And is the good that which is expedient for man?

Yes, indeed, he said; and there are some things which may be inexpedient, and yet I call them good.

I thought that Protagoras was getting ruffled and excited; he seemed to be setting himself in an attitude of war. Seeing this, I minded my business and gently said:—

When you say, Protagoras, that things inexpedient are
334 good, do you mean inexpedient for man only, or inexpedient altogether? and do you call the latter good?

Certainly not the last, he replied; for I know of many things, meats, drinks, medicines, and ten thousand other things, which are partly expedient for man, and partly inexpedient; and some which are expedient for horses, and not for men; and some for oxen only, and some for dogs; and some for no animals, but only for trees; and some for the roots of trees and not for their branches, as for example, manure, which is a good thing when laid about the roots, but utterly destructive if thrown upon the shoots and young branches; or I may instance olive-oil, which is mischievous to all plants, and generally most injurious to the hair of every animal with the exception of man, but beneficial to human hair and to the human body generally; and even in this application (so various and changeable is the nature of the benefit) that which is the greatest good to the outward parts of a man is a very great evil to his inward parts: and for this reason physicians always forbid their patients the use of oil in their food, except in very small quantities, just sufficient to take away the disagreeable sensation of smell in meats and sauces.

When he had given this answer, the company cheered him. And I said: Protagoras, I have a wretched memory, and when any one makes a long speech to me I never remember what he is talking about. As then, if I had been deaf, and you were going to converse with me, you would have had to raise your voice; so now, having such a bad memory, I will ask you to cut your answers shorter, if you would take me with you.

What do you mean? he said: how am I to shorten my answers? shall I make them too short?

Certainly not, I said.

But short enough? he said.

Yes, I said.

Shall I answer what appears to me to be short enough, or what appears to you to be short enough?

I have heard, I said, that you can speak and teach others to speak about the same things at such length that words never seemed to fail, or with such brevity that no one could use fewer of them. Please therefore, if you talk with me, to adopt the latter or more compendious method. 335

Socrates, he replied, many a battle of words have I fought, and if I had followed the method of disputation which my adversaries desired, as you want me to do, I should have been no better than another, and the name of Protagoras would have been nowhere.

I saw that he was not satisfied with his previous answers, and that he would not play the part of answerer any more if he could help; and I considered that there was no call upon me to continue the conversation; so I said: Protagoras, I don't wish to force the conversation upon you if you had rather not, but when you are willing to argue with me in such a way that I can follow you, then I will argue with you. Now you, as is said of you by others and as you say of yourself, are able to have discussions in shorter forms of speech as well as in longer, for you are a master of wisdom; but I cannot manage these long speeches: I only wish that I could. You, on the other hand, who are capable of either, ought to speak shorter, as I beg you, and then we might converse. But I see that you are disinclined, and as I have an engagement which will prevent my staying to hear you at length

(for I have to be in another place), I will depart, although I should have liked to hear you.

Thus I spoke, and was rising from my seat, when Callias seized me by the hand, and in his left hand caught hold of this old cloak of mine. He said: We cannot let you go, Socrates, for if you leave us there will be an end of our discussions: I must therefore beg you to remain, as there is nothing in the world that I should like better than to hear you and Protagoras discourse. Do not deny the company this pleasure.

Now I had got up, and was in the act of departure. Son of Hipponicus, I replied, I have always admired, and do now heartily applaud and love your philosophical spirit, and I would gladly comply with your request, if I could. But the truth is that I cannot. And what you ask is as great an
336 impossibility to me, as if you bade me run a race with Crison of Himera, when in his prime, or with some one of the long or day course runners. To that I should reply, that I humbly make the same request to my own legs; and they can't comply. And therefore if you want to see Crison and me in the same stadium, you must bid him slacken his speed to mine, for I cannot run quickly, and he can run slowly. And in like manner if you want to hear me and Protagoras discoursing, you must ask him to shorten his answers, and keep to the point, as he did at first; if not, how can there be any discussion? For discussion is one thing, and making an oration is quite another, according to my way of thinking.

But you see, Socrates, said Callias, that Protagoras may fairly claim to speak in his own way, just as you claim to speak in yours.

Here Alcibiades interposed, and said: That, Callias, is not a fair statement of the case. For our friend Socrates admits that he cannot make a speech—in this he yields the palm to Protagoras; but I should be greatly surprised if he yielded to any living man in the power of holding and apprehending an argument. Now if Protagoras will make a similar admission, and confess that he is inferior to Socrates in argumentative skill, that is enough for Socrates; but if he claims a superiority in argument as well, let him ask and answer—not, when a question is asked, having recourse to shifts and eva-

sions, and, instead of answering, making a speech at such length that most of his hearers forget the question at issue (not that Socrates is likely to forget—I will be bound for that, although he may pretend in fun that he has a bad memory). And Socrates appears to me to be more in the right than Protagoras; that is my opinion, and every man ought to say what he thinks.

When Alcibiades had done speaking, some one—Critias, I believe—went on to say: O Prodicus and Hippias, Callias appears to me to be a partisan of Protagoras. And this led Alcibiades, who loves opposition, to take the other side. But we should not be partisans either of Socrates or Protagoras; let us rather unite in entreating both of them not to break up the discussion.

Prodicus added: That, Critias, seems to me to be well 337 said, for those who are present at such discussions ought to be impartial hearers of both the speakers; remembering, however, that impartiality is not the same as equality, for both sides should be impartially heard, and yet an equal meed should not be assigned to both of them; but to the wiser a higher meed should be given, and a lower to the less wise. And I as well as Critias would beg you, Protagoras and Socrates, to grant our request, which is that you will argue with one another and not wrangle; for friends argue with friends out of good-will, but only adversaries and enemies wrangle. And then our meeting will be delightful; for in this way you, who are the speakers, will be most likely to win esteem, and not praise only, among us who are your audience; for esteem is a sincere conviction of the hearers' souls, but praise is often an insincere expression of men uttering words contrary to their conviction. And thus we who are the hearers will be gratified and not pleased; for gratification is of the mind when receiving wisdom and knowledge, but pleasure is of the body when eating or experiencing some other bodily delight. Thus spoke Prodicus, and many of the company applauded his words.

Hippias the sage spoke next. He said: All of you who are here present I reckon to be kinsmen and friends and fellow citizens, by nature and not by law; for by nature like is akin to like, whereas law is the tyrant of mankind, and

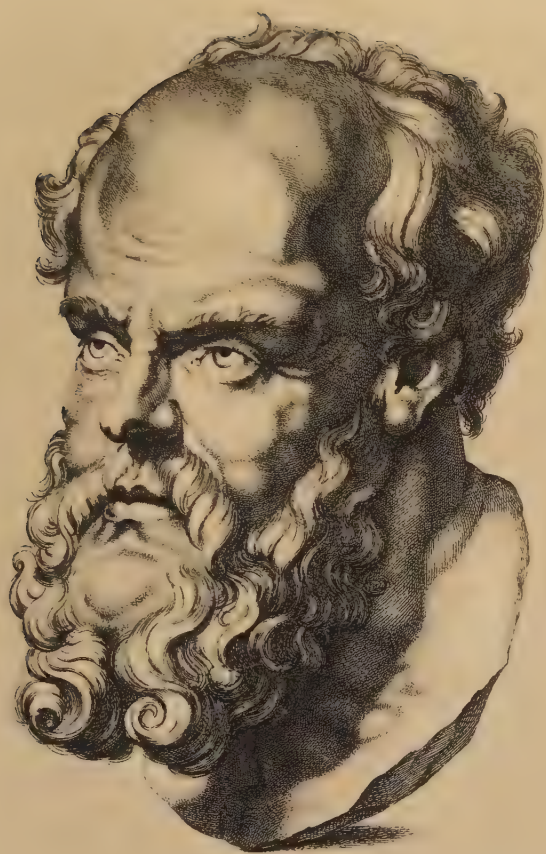
often compels us to do many things which are against nature. How great would be the disgrace then, if we, who know the nature of things, and are the wisest of the Hellenes, and as such are met together in this city, which is the metropolis of wisdom, and in the greatest and most glorious house of this city, should have nothing to show worthy of this height of dignity, but should only quarrel with one another like the meanest of mankind. I do pray and advise you, Protagoras, and you, Socrates, to agree upon a compromise. Let us be your peace-makers. And do not you, Socrates, aim at this precise and
 338 extreme brevity in discourse, if Protagoras objects, but loosen and let go the reins of speech, that your words may be grander and become you¹ better. Neither do you, Protagoras, go forth on the gale with every sail set out of sight of land into an ocean of words, but let there be a mean observed by both of you. Do as I say. And let me also suggest and suppose further that you choose an arbiter or overseer or president; he will keep watch over your words and reduce them to their proper length.

This proposal was received by the company with universal approval; and Callias said that he would not let me off, and that I was to choose an arbiter. But I said that to choose an umpire of discourse would be unseemly; for if the person chosen was inferior, then the inferior or worse ought not to preside over the better; or if he was equal, neither would that be well; for he who is our equal will do as we do, and what will be the use of choosing him? And if you say "Let us have a better then," to that I answer that you cannot have any one who is wiser than Protagoras. And if you choose another who is not really better, and whom you only say is better, to put another over him as though he were an inferior person would be an unworthy reflection on him; not that, as far as I am concerned, any reflection is of much consequence to me. Let me tell you then what I will do in order that the conversation and discussion may go on as you desire. If Protagoras is not disposed to answer, let him ask and I will answer; and I will endeavor to show at the same time how, as I maintain, he ought to answer: and when I have answered as many questions as he likes to ask, let him in like manner answer;

¹ Reading ὑμῖν.

SOCRATES.

Photogravure from a drawing by Rubens.



and if he seems to be not very ready at answering the exact questions, you and I will unite in entreating him, as you entreated me, not to spoil the discussion. And this will require no special arbiter: you shall all of you be arbiters.

This was generally approved, and Protagoras, though very much against his will, was obliged to agree that he would ask questions; and when he had put a sufficient number of them, that he would answer in his turn those which he was asked, in short replies. He began to put his questions as follows:—

I am of opinion, Socrates, he said, that skill in poetry is the principal part of education; and this I conceive to be the power of knowing what composition of the poets are correct, and what are not, and how they are to be distinguished, and of explaining them when asked. And I propose to transfer the question which you and I have been discussing to the domain of poetry, speaking as before of virtue, but in reference to a passage of a poet. Now Simonides says to Scopas the son of Creon the Thessalian:—

“Hardly on the one hand can a man become truly good; built four-square in hands and feet and mind, a work without a flaw.”

Do you know the poem? or shall I repeat the whole?

There is no need, I said; for I am perfectly well acquainted with the ode, of which I have made a careful study.

Very good, he said. And do you think that the ode is a good composition, and true?

Yes, I said, both good and true.

But if there is a contradiction, can the composition be good or true?

No, not in that case, I replied.

And is there not a contradiction? he asked. Reflect.

Well, my friend, I have reflected.

And does not the poet proceed to say, “I do not agree with the word of Pittacus, albeit the utterance of a wise man; hardly,” says he, “can a man be good.” Now you will observe that this is said by the same poet.

I know that, I said.

And do you think, he said, that the two sayings are consistent?

Yes, I said, I think they are (at the same time I could not

help fearing that there might be something in what he said). And you think otherwise? I said.

Why, he said, how can he be consistent in saying both? First of all, premising as his own thought, "Hardly can a man become truly good"; and then a little further on in the poem, forgetting, and blaming Pittacus and refusing to agree with him, when he says, "Hardly can a man be good," which is the very same thing. And yet when he blames him who says the same with himself, he blames himself; so that he must be wrong either in his first or his second assertion.

Many of the audience cheered and applauded this. And I felt at first giddy and faint, as if I had received a blow from the expert hand of a boxer, when I heard his words and the sound of the cheering; and to confess the truth, I wanted to get time to think what the meaning of the poet really was. So I turned to Prodicus and called him. Prodicus, I said,
 340 Simonides is a countryman of yours, and you ought to come to his rescue. I think that I must summon you to my aid, like the river Scamander in Homer, who, when beleaguered by Achilles, asks Simois to aid him, saying:—

"Brother dear, let us both together stay the force of the hero."¹

And I summon you, for I am afraid that Protagoras will make an end of Simonides. Now is the time to rehabilitate Simonides, by the application of your charming philosophy of synonyms, which distinguishes "will" and "wish," and many similar words which you mentioned in your admirable speech. And I should like to know whether you would agree with me; for I am of opinion that there is no contradiction in the words of Simonides. And first of all I wish that you would say whether, in your opinion, Prodicus, "being" is the same as "becoming."

Not the same, certainly, replied Prodicus.

Did not Simonides first set forth, as his own view, that "Hardly can a man become truly good"?

Quite right, said Prodicus.

And then he blames Pittacus, I said, not for saying the same as himself, as Protagoras imagines, but for saying something different; for Pittacus does not say, as Simonides says,

¹ Il. xxi. 308.

that hardly can a man become good, but hardly can a man be good : and our friend Prodicus says that being, Protagoras, is not the same as becoming ; and if they are not the same, then Simonides is not inconsistent with himself. I dare say that Prodicus and many others would say, as Hesiod says, "Hardly can a man become good, for the gods have placed toil in front of virtue ; but when you have reached the goal, then the acquisition of virtue, however difficult, is easy." ¹

Prodicus heard and approved ; but Protagoras said : Your correction, Socrates, involves a greater error than is contained in the sentence which you are correcting.

Alas ! I said, Protagoras ; then I am a sorry physician, and do but aggravate a disorder which I am seeking to cure.

The fact, he said, is as I have stated.

How is that ? I asked.

The poet, he replied, could never have made such a mistake as to say that virtue, which in the opinion of all men is the hardest of all things, can be easily acquired.

Well, I said, and how fortunate this is that Prodicus should be of the company, for he has a wisdom, Protagoras, which, as I imagine, is more than human and of very ancient date, and may be as old as Simonides, or even older. Learned 341 as you are in many things, you appear to know nothing of this ; but I know, for I am a disciple of his. And now, if I am not mistaken, you do not understand the word "hard" (*χαλεπόν*) in the sense which Simonides intended ; and I must correct you, as Prodicus corrects me when I use the word "dreadful" (*δεινός*) as a term of praise. If I say that Protagoras is a dreadfully wise man, he asks me if I am not ashamed of calling that which is good dreadful ; and then he explains to me that the term "dreadful" is always taken in a bad sense, and that no one speaks of being dreadfully healthy or wealthy or wise, but of dreadful war, dreadful poverty, dreadful disease, meaning by the term "dreadful," evil. And I think that Simonides and his countrymen the Cean, when they spoke of "hard" meant "evil," or something which you do not understand. Let us ask Prodicus, for he ought to be able to answer questions about the dialect of Simonides. What did he mean, Prodicus, by the term "hard" ?

¹ Works and Days, 264 foll.

Evil, said Prodicus.

And therefore, I said, Prodicus, he blames Pittacus for saying, "Hard is the good," just as if that were equivalent to saying, Evil is the good.

Yes, he said, that was certainly his meaning; and he is twitting Pittacus with ignorance of the use of terms, which in a Lesbian, who has been accustomed to speak a barbarous language, is natural.

Do you hear, Protagoras, I asked, what our friend Prodicus is saying? And have you an answer for him?

You are all wrong, Prodicus, said Protagoras; and I know very well that Simonides in using the word "hard" meant what all of us mean, not evil, but that which is not easy—that which takes a great deal of trouble. Of this I am positive.

I said: I also incline to think, Protagoras, that this was the meaning of Simonides, and that our friend Prodicus was quite aware of this, but he thought that he would make fun, and try if you could maintain your thesis; for that Simonides could never have meant the other is clearly proved by the context, in which he says that God only has this gift. Now he cannot surely mean to say that to be good is evil, when he afterward proceeds to say that God only has this gift, and that this is the attribute of him and of no other. For if this be his meaning, Prodicus would impute to Simonides a character of recklessness which is very unlike his countrymen.

342 And I should like to tell you, I said, what I imagine to be the real meaning of Simonides in this poem, if you will test what, in your way of speaking, would be called my skill in poetry; or if you would rather, I will be the listener.

Protagoras, hearing me offer this, replied: As you please; and Hippias, Prodicus, and the others told me by all means to do as I proposed.

Then now, I said, I will endeavor to explain to you my opinion about this poem. There is a very ancient philosophy which is more cultivated in Crete and Lacedæmon than in any other part of Hellas, and there are more philosophers in those countries than anywhere else in the world. This, however, is a secret which the Lacedæmonians deny; and they pretend to be ignorant, just because they do not wish to have

it thought that they rule the world by wisdom, like the Sophists of whom Protagoras was speaking, and not by valor of arms; considering that if the reason of their superiority were disclosed, all men would be practising their wisdom. And this secret of theirs has never been discovered by the imitators of Lacedæmonian fashions in other cities, who go about with their ears bruised in imitation of them, and have the cestus bound on their arms, and are always in training, and wear short cloaks; for they imagine that these are the practises which have enabled the Lacedæmonians to conquer the other Hellenes. Now when the Lacedæmonians want to unbend and hold free conversation with their wise men, and are no longer satisfied with mere secret intercourse, they drive out all these Laconizers, and any other foreigners who may happen to be in their country, and they hold a philosophical séance unknown to the strangers; and they themselves forbid their young men to go out into other cities (in this they are like the Cretans), in order that they may not unlearn the lessons which they have taught them. And in these cities not only men but also women have a pride in their high cultivation. And you may know that I am only speaking the truth in attributing this excellence in philosophy to the Lacedæmonians, by this token: If a man converses with the most ordinary Lacedæmonian, he will find him seldom good for much in general conversation, but at any point in the discourse he will be darting out some notable saying, terse and full of meaning, with unerring aim; and the person with whom he is talking seems to be like a child in his hands. And many of our own age and of former ages have noted that the true Lacedæmonian type of character has the love of philosophy even stronger than the love of gymnastics; they are conscious that only a perfectly educated man is
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capable of uttering such expressions. Such were Thales of Miletus, and Pittacus of Mytilene, and Bias of Priene, and our own Solon, and Cleobulus the Lindian, and Myson the Chenian; and seventh in the catalogue of wise men was the Lacedæmonian Chilo. All these were lovers and emulators and disciples of the culture of the Lacedæmonians, and any one may perceive that their wisdom was of this character, consisting of short memorable sentences, which individuals

uttered. And they met together and dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, as the first-fruits of their wisdom, the far-famed inscriptions, which are in all men's mouths, "Know thyself" and "Nothing too much."

Why do I say all this? I am explaining that this Lacedæmonian brevity was the style of primitive philosophy. Now there was a saying of Pittacus which was privately circulated and received the approbation of the wise, "Hard to be good." And Simonides, who was ambitious of the fame of wisdom, was aware that if he could overthrow this saying, then, as if he had won a victory over some famous athlete, he would carry off the palm among his contemporaries. And if I am not mistaken, he composed the entire poem with the secret intention of damaging that saying.

Let us all unite in examining his words, and see whether I am speaking the truth. Simonides must have been a lunatic, if, in the very first words of the poem, wanting to say only that to be good is hard, he inserted *μέν*, "on the one hand" (on the one hand to become good is hard); there would be no possible reason for the introduction of *μέν*, unless you suppose him to speak with a hostile reference to the words of Pittacus. Pittacus is saying "Hard to be good," and he says, controverting this, "No, the truly hard thing, Pittacus, is to become good," not joining "truly" with "good," but with "hard." Not the hard thing is to be truly good, as though there were some truly good men, and there were others who were good but not truly good (that would be a very simple observation, and quite unworthy of Simonides); but you must suppose him to make a trajection of the word (*ἀλαθέως*), construing the saying of Pittacus thus (and let us imagine Pittacus to be speaking and Simonides answering him): "O my friends," says Pittacus, "hard to be good," and Simonides answers, "In
 344 that, Pittacus, you are mistaken; the difficulty is not to be good, but on the one hand to become good, four-square in hands and feet and mind, without a flaw—that is hard truly." This way of reading the passage accounts for the insertion of (*μέν*) "on the one hand," and for the use of the word "truly," which is rightly placed at the end; and all that follows tends to prove that this is the meaning. A great deal might be said in praise of the details of the poem, which is a

charming piece of workmanship, and very finished, but that would be tedious. I should like, however, to point out the general intention of the poem, which is certainly designed in every part to be a refutation of the saying of Pittacus. For he speaks in what follows a little further on as if he meant to argue that although there is a difficulty in becoming good, yet this is possible for a time, and only for a time. But having become good, to remain in a good state and be good, as you, Pittacus, affirm, that is not possible, and is not granted to man; God only has this blessing; "but man cannot help being bad when the force of circumstances overpowers him." Now whom does the force of circumstances overpower in the command of a vessel?—not the private individual, for he is always overpowered; and as one who is already prostrate cannot be overthrown, but only he who is standing upright and not he who is prostrate can be laid prostrate, so the force of circumstances can only be said to overpower him who has resources, and not him who is at all times helpless. The descent of a great storm may make the pilot helpless, or the severity of the season the husbandman or the physician; for the good may become bad, as another poet witnesses:—

"The good are sometimes good and sometimes bad."

But the bad does not become bad; he is always bad. So that when the force of circumstances overpowers the man of resources and skill and virtue, then he cannot help being bad. And you, Pittacus, are saying, "Hard to be good." Now there is a difficulty in becoming good; and yet this is possible, but to be good is an impossibility; "for he who does well is the good man, and he who does ill is the bad." But what sort of doing is good in letters? and what sort of doing makes a man good in letters? Clearly the knowing of them. And what sort of well-doing makes a man a good physician? Clearly the knowing of the art of healing the sick. "But he who does ill is the bad." Now who becomes a bad physician? Clearly he who is in the first place a physician, and in the second place a good physician; for he may become a bad one also: but none of us unskilled individuals can by any amount of doing ill become physicians, any more than we can become carpenters or anything of that

sort; and he who by doing ill cannot become a physician at all, clearly cannot become a bad physician. In like manner the good may become deteriorated by time, or toil, or disease, or other accident (the only real ill doing is the deprivation of knowledge), but the bad man will never become bad, for he is always bad; and if he were to become bad, he must previously have been good. Thus the words of the poem tend to show that on the one hand a man cannot be continuously good, but that he may become good and may also become bad; and again that "they are the best for the longest time whom the gods love."

All this relates to Pittacus, as is further proved by the sequel. For he adds: "Therefore I will not throw away my life in searching after the impossible, hoping in vain to find a perfectly faultless man among those who partake of the fruit of the broad-bosomed earth; and when I have found him to tell you of him" (this is the vehement way in which he pursues his attack upon Pittacus throughout the whole poem): "but him who does no evil voluntarily I praise and love; not even the gods war against necessity." All this has a similar drift, for Simonides was not so ignorant as to say that he praised those who did no evil voluntarily, as though there were some who did evil voluntarily. For no wise man, as I believe, will allow that any human being errs voluntarily, or voluntarily does evil and dishonorable actions; but they are very well aware that all who do evil and dishonorable things do them against their will. And Simonides never says that he praises him who does no evil voluntarily;

³⁴⁶ the word "voluntarily" applies to himself. For he was under the impression that a good man might often compel himself to love and praise another, and that there might be an involuntary love, such as a man might feel to an ungainly father or mother, or to his country or something of that sort. Now bad men, when their parents or country have any defects, rejoice at the sight of them, and expose them to others, and find fault with them and denounce them, under the idea that the rest of mankind will be less likely to take them to task and reproach them when they neglect them; and this makes them exaggerate their defects, in order that the odium which is necessarily incurred by them may be increased: but

the good man dissembles his feelings, and constrains himself to praise them; and if they have wronged him and he is angry, he pacifies his anger and is reconciled, and compels himself to love and praise his own flesh and blood. And Simonides, as is probable, considered that he himself had often had to praise and magnify a tyrant or the like, much against his will, and he also wishes to imply to Pittacus that he is not censorious and does not censure him. "For I am satisfied," he says, "when a man is neither bad nor very stupid, and when he knows justice (which is the health of states), and is of sound mind, I will find no fault with him, for I am not given to finding fault, for there are innumerable fools" (implying that if he delighted in censure he might have abundant opportunity of finding fault). "All things are good with which evil is unmingled." In these latter words he does not mean to say that all things are good which have no evil in them, as you might say "all things are white which have no black in them," for that would be ridiculous; but he means to say that he accepts and finds no fault with the moderate or intermediate state. "I do not hope," he says, "to find a perfectly blameless man among those who partake of the fruits of the broad-bosomed earth, and when I have found him to tell you of him; in this sense I praise no man. But he who is moderately good, and does no evil, is good enough for me, who love and approve every one" (and here observe that he uses a Lesbian word, *ἐπαίνημι*, because he is addressing Pittacus,—"who love and approve every one voluntarily," he says, "who does no evil": and that the stop should be put after "voluntarily"); "but there are some whom I involuntarily praise and love. And you, Pittacus. I 347 would never have blamed, if you had spoken what was moderately good and true; but I do blame you because, wearing the appearance of truth, you are speaking falsely about the greatest matters." And this, I said, Prodicus and Protagoras, I take to be the true meaning of Simonides in this poem.

Hippias said: I think, Socrates, that you have given a very good explanation of this poem; but I have also an excellent interpretation of my own which I will expound to you, if you will allow me.

Nay, Hippias, said Alcibiades; not now, but another time. At present we must abide by the compact which was made between Socrates and Protagoras, to the effect that as long as Protagoras is willing to ask, Socrates should answer; or that if he would rather answer, then that Socrates should ask.

I said: I wish Protagoras either to ask or answer as he is inclined; but I would rather have done with poems and odes, if you do not object, and come back to the question about which I was asking you at first, Protagoras, and by your help make an end of that. The talk about the poets seems to me like a commonplace entertainment to which a vulgar company have recourse; who, because they are not able to converse or amuse one another, while they are drinking, with the sound of their own voices and conversation by reason of their stupidity, raise the price of flute girls in the market, hiring for a great sum the voice of a flute instead of their own breath, to be the medium of intercourse among them: but where the company are real gentlemen and men of education, you will see no flute girls, nor dancing-girls, nor harp girls; and they have no nonsense or games, but are contented with one another's conversation, of which their own voices are the medium, and which they carry on by turns and in an orderly manner, even though they are very liberal in their potations. And a company like this of ours, and men such as we profess to be, do not require the help of another's voice, or of the poets whom you cannot interrogate about the meaning of what they are saying; people who cite them declaring, some that the poet has one meaning, and others that he has another; and there arises a dispute which can never be put to the proof. This sort of entertainment they decline, and prefer to talk with

³⁴⁸ one another, and try one another's mettle in conversation. And these are the sort of models which I desire that you and I should imitate. Leaving the poets, and keeping to ourselves, let us try the mettle of one another and of the truth in conversation. And if you have a mind to ask I am ready to answer; or if you would rather, do you answer, and give me the opportunity of taking up and completing our unfinished argument.

I made these and some similar observations; but Protagoras would not distinctly say which he would do. There-

upon Alcibiades turned to Callias, and said: Do you think, Callias, that Protagoras is fair in refusing to say whether he will or will not answer? for I certainly think that he is unfair; he ought either to proceed with the argument, or distinctly to refuse to proceed, that we may know his intention; and then Socrates will be able to discourse with some one else, and the rest of the company will be free to talk with one another.

I think that Protagoras was really made ashamed by these words of Alcibiades, and when the prayers of Callias and the company were superadded, he was at last induced to argue, and said that I might ask and he would answer.

So I said: Do not imagine, Protagoras, that I have any other interest in asking questions of you but that of clearing up my own difficulties. For I think that Homer was very right in saying that "When two go together, one sees before the other,"¹ for all men who have a companion are readier in deed, word, or thought; but if a man "sees a thing when he is alone," he goes about straightway seeking until he finds some one to whom he may show his discoveries, and who may confirm him in them. And I would rather hold discourse with you than with any one, because I think that no man has a better understanding of most things which a good man may be expected to understand, and in particular of virtue. For who is there, but you?—who not only claim to be a good man and a gentleman, for many are this, and yet have not the power of making others good. Whereas you are not only good yourself, but also the cause of goodness in others. Moreover such confidence have you in yourself, that although other Sophists conceal their profession, you proclaim in the face of Hellas that you are a Sophist or teacher of virtue and education, and are the first who demanded pay in return. 349

How then can I do otherwise than invite you to the examination of these subjects, and ask questions and take advice of you? Indeed, I must. And I should like once more to have my memory refreshed by you about the questions which I was asking you at first, and also to have your help in considering them. If I am not mistaken the question was this: Are wisdom and temperance and courage and

¹ Il. x. 224.

justice and holiness five names of the same thing? or has each of the names a separate underlying essence and corresponding thing having a proper function, no one of them being like any other of them? And you said that the five names were not the names of the same thing, but that each of them had a separate object, and that all of them were parts of virtue, not in the same way that the parts of gold are like each other and the whole of which they are parts, but as the parts of the face are unlike the whole of which they are parts and one another, and have each of them a distinct function. I should like to know whether this is still your opinion; or if not, I will ask you to define your meaning, as I shall not take you to task if you now make a different statement. For I dare say that you may have said what you did only in order to make trial of me.

I answer, Socrates, he said, that all these qualities are parts of virtue, and that four out of the five are to some extent similar, and that the fifth of them, which is courage, is very different from the other four, as I prove in this way: You may observe that many men are utterly unrighteous, unholy, intemperate, ignorant, who are nevertheless remarkable for their courage.

Stop, I said; that requires consideration. When you speak of brave men, do you mean the confident, or another sort of nature?

Yes, he said; I mean the impetuous, ready to go at that which others are afraid to approach.

In the next place, you would affirm virtue to be a good thing, of which good thing you assert yourself to be a teacher.

Yes, he said; I should say the best of all things, as I am a sane man.

And is it partly good and partly bad, I said, or wholly good? Wholly good, and that in the highest degree.

Tell me then; who are they who have confidence in
 350 diving into a well?

I should say, the divers.

And the reason of this is that they have knowledge?

Yes, that is the reason.

And who have confidence in fighting on horseback — the skilled horsemen or the unskilled?

The skilled.

And who in fighting with light shields — the peltasts or the non-peltasts ?

The peltasts. And that is true of all other things, he said, if that is your point: those who have knowledge are more confident than those who have no knowledge, and they are more confident after they have learned than before.

And have you not seen persons utterly ignorant, I said, of these things, and yet confident about them ?

Yes, he said, I have seen persons very confident.

And are not these confident persons always courageous ?

In that case, he replied, courage would be a base thing, for the men of whom we are speaking are surely madmen.

Then who are the courageous ? Are they not the confident ?

Yes, he said ; and I still maintain that.

And those, I said, who are thus confident without knowledge are really not courageous, but mad ; and in that case the wisest are also the most confident, and being the most confident are also the bravest, and upon that view again wisdom will be courage.

Nay, Socrates, he replied, you are mistaken in your remembrance of what was said by me. When you asked me, I certainly did say that the courageous are the confident ; but I was not asked whether the confident are the courageous ; for if you had asked me that, I should have answered " Not all of them " : and what I did answer you have not disproved, although you proceed to show that those who have knowledge are more courageous than they were before they had knowledge, and more courageous than others who have no knowledge ; and this makes you think that courage is the same as wisdom. But in this way of arguing you might come to imagine that strength is wisdom. You might begin by asking whether the strong are able, and I should say " Yes " : and then whether those who know how to wrestle are not more able to wrestle than those who do not know how to wrestle, and more able after than before they had learned, and I should assent. And when I had admitted this, you might use my admissions in such a way as to prove that upon my view wisdom is strength ; whereas in that case I should not have admitted, any more than in the other, that the able are strong,

although I have admitted that the strong are able. For there
351 is a difference between ability and strength; the former
is given by knowledge as well as by madness or rage, but
strength comes from nature and a healthy state of the body.
And in like manner I say of confidence and courage, that they
are not the same; and I argue that the courageous are confi-
dent, but not all the confident courageous. For confidence
may be given to men by art, and also, like ability, by anger
and madness; but courage comes to them from nature and the
healthy state of the soul.

I said: You would admit, Protagoras, that some men live
well and others ill?

He agreed to this.

And do you think that a man lives well who lives in pain
and grief?

He does not.

But if he lives pleasantly to the end of his life, don't you
think that in that case he will have lived well?

I do.

Then to live pleasantly is a good, and to live unpleasantly
an evil?

Yes, he said, if the pleasure be good and honorable.

And do you, Protagoras, like the rest of the world, call
some pleasant things evil and some painful things good?
—for I am rather disposed to say that things are good
in as far as they are pleasant, if they have no consequences
of another sort, and in as far as they are painful they are
bad.

I do not know, Socrates, he said, whether I can venture
to assert in that unqualified manner that the pleasant is
the good and the painful the evil. Having regard not
only to my present answer, but also to the rest of my life,
I shall be safer, if I am not mistaken, in saying that there
are some pleasant things which are not good, and that there
are some painful things which are good, and some which are
not good, and that there are some which are neither good nor
evil.

And you would call pleasant, I said, the things which partici-
pate in pleasure or create pleasure?

Certainly, he said.

Then my meaning is, that in as far as they are pleasant they are good; and my question would imply that pleasure is a good in itself.

According to your favorite mode of speech, Socrates, let us inquire about this, he said; and if the result of the inquiry is to show that pleasure and good are really the same, then we will agree; but if not, then we will argue.

And would you wish to begin the inquiry? I said; or shall I begin?

You ought to take the lead, he said; for you are the author of the discussion.

May I use this as an illustration? I said. Suppose 352
some one who is inquiring into the health or some other bodily quality of another: he looks at his face and at the tips of his fingers, and then he says, Uncover your chest and back to me, that I may have a better view: that is the sort of thing which I desire in this speculation. Having seen what your opinion is about good and pleasure, I am minded to say to you: Uncover your mind to me, Protagoras, and reveal your opinion about knowledge, that I may know whether you agree with the rest of the world. Now the rest of the world are of opinion that knowledge is a principle not of strength, or of rule, or of command: their notion is that a man may have knowledge, and yet that the knowledge which is in him may be overmastered by anger, or pleasure, or pain, or love, or perhaps fear,—just as if knowledge were a slave, and might be dragged about anyhow. Now is that your view? or do you think that knowledge is a noble and commanding thing, which cannot be overcome, and will not allow a man, if he only knows the difference of good and evil, to do anything which is contrary to knowledge, but that wisdom will have strength to help him?

I agree with you, Socrates, said Protagoras; and not only that, but I above all other men am bound to say that wisdom and knowledge are the highest of human things.

Good, I said, and true. But are you aware that the majority of the world are of another mind; and that men are commonly supposed to know the things which are best, and not to do them when they might? And most persons of whom I have asked the reason of this have said that those who did

thus were overcome by pain, or pleasure, or some of those affections which I was just now mentioning.

Yes, Socrates, he replied; and that is not the only point about which mankind are in error.

Suppose, then, that you and I endeavor to instruct and inform them what is the nature of this affection, which is
353 called by them being overcome by pleasure, and which, as they declare, is the reason why they know the better and choose the worse. When we say to them: Friends, you are mistaken, and are saying what is not true, they would reply: Socrates and Protagoras, if this affection of the soul is not to be described as being overcome by pleasure, what is it, and how do you call it? Tell us that.

But why, Socrates, should we trouble ourselves about the opinion of the many, who just say anything that happens to occur to them?

I think, I replied, that their opinion may help us to discover the nature and relation of courage to the other parts of virtue. If you are disposed to abide by our recent agreement, that I should lead in the way in which I think that we shall find the truth best, do you follow; but if you are disinclined, never mind.

You are quite right, he said; and I would have you proceed as you have begun.

Well then, I said, let me suppose that they repeat their question, What account do you give of that which, in our language, is termed being overcome by pleasure? I should answer them thus: Listen, and Protagoras and I will endeavor to show you. When men are overcome by eating and drinking and other sensual desires which are pleasant, and they, knowing them to be evil, nevertheless indulge in them, is not that what you would call being overcome by pleasure? That they will admit. And suppose that you and I were to go on and ask them again: In what way do you say that they are evil,—in that they are pleasant and give pleasure at the moment, or because they cause disease and poverty and other like evils in the future? Would they still be evil, if they had no attendant evil consequences, simply because they give the consciousness of pleasure of whatever nature? Would they not answer that they are not evil on account of

the pleasure which is immediately given by them, but on account of the after consequences — diseases and the like?

I believe, said Protagoras, that the world in general would give that answer.

And in causing diseases do they not cause pain? and in causing poverty do they not cause pain; they would agree to that also, if I am not mistaken?

Protagoras assented.

Then I should say to them, in my name and yours: Do you think them evil for any other reason, except that they end in pain and rob us of other pleasures? — that again they would admit?

We both of us thought that they would.

And that I should take the question from the opposite point of view, and say: Friends, when you speak of goods being painful, do you mean remedial goods, such as gymnastic exercises and military services, and the physician's use of burning, cutting, drugging, and starving? Are these the things which are good but painful? — they would assent to that? 354

He agreed.

And do you call them good because they occasion the greatest immediate suffering and pain; or because, afterwards, they bring health and improvement of the bodily condition and the salvation of states and empires and wealth? — they would agree to that, if I am not mistaken?

He assented.

Are these things good for any other reason except that they end in pleasure, and get rid of and avert pain? Are you looking to any other standard but pleasure and pain when you call them good? — they would acknowledge that they were not?

I think that they would, said Protagoras.

And do you not pursue after pleasure as a good, and avoid pain as an evil?

He assented.

Then you think that pain is an evil and pleasure is a good: and even pleasure you deem an evil, when it robs you of greater pleasures than it gives, or causes greater pain than the pleasures which it has. If, however, you call pleasure an

evil in relation to some other end or standard, you will be able to show us that standard. But you have none to show.

I do not think that they have, said Protagoras.

And have you not a similar way of speaking about pain? You call pain a good when it takes away greater pains than those which it has, or gives pleasures greater than the pains; for I say that if you have some standard other than pleasure and pain to which you refer when you call actual pain a good, you can show what that is. But you cannot.

That is true, said Protagoras.

Suppose again, I said, that the world says to me: Why do you spend many words and speak in many ways on this subject? Excuse me, friends, I should reply; but in the first place there is a difficulty in explaining the meaning of the expression "overcome by pleasure"; and the whole argument turns upon this. And even now, if you see any
 355 possible way in which evil can be explained as other than pain, or good as other than pleasure, you may still retract. But I suppose that you are satisfied at having a life of pleasure which is without pain. And if you are satisfied, and if you are unable to show any good or evil which does not end in pleasure and pain, hear the consequences,— If this is true, then I say that the argument is absurd which affirms that a man often does evil knowingly, when he might abstain, because he is seduced and amazed by pleasure; or again, when you say that a man knowingly refuses to do what is good because he is overcome at the moment by pleasure. Now that this is ridiculous will be evident if only we give up the use of various names, such as pleasant and painful, and good and evil. As there are two things, let us call them by two names,—first, good and evil, and then pleasant and painful. Assuming this, let us go on to say that a man does evil knowing that he does evil. But some one will ask, Why? Because he is overcome, is the first answer. And by what is he overcome? the inquirer will proceed to ask. And we shall not be able to reply "By pleasure," for the name of pleasure has been exchanged for that of good. In our answer, then, we shall only say that he is overcome. "By what?" he will reiterate. By the good, we shall have to reply; indeed we shall. Nay, but our ques-

tioner will rejoin with a laugh, if he be one of the swaggering sort, That is too ridiculous, that a man should do what he knows to be evil when he ought not, because he is overcome by good. Is that, he will ask, because the good was worthy or not worthy of conquering the evil? And in answer to that we shall clearly reply, Because it was not worthy; for if it had been worthy, then he who, as we say, was overcome by pleasure, would not have been wrong. But how, he will reply, can the good be unworthy of the evil, or the evil of the good? Is not the real explanation that they are out of proportion to one another, either as greater and smaller, or more and fewer? This we cannot deny. And when you speak of being overcome, — what do you mean, he will say, but that you choose the greater evil in exchange for the lesser good? This being the case, let us now substitute the names of pleasure and pain, and say, not as before, that a man does what is evil knowingly, but that he does what is painful knowingly, and because he is overcome by pleasure, which is unworthy to overcome. And what ³⁵⁶ measure is there of the relations of pleasure to pain other than excess and defect, which means that they become greater and smaller, and more and fewer, and different in degree? For if any one says, "Yes, Socrates, but immediate pleasure differs widely from future pleasure and pain," — to that I should reply: And do they differ in any other way except by reason of pleasure and pain? There can be no other measure of them. And do you, like a skilful weigher, put into the balance the pleasures and the pains near and distant, and weigh them, and then say which outweighs the other. If you weigh pleasures against pleasures, you of course take the more and greater; or if you weigh pains against pains, you take the fewer and the less; or if pleasures against pains, then you choose that course of action in which the painful is exceeded by the pleasant, whether the distant by the near or the near by the distant; and you avoid that course of action in which the pleasant is exceeded by the painful. Would you not admit, my friends, that this is true? I am confident that they cannot deny this.

He agreed with me.

Well then, I shall say, if you admit that, be so good as to

answer me a question : Do not the same magnitudes appear larger to your sight when near, and smaller when at a distance ? They will acknowledge that. And the same holds of thickness and number ; also sounds, which are in themselves equal, are greater when near, and lesser when at a distance. They will grant that also. Now supposing that happiness consisted in making and taking large things, what would be the saving principle of human life ? Would the art of measuring be the saving principle, or would the power of appearance ? Is not the latter that deceiving art which makes us wander up and down and take the things at one time of which we repent at another, both in our actions and in our choice of things great and small ? But the art of measurement is that which would do away with the effect of appearances, and, showing the truth, would fain teach the soul at last to find rest in the truth, and would thus save our life. Would not mankind generally acknowledge that the art which accomplishes this is the art of measurement ?

Yes, he said, the art of measurement.

Suppose, again, the salvation of human life to depend on the choice of odd and even, and on the knowledge of when men ought to choose the greater or less, either in reference to themselves or to each other, whether near or at a distance ;
 357 what would be the saving principle of our lives ? Would not knowledge ? — a knowledge of measuring, when the question is one of excess and defect, and a knowledge of number, when the question is of odd and even ? The world will acknowledge that, will they not ?

Protagoras admitted that they would.

Well then, I say to them, my friends, seeing that the salvation of human life has been found to consist in the right choice of pleasures and pains, — in the choice of the more and the fewer and the greater and the less, and the nearer and remoter, must not this measuring be a consideration of excess and defect and equality in relation to each other ?

That is undeniably true.

And this, as possessing measure, must undeniably also be an art and science ?

They will agree to that.

The nature of that art or science will be a matter of future

consideration; the demonstration of the existence of such a science is a sufficient answer to the question which you asked of me and Protagoras. At the time when you asked the question, if you remember, both of us were agreeing that there was nothing mightier than knowledge, and that knowledge, in whatever existing, must have the advantage over pleasure and all other things; and then you said that pleasure often got the advantage even over a man who has knowledge; and we refused to allow this, and you said: O Protagoras and Socrates, if this state is not to be called being overcome by pleasure, tell us what it is; what would you call it? If we had immediately and at the time answered "Ignorance," you would have laughed at us. But now, in laughing at us, you will be laughing at yourselves: for you also admitted that men err in their choice of pleasures and pains; that is, in their choice of good and evil, from defect of knowledge; and you admitted further that they err, not only from defect of knowledge in general, but of that particular knowledge which is called measuring. And you are also aware that the erring act which is done without knowledge is done in ignorance. This, therefore, is the meaning of being overcome by pleasure, — ignorance, and that the greatest. And our friends Protagoras and Prodicus and Hippias declare that they are the physicians of ignorance; but you, who are under the mistaken impression that ignorance is not the cause, neither go yourselves, nor send your children, to the Sophists, who are the teachers of these things — you take care of your money and give them none; and the result is that you are the worse off both in public and private life: let us suppose this to be our answer to the world in general. But I would like now to ask you, Hippias, and you, Prodicus, as well as Protagoras (for the argument is to be yours as well as ours), whether you think that I am speaking the truth or not? 358

They all thought that what I said was entirely true.

Then you agree, I said, that the pleasant is the good, and the painful evil. And here I would beg my friend Prodicus not to introduce his distinction of names, whether he is disposed to say pleasurable, delightful, joyful. However and in whatever way he rejoices to name them, I will ask you, most excellent Prodicus, to answer this in my sense.

Prodicus laughed and assented, as did the others.

Then, my friends, I said, what do you say to this? Are not all actions, the tendency of which is to make life painless and pleasant, honorable and useful? The honorable work is also useful and good?

This was admitted.

Then, I said, if the pleasant is the good, nobody does anything under the idea or conviction that some other thing would be better and is also attainable, when he might do the better. And this inferiority of a man to himself is merely ignorance, as the superiority of a man to himself is wisdom.

They all assented.

And is not ignorance the having a false opinion and being deceived about important matters?

To that they also unanimously assented.

Then, I said, no man voluntarily pursues evil, or that which he thinks to be evil. To prefer evil to good is not in human nature; and when a man is compelled to choose one of two evils, no one will choose the greater when he might have the less.

All of us agreed to every word of this.

Well, I said, there is a certain thing called fear or terror, and here, Prodicus, I should particularly like to know whether you would agree with me in defining this fear or terror as expectation of evil.

Protagoras and Hippias agreed, but Prodicus said that this was fear and not terror.

Never mind about that, Prodicus, I said; but let me ask whether, if our former assertions are true, a man will pursue that which he fears when he need not? Would not this be in contradiction to the admission which has been already made, that he thinks the things which he fears to be evil; and no one will pursue or voluntarily accept that which he thinks to be evil.

That also was universally admitted.

359 Then, I said, these, Hippias and Prodicus, are our premises; and I would beg Protagoras to explain to us how he can be right in what he said at first. I do not mean in what he said quite at first, for his first statement, as you may remember, was that whereas there were five parts of virtue none of

them was like any other of them ; each of them had a separate function. To this, however, I am not referring, but to the assertion which he afterwards made that of the five virtues four were nearly akin to each other, but that the fifth, which was courage, differed greatly from the others. And of this he gave me the following proof. He said : You will find, Socrates, that some of the most impious, and unrighteous, and intemperate, and ignorant of men are among the most courageous ; and that is a proof that courage is very different from the other parts of virtue. I was surprised at his saying this at the time, and I am still more surprised now that I have discussed the matter with you. So I asked him whether by the brave he meant the confident. Yes, he replied, and the impetuous or goers. (You may remember, Protagoras, that this was your answer.)

He acknowledged the truth of this.

Well then, I said, tell us against what are the courageous ready to go — against the same as the cowards ?

No, he answered.

Then against something different ?

Yes, he said.

Then do cowards go where there is safety, and the courageous where there is danger ?

Yes, Socrates, that is what men say.

That is true, I said. But I want to know against what the courageous are ready to go — against dangers, believing them to be dangers, or not against dangers ?

No, said he ; that has been proved by you in the previous argument to be impossible.

That, again, I replied, is quite true. And if this had been rightly proven, then no one goes to meet what he thinks to be dangers, since the want of self-control, which makes men rush into dangers, has been shown to be ignorance.

He assented.

And yet the courageous man and the coward alike go to meet that about which they are confident ; so that, in this point of view, the cowardly and the courageous go to meet the same things.

And yet, Socrates, said Protagoras, that to which the coward goes is the opposite of that to which the courageous goes ;

the one, for example, are ready to go to battle, and the others are not ready.

And is going to battle honorable or disgraceful? I said.

Honorable, he replied.

And if honorable, then already admitted by us to be good; for all honorable actions we have admitted to be good.

That is true; and to that opinion I shall always adhere.

360 True, I said. But which of the two are they who, as you say, are unwilling to go to war, which is a good and honorable thing?

The cowards, he replied.

And yet, I said, that which is good and honorable is also pleasant?

That, he said, was certainly admitted.

And do the cowards knowingly refuse to go to the nobler, and pleasanter, and better?

The admission of that, he replied, would belie our former admissions.

But does not the courageous man also go to meet the better, and pleasanter, and nobler?

That must be admitted.

And the courageous man has no base fear or base confidence?

True, he replied.

And if not base, then honorable?

He admitted this.

And if honorable, then good?

Yes.

But the fear and confidence of the coward or foolhardy or madman, on the contrary, are base?

He assented.

And these base fears and confidences originate in ignorance and uninstructedness?

True, he said.

Then as to the motive from which the cowards act, do you call that cowardice or courage?

I should say cowardice, he replied.

And have they not been shown to be cowards through their ignorance of dangers?

Assuredly, he said.

And because of that ignorance they are cowards?

He assented.

And the reason why they are cowards is admitted by you to be cowardice?

He assented.

Then the ignorance of what is and is not dangerous is cowardice?

He nodded assent.

But surely courage, I said, is opposed to cowardice?

Yes.

And the wisdom which knows what are and are not dangers is opposed to the ignorance of them?

To that again he nodded assent.

And the ignorance of them is cowardice?

To that he very reluctantly nodded assent.

And the knowledge of that which is and is not dangerous is courage, and is opposed to the ignorance of these things?

At this point he would no longer nod assent, but was silent.

And why, I said, do you neither assent nor dissent, Protagoras?

Finish the argument by yourself, he said.

I only want to ask one more question, I said. I want to know whether you still think that there are men who are most ignorant and yet most courageous?

You seem to have a great ambition to make me answer, Socrates, and therefore I will gratify you, and say that this appears to me to be impossible consistently with the argument.

My only object, I said, in continuing the discussion, has been the desire to ascertain the relations of virtue and the essential nature of virtue; for if this were clear, I am very
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 sure that the other controversy which has been carried on at great length by both of us — you affirming and I denying that virtue can be taught — would also have become clear. The result of our discussion appears to me to be singular. For if the argument had a human voice, that voice would be heard laughing at us and saying: Protagoras and Socrates, you are strange beings; there are you who were saying that virtue cannot be taught, contradicting yourself now in the

attempt to show that all things are knowledge, including justice, and temperance, and courage, — which tends to show that virtue can certainly be taught; for if virtue were other than knowledge, as Protagoras attempted to show, then clearly virtue cannot be taught; but if virtue is entirely knowledge, as you, Socrates, are seeking to show, then I cannot but suppose that virtue is capable of being taught. Protagoras, on the other hand, who started by saying that it might be taught, is now eager to show that it is anything rather than knowledge; and if this is true, it must be quite incapable of being taught. Now I, Protagoras, perceiving this terrible confusion of ideas, have a great desire that they should be cleared up. And I should like to carry on the discussion until we ascertain what virtue is, and whether capable of being taught or not, lest haply Epimetheus should trip us up and deceive us in the argument, as he forgot to provide for us in the story; and I prefer your Prometheus to your Epimetheus: of him I make use whenever I am busy about these questions in Promethean care of my own life. And if you have no objection, as I said at first, I should like to have your help in the inquiry.

Protagoras replied: Socrates, I am not of a base nature, and I am the last man in the world to be envious. I cannot but applaud your enthusiasm in the conduct of an argument. As I have often said, I admire you above all men whom I know, certainly above all men of your age; and I believe that you will become very eminent in philosophy. Let us come back to the subject at some future time; at present we had better turn to something else.

By all means, I said, if that is your wish; for I too ought long since to have kept the engagement of which I spoke before, and only tarried because I could not refuse the request of the noble Callias. This finished the conversation, and we went our way.

INTRODUCTION TO EUTHYDEMUS

THE "Euthydemus" is, of all the dialogues of Plato, that in which he approaches most nearly to the comic poet. The mirth is broader, the irony more sustained, the contrast between Socrates and the two Sophists, although veiled, penetrates deeper than in any other of his writings. Even Thrasymachus, in the "Republic," is at last pacified, and becomes a friendly and interested auditor of the great discourse. But in the "Euthydemus" the mask is never dropped; the accustomed irony of Socrates continues to the end.

Socrates narrates to Crito a remarkable scene in which he has himself taken part, and in which the two brothers, Dionysodorus and Euthydemus are the chief performers. They are natives of Chios, who have been exiled from Thurii, and in former days had appeared at Athens as teachers of rhetoric and of the art of fighting in armor. To this they have now added a new fighting accomplishment—the art of Eristic, or fighting with words, which they are likewise willing to teach "for a consideration." But they can also teach virtue in a very short time and in the very best manner. Socrates, who is always on the lookout for teachers of virtue, is interested in the youth Cleinias, the grandson of the great Alcibiades, and is desirous that he should have the benefit of their instructions. He is quite ready to fall down and worship them, although the greatness of their professions does arouse in his mind a temporary incredulity.

A circle gathers round them, in the midst of which are Socrates, the two brothers, the youth Cleinias, who is watched by the eager eyes of his lover Ctesippus, and others. The performance begins; and such a performance as might well seem to require an invocation of Memory and the Muses. It is agreed that the brothers shall question Cleinias. "Cleinias," says Euthydemus, "who learn, the wise or the unwise?" "The wise," is the reply, given with blushing and hesitation. "And yet when you learned you did not know and were not wise." Then Dionysodorus takes up the ball: "Who are they who learn dictation of the grammar master; the wise boys or the

foolish boys?" "The wise." "Then after all the wise learn." "And do they learn," said Euthydemus, "what they know or what they do not know?" "The latter." "And dictation is a dictation of letters?" "Yes." "And you know letters?" "Yes." "Then you learn what you know." "But," retorts Dionysodorus, "is not learning acquiring knowledge?" "Yes." "And you acquire that which you have not got already." "Then you learn that which you do not know."

Socrates is afraid that the youth Cleinias may be discouraged at these repeated overthrows. He therefore explains to him the nature of the process to which he is being subjected. The two strangers are not serious; there are jests at the mysteries which precede the enthronement, and he is being initiated into the mysteries of the sophistical ritual. This is all a sort of horse-play, which is now ended. The exhortation to virtue will follow, and Socrates himself (if the wise men will not laugh at him) is desirous of carrying on such an exhortation, by way of example to them, according to his own poor notion. He proceeds to question Cleinias. The result of the investigation may be summed up as follows:—

All men desire good; and good means the possession of goods, such as wealth, health, beauty, birth, power, honor, not forgetting the virtues and wisdom. And yet in this enumeration the greatest good of all is omitted. What is that? Good fortune. But what need is there of good fortune when we have wisdom already: in every art and business are not the wise also the fortunate? This is admitted. And again, the possession of goods is not enough; there must be a right use of them as well, and this can only be given by knowledge: in themselves they are neither good nor evil, but knowledge and wisdom are the only good, and ignorance and folly the only evil. The conclusion is that we must get "wisdom." But can wisdom be taught? "Yes," says Cleinias. Socrates is delighted at the ingenuousness of the youth relieving him from the necessity of discussing one of his great puzzles. "As wisdom is the only good, he must become a philosopher, or lover of wisdom." "That I will," says Cleinias.

After Socrates has given this specimen of his own mode of instruction, the two brothers recommence their exhortation to virtue, which is of quite another sort.

"You want Cleinias to be wise?" "Yes." "And he is not wise yet?" "No." "Then you want him to be what he is not, and not to be what he is?—not to be—that is, to perish. Pretty lovers and friends you must all be!"

Here Ctesippus, the lover of Cleinias, interposes in great excitement, thinking that he will teach the two Sophists a lesson of good manners. But he is quickly entangled in the meshes of their sophistry ; and as a storm seems to be gathering Socrates pacifies him with a joke, and Ctesippus then says that he is not reviling the two Sophists, he is only contradicting them. "But," says Dionysodorus, "there is no such thing as contradiction. When you and I describe the same thing, or you describe one thing and I describe another, how is there any contradiction in that?" Ctesippus is unable to reply.

Socrates has already heard of the denial of contradiction, and would like to be informed by the great master of the art, "What is the meaning of this?" Do they mean that there is no such thing as error, ignorance, falsehood? Then what are they professing to teach? The two Sophists complain that Socrates is ready to answer what they said a year ago, but is "nonplused" at what they are saying now. "What does the word 'nonplused' mean?" Socrates is informed in reply that words are lifeless things, and lifeless things have no sense or meaning. Ctesippus again breaks out, and again has to be pacified by Socrates, who renews the conversation with Cleinias. The two Sophists are like Proteus in the variety of their transformations, and he, like Menelaus, hopes to restore them to their natural form.

He had arrived at the conclusion that philosophy must be studied. And philosophy is the possession of knowledge ; and knowledge must be of a kind which is profitable, and in which knowledge and use coincide. What knowledge is there which is of such a nature? Not the knowledge which is required in any particular art, nor again the art of the composer of speeches, who knows how to write them but cannot speak them, although he too must be admitted to be a kind of enchanter of wild animals. Neither is the knowledge for which we are searching the knowledge of the general. For the general makes over his prey to the statesman, as the huntsman does to the cook, or the taker of quails to the keeper of quails ; he has not the use of that which he acquires. The two inquirers, Cleinias and Socrates, are described as wandering about in a wilderness, vainly searching after the art of life and happiness. At last they fix upon the kingly art, as having the desired sort of knowledge. But the kingly art only gives men those goods which are neither good nor evil : and if we say further that it makes us wise, in what does it make us wise? Not in special arts, such as cobbling or carpentering, but only in itself : or say again that it makes us good, there is no

answer to the question, "Good in what?" At length in despair Cleinias and Socrates turn to the "Dioscuri" and request their aid.

Euthydemus argues that Socrates knows something; and as he cannot know and not know, he cannot know some things and not know others, and therefore he knows all things: he and Dionysodorus and all other men know all things. "Do they know shoemaking, etc.?" "Yes." The skeptical Ctesippus would like to have some evidence of this extraordinary statement: he will believe if Euthydemus will tell him how many stumps of teeth Dionysodorus has, and if Dionysodorus will give him a like piece of information about Euthydemus. Even Socrates is incredulous, and indulges in a little raillery at the expense of the brothers. But he restrains himself, remembering that if the men who are to be his teachers think him stupid they will take no pains with him. Another fallacy is produced which turns on the absoluteness of the verb "to know." And here Euthydemus is caught "napping," and is induced by Socrates to confess that "he does not know the good to be unjust." Socrates recommends him to call his brother Dionysodorus to his assistance, as Heracles called his nephew Iolaus. Dionysodorus rejoins that Iolaus was no more the nephew of Heracles than of Socrates. For a nephew is a nephew, and a brother is a brother, and a father is a father, not of one man only, but of all; nor of men only, but of dogs and sea-monsters. Ctesippus makes merry with the consequences which follow: "Much good has your father got out of the wisdom of his puppies."

But, says Euthydemus, unabashed, "Nobody wants much good." Medicine is a good, arms are a good, money is a good, and yet there may be too much of them in wrong places. "No," says Ctesippus, "there cannot be too much gold." "And would you be happy if you had three talents of gold in your belly, a talent in your pate, and a stater in either eye?" Ctesippus, imitating the new wisdom, replies, "And do not the Scythians reckon those to be the happiest of men who have their skulls gilded and see the inside of them?" "Do you see," retorts Euthydemus, "what has the quality of vision or what has not the quality of vision?" "What has the quality of vision." "And you see our garments?" "Yes." "Then our garments have the quality of vision." A similar play of words follows, which is successfully retorted by Ctesippus, to the great delight of Cleinias, who is rebuked by Socrates for laughing at such solemn and beautiful things.

"But are there any beautiful things? And if there are such, are they the same or not the same as absolute beauty?" Socrates replies that they are not the same, but each of them has some beauty present with it. "And are you an ox because you have an ox present with you?" After a few more similar amphiboliae, in which Socrates, like Ctesippus, in self-defense borrows the weapons of the brothers, they both confess that the two heroes are invincible; and the scene concludes with a grand chorus of shouting and laughing, and a panegyrical oration from Socrates.

First, he praises the indifference of Dionysodorus and Euthydemus to public opinion; for most persons would rather be refuted by such arguments than use them in the refutation of others. Secondly, he remarks upon their impartiality; for they stop their own mouths, as well as those of other people. Thirdly, he notes their liberality, which makes them give away their secret to all the world: they should be more reserved, and let no one be present at this exhibition who does not pay them money; or better still they might practise on one another only. He concludes with a respectful request that they will take him and Cleinias as their disciples.

Crito tells Socrates that he has heard one of the audience criticize severely this wisdom — not sparing Socrates himself for countenancing such an exhibition. Socrates asks what manner of man was this censorious critic. "Not an orator, but a great composer of speeches." Socrates understands that he is an amphibious sort of animal, half philosopher, half politician; one of a class who have the highest opinion of themselves and a spite against philosophers, whom they imagine to be their rivals. They are a class who are very likely to get mauled by Euthydemus and his friends, and have a great notion of their own wisdom; for they imagine themselves to have all the advantages and none of the drawbacks both of politics and of philosophy. They do not understand the principles of combination, and hence are ignorant that the union of two good things which have different ends produces a compound inferior to either of them taken separately.

Crito is anxious about the education of his children, one of whom is growing up. The description of Dionysodorus and Euthydemus suggests to him the reflection that the professors of education are strange beings. Socrates consoles him with the remark that the good in all professions are few, and recommends that "he and his house" should continue to serve philosophy, and not mind about its professors.

There is a stage in the history of philosophy in which the old is dying out and the new has not yet come into full life. Great philosophies like the Eleatic or Heraclitean, which have enlarged the boundaries of the human mind, begin to pass away in words. They subsist only as forms which have rooted themselves in language — as troublesome elements of thought which cannot be either used or explained away. The same absoluteness which was once attributed to abstractions is now attached to the words which are the signs of them. The philosophy which in the first and second generation was a great and inspiring effort of reflection, in the third becomes sophistical, verbal, eristic.

It is this stage of philosophy which Plato satirizes in the "Euthydemus." The fallacies which are noted by him appear trifling to us now, but they were not trifling in the age before logic, in the decline of the earlier Greek philosophies, at a time when language was first beginning to perplex human thought. Besides, he is caricaturing them; they probably received more subtle forms at the hands of those who seriously maintained them. They are patent to us in Plato, and we are inclined to wonder how any one could ever have been deceived by them; but we must remember also that there was a time when the human mind was only with great difficulty disentangled from such fallacies.

To appreciate fully the drift of the "Euthydemus," we should imagine a mental state in which not individuals only, but whole schools during more than one generation, were animated by the desire to exclude the conception of rest, and therefore the very word "thus" from language; in which the ideas of space, time, matter, motion, were proved to be contradictory and imaginary; in which the nature of qualitative change was a puzzle, and even differences of degree, when applied to abstract notions, were not understood; in which contradiction itself was denied; in which, on the one hand, it was affirmed that every predicate was true of every subject, and on the other hand that no predicate was true of any subject, and that nothing was, or was known, or could be spoken. Let us imagine disputes carried on with religious earnestness and more than scholastic subtlety, in which the catchwords of philosophy are completely detached from their context. To such disputes the humor, whether of Plato in the ancient or of Pope and Swift in the modern world, is the natural enemy. Nor must we forget that in modern times also there is no fallacy so gross, no trick of language so transparent, no abstraction so barren and unmeaning, no form of thought so con-

tradictory to experience, which has not been found to satisfy the minds of philosophical inquirers at a certain stage, or when regarded from a certain point of view only. The peculiarity of the fallacies of our own age is that we live within them, and are therefore generally unconscious of them.

Aristotle has analyzed several of the same fallacies in his book "*De Sophisticis Elenchis*," which Plato, with equal command of their true nature, has preferred to bring to the test of ridicule. At first we are only struck with the broad humor of this "*reductio ad absurdum*": gradually we perceive that some important questions begin to emerge. Here, as everywhere else, Plato is making war against the philosophers who put words in the place of things, who tear arguments to tatters, who deny predication, and thus make knowledge impossible. Two great truths seem to be indirectly taught through these fallacies: (1) The uncertainty of language, which allows the same words to be used in different meanings, or with different degrees of meaning; (2) The necessary limitation or relative nature of all phenomena. Plato is aware that his own doctrine of ideas (301 A), as well as the Eleatic Being and Not-being, alike admit of being regarded as verbal fallacies (284 A, B).

Contrasted with the exhibition of the Sophists are the two discourses of Socrates in several respects: (1) In their perfect relevancy to the subject of discussion, whereas the sophistical discourses are wholly irrelevant; (2) In their inquiring, sympathetic tone, which encourages the youth, instead of "knocking him down," after the manner of the two Sophists; (3) In the absence of any definite conclusion—for while Socrates and the youth are agreed that philosophy is to be studied, they are not able to arrive at any certain result about the art which is to teach it. This is a question which will hereafter be answered in the "*Republic*" and the "*Politicus*."

The characters of the dialogue are easily intelligible. There is Socrates once more in the character of an old man; and his equal in years, Crito, the father of Critobulus, like Lysimachus in the "*Laches*," his fellow demesman (Apol. 33 D), to whom the scene is narrated, and who once or twice interrupts with a remark after the manner of the interlocutor in the "*Phædo*," and adds his commentary at the end; Socrates makes a playful allusion to his money-getting habits. There is the youth Cleinias, the grandson of Alcibiades, who may be compared with Lysis, Charmides, Menexenus, and other ingenuous youths out of whose mouths Socrates draws his own lessons, and to whom he always seems to stand in a kindly and sympa-

thetic relation. Crito will not believe that Socrates has not improved or perhaps invented the answers of Cleinias. The name of the grandson of Alcibiades, who is described as long dead, τοῦ παλαιοῦ, and who died at the age of forty-four, in the year 404 B.C., suggests not only that the intended scene of the dialogue could not have been earlier than 404, but that as a fact this dialogue, which is probably one of the earliest of the Platonic writings, could not have been composed before 390 at the soonest, and probably even later. Ctesippus, who is the lover of Cleinias, has already been introduced to us in the "Lysis," and seems there too to deserve the character which is here given him, of a somewhat uproarious young man. But the chief study of all is the picture of the two brothers, who are unapproached in their effrontery, equally careless of what they say to others and of what is said to them, and never at a loss. They are "Arcades ambo et cantare pares et respondere parati." Some superior degree of wit or subtlety is attributed, however, to Euthydemus, who continues the conversation when Dionysodorus has been put to silence.

The epilogue or conclusion of the dialogue has been criticized as inconsistent with the general scheme. Such a criticism is like similar criticisms on Shakespeare, and proceeds upon a narrow notion of the variety which the dialogue, like the drama, seems to admit. Plato in the abundance of his dramatic power has chosen to write a play upon a play, just as he often gives us an argument within an argument. At the same time he takes the opportunity of assailing another class of persons who are as alien from the spirit of philosophy as Euthydemus and Dionysodorus. The Eclectic, the Syncretist, the Doctrinaire, have been apt to have a bad name both in ancient and modern times. The persons whom Plato ridicules in the epilogue to the "Euthydemus" are of this class. They occupy a border ground between philosophy and politics; they are free from the dangers of politics, and at the same time use philosophy as a means of serving their own interests. Plato quaintly describes them as making two good things, philosophy and politics, a little worse by perverting the objects of both.

Education is the common subject of all Plato's earlier dialogues. The concluding remark of Crito, that he has a difficulty in educating his two sons, and the advice of Socrates to him that he should not give up philosophy because he has no faith in philosophers, seem to be a preparation for the more peremptory declaration that "Virtue cannot be taught because there are no teachers."

EUTHYDEMUS

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES, *who is the narrator
of the dialogue*
CRITO

CLEINIAS

EUTHYDEMUS
DIONYSODORUS
CTESIPPUS

SCENE:—The Lyceum

Crito.

WHO was the person, Socrates, with whom ^{Stephen} you were talking yesterday at the Lyceum? ²⁷¹
There was such a crowd around you that I could not get within hearing, but I caught sight of him over their heads, and I made out, as I thought, that he was a stranger with whom you were talking: who was he?

Socrates. There were two, Crito; which of them do you mean?

Cri. The one who was seated second from you on the right-hand side. In the middle was Cleinias, the young son of Axiochus, who has wonderfully grown; he is only about the age of my own Critobulus, but he is much forwarder and very good-looking: the other is thin and looks younger than he is.

Soc. He whom you mean, Crito, is Euthydemus; and on my left hand there was his brother Dionysodorus, who also took part in the conversation.

Cri. Neither of them are known to me, Socrates; they are a new importation of Sophists, as I should imagine. Of what country are they, and what is their line of wisdom?

Soc. As to their origin, I believe that they are natives of this part of the world, and have migrated from Chios to Thurii; they were driven out of Thurii, and have been living for many years past in this region. As to their wisdom, about which

you ask, Crito, they are wonderful — consummate! I never knew what the true pancratiast was before; they are simply made up of fighting, not like the two Acarnanian brothers who fight with their bodies only, but this pair are perfect in the use of their bodies and have a universal mode of fighting (for they are capital at fighting in armor, and will teach ²⁷² the art to any one who pays them): and also they are masters of legal fence, and are ready to do battle in the courts; they will give lessons in speaking and pleading, and in writing speeches. And this was only the beginning of their wisdom, but they have at last carried out the pancratiastic art to the very end, and have mastered the only mode of fighting which had been hitherto neglected by them; and now no one dares look at them; such is their skill in the war of words, that they can refute any proposition, whether true or false. Now I am thinking, Crito, of putting myself in their hands; for they say that in a short time they can impart their skill to any one.

Cri. But, Socrates, are you not too old? there may be reason to fear that.

Soc. Certainly not, Crito; as I will prove to you, for I have the consolation of knowing that they began this art of disputation which I covet, quite, as I may say, in old age; last year, or the year before, they had none of their new wisdom. I am only apprehensive that I may bring the two strangers into disrepute, as I have done Connus the son of Metrobius, the harp-player, who is still my music-master; for when the boys who also go to him see me going, they laugh at me and call him grandpapa's master. Now I should not like the strangers to experience this sort of treatment, and perhaps they may be afraid and not like to receive me because of this; and therefore, Crito, I shall try and persuade some old men to go along with me to them, as I persuaded them to go to Connus, and I hope that you will make one; and perhaps we had better take your sons as a bait; they will want to have them, and will be willing to receive us as pupils for the sake of them.

Cri. I see no objection, Socrates, if you like; but first I wish that you would give me a description of their wisdom, that I may know beforehand what we are going to learn.

Soc. I will tell you at once; for I cannot say that I did not attend: the fact was that I paid great attention to them, and I remember and will endeavor to tell you the whole story. I was providentially sitting alone in the dressing-room of the Lyceum in which you saw me, and was about to depart, when as I was getting up I recognized the familiar divine sign: so I sat down again, and in a little while the two ²⁷³ brothers Euthydemus and Dionysodorus came in, and several others with them, whom I believe to be their disciples, and they walked about in the covered space; they had not taken more than two or three turns when Cleinias entered, who, as you truly say, is very much improved: he was followed by a host of lovers, one of whom was Ctesippus the Pæanian, a well-bred youth, but also having the wildness of youth. Cleinias saw me from the entrance as I was sitting alone, and at once came and sat down on the right hand of me, as you describe; and Dionysodorus and Euthydemus, when they saw him, at first stopped and talked with one another, now and then glancing at us, for I particularly watched them; and then Euthydemus came and sat down by the youth, and the other by me on the left hand; the rest anywhere. I saluted the brothers, whom I had not seen for a long time; and then I said to Cleinias: These two men, Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, Cleinias, are not in a small but in a large way of wisdom, for they know all about war, — all that a good general ought to know about the array and command of an army, and the whole art of fighting in armor: and they know about law too, and can teach a man how to use the weapons of the courts when he is injured.

They heard me say this, and I was despised by them; they looked at one another, and both of them laughed; and then Euthydemus said: Those, Socrates, are matters which we no longer pursue seriously; they are secondary occupations to us.

Indeed, I said, if such occupations are regarded by you as secondary, what must the principal one be; tell me, I beseech you, what that noble study is?

The teaching of virtue, Socrates, he replied, is our principal occupation; and we believe that we can impart it better and quicker than any man.

My God! I said, and where did you learn that? I always thought, as I was saying just now, that your chief accomplishment was the art of fighting in armor; and this was what I used to say of you, for I remember that this was professed by you when you were here before. But now if you really have the other knowledge, O forgive me: I address you as I would superior beings, and ask you to pardon the impiety of my former expressions. But are you quite sure about this, ²⁷⁴ Dionysodorus and Euthydemus? the promise is so vast that a feeling of incredulity will creep in.

You may take our word, Socrates, for the fact.

Then I think you happier in having such a treasure than the great king is in the possession of his kingdom. And please to tell me whether you intend to exhibit this wisdom, or what you will do.

That is why we are come hither, Socrates; and our purpose is not only to exhibit, but also to teach any one who likes to learn.

But I can promise you, I said, that every unvirtuous person will want to learn. I shall be the first; and there is the youth Cleinias, and Ctesippus: and here are several others, I said, pointing to the lovers of Cleinias, who were beginning to gather round us. Now Ctesippus was sitting at some distance from Cleinias; and when Euthydemus leaned forward in talking with me, he was prevented from seeing Cleinias, who was between us; and so, partly because he wanted to look at his love, and also because he was interested, he jumped up, and stood opposite to us: and all the other admirers of Cleinias, as well as the disciples of Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, followed his example. And these were the persons whom I showed to Euthydemus, telling him that they were all eager to learn: to which Ctesippus and all of them with one voice vehemently assented, and bade him exhibit the power of his wisdom. Then I said: O Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, I earnestly request you to do myself and the company the favor to exhibit. There may be some trouble in giving the whole exhibition; but tell me one thing,—can you make a good man only of him who is convinced that he ought to learn of you, or of him also who is not convinced? either because he imagines that virtue

is not a thing which can be taught at all, or that you two are not the teachers of it. Say whether your art is able to persuade such a one nevertheless that virtue can be taught; and that you are the men from whom he will be most likely to learn.

This is the art, Socrates, said Dionysodorus, and no other.

And you, Dionysodorus, I said, are the men who among those who are now living are the most likely to stimulate him to philosophy and the study of virtue?

Yes, Socrates, I rather think that we are.

Then I wish that you would be so good as to defer the 275
other part of the exhibition, and only try to persuade the youth whom you see here that he ought to be a philosopher and study virtue. Exhibit that, and you will confer a great favor on me and on every one present; for the fact is that I and all of us are extremely anxious that he should be truly good. His name is Cleinias, and he is the son of Axiochus, and grandson of the old Alcibiades, cousin of the Alcibiades that now is. He is quite young, and we are naturally afraid that some one may get the start of us, and turn his mind in a wrong direction, and he may be ruined. Your visit, therefore, is most happily timed; and I hope that you will make a trial of the young man, and converse with him in our presence, if you have no objection.

These were pretty nearly the expressions which I used; and Euthydemus, in a lofty and at the same time cheerful tone, replied: There can be no objection, Socrates, if the young man is only willing to answer questions.

He is quite accustomed to that, I replied; for his friends often come and ask him questions and argue with him; so that he is at home in answering.

What followed, Crito, how can I rightly narrate? for not slight is the task of rehearsing infinite wisdom, and therefore, like the poets, I ought to commence my relation with an invocation to Memory and the Muses. Now Euthydemus, if I remember rightly, began nearly as follows: O Cleinias, are those who learn the wise or the ignorant?

The youth, overpowered by the question, blushed, and in his perplexity looked at me for help; and I, knowing that he was disconcerted, said: Don't be afraid, Cleinias, but answer

like a man whichever you think ; for my belief is that you will derive the greatest good from their questions.

Whichever he answers, said Dionysodorus, leaning forward in my ear and laughing, I prophesy that he will be refuted, Socrates.

While he was speaking to me, Cleinias gave his answer. The consequence was that I had no time to warn him of the predicament in which he was placed, and he answered
276 that those who learned were the wise.

Euthydemus proceeded: There are those whom you call teachers, are there not?

The boy assented.

And they are the teachers of those who learn, — the grammar master and the lyre master used to teach you and other boys ; and you were the learners ?

Yes.

And when you were learners you did not as yet know the things which you were learning ?

No, he said.

And were you wise then ?

No, indeed, he said.

But if you were not wise you were unlearned ?

Certainly.

You then, learning what you did not know, were unlearned when you were learning ?

The youth nodded assent.

Then the unlearned learn, and not the wise, Cleinias, as you imagine.

At these words the followers of Euthydemus, of whom I spoke, like a chorus at the bidding of their director, laughed and cheered. Then, before the youth had well time to recover, Dionysodorus took him in hand, and said : Yes, Cleinias ; and when the grammar master dictated to you, were they the wise boys or the unlearned who learned the dictation ?

The wise, replied Cleinias.

Then after all the wise are the learners and not the unlearned ; and your last answer to Euthydemus was wrong.

Then followed another peal of laughter and shouting, which came from the admirers of the two heroes, who were ravished with their wisdom, while the rest of us were silent and amazed.

This Euthydemus perceiving, determined to persevere with the youth; and in order to heighten the effect went on asking another similar question, which might be compared to the double turn of an expert dancer. Do those, said he, who learn, learn what they know, or what they do not know?

Dionysodorus said to me in a whisper: That, Socrates, is just another of the same sort.

Good heavens, I said; and your last question was so good!

Like all our other questions, Socrates, he replied, — inevitable.

I see the reason, I said, why you are in such reputation among your disciples.

Meanwhile Cleinias had answered Euthydemus that those who learned, learn what they do not know; and he put him through a series of questions as before.

Don't you know letters?

He assented.

All letters?

Yes.

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But when the teacher dictates to you, does he not dictate letters?

He admitted that.

Then if you know all letters, he dictates that which you know?

He admitted that also.

Then, said the other, you do not learn that which he dictates; but he only who does not know letters learns?

Nay, said Cleinias; but I do learn.

Then, said he, you learn what you know, if you know all the letters?

He admitted that.

Then, he said, you were wrong in your answer.

The word was hardly out of his mouth when Dionysodorus took up the argument, like a ball which he caught, and had another throw at the youth. Cleinias, he said, Euthydemus is deceiving you. For tell me now, is not learning acquiring knowledge of that which one learns?

Cleinias assented.

And knowing is having knowledge at the time?

He agreed.

And not knowing is not having knowledge at the time?

He admitted that.

And are those who acquire those who have or have not a thing?

Those who have not.

And have you not admitted that those who do not know are of the number of those who have not?

He nodded assent.

Then those who learn are of the class of those who acquire, and not of those who have?

He agreed.

Then, Cleinias, he said, those who do not know learn, and not those who know.

Euthydemus was proceeding to give the youth a third fall; but I knew that he was in deep water, and therefore, as I wanted to give him a rest, and also in order that he might not get out of heart, I said to him consolingly: You must not be surprised, Cleinias, at the singularity of their mode of speech: this I say because you may not understand what they are doing with you; they are only initiating you after the manner of the Corybantes in the mysteries; and this answers to the enthronement, which, if you have ever been initiated, is, as you will know, accompanied by dancing and sport; and now they are just prancing and dancing about you, and will next proceed to initiate you; and at this stage you must imagine yourself to have gone through the first part of the sophistical ritual, which, as Prodicus says, begins with initiation into the correct use of terms. The two strange gentlemen wanted to explain to you, as you do not know, that the word "to learn" has two meanings, and is used, first, in the sense of acquiring knowledge of

²⁷³ some matter of which you previously have no knowledge, and also, when you have the knowledge, in the sense of reviewing this same matter done or spoken by the light of this knowledge; this last is generally called "knowing" rather than "learning"; but the word "learning" is also used, and you did not see that the word is used of two opposite sorts of men, of those who know, and of those who do not know, as they explained. There was a similar trick in the second question, when they asked you whether men learn what they know or what they do not know. These parts of learning are not serious, and therefore I say that these gentlemen are not serious, but only in fun with you. And if a man had all that sort

of knowledge that ever was, he would not be at all the wiser ; he would only be able to play with men, tripping them up and oversetting them with distinctions of words. He would be like a person who pulls away a stool from some one when he is about to sit down, and then laughs and claps his hands at the sight of his friend sprawling on the ground. And you must regard all that has passed hitherto as merely play. But now I am certain that they will proceed to business, and keep their promise (I will show them how); for they promised to give me a sample of the hortatory philosophy, but I suppose that they wanted to have a game of play with you first. And now, Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, I said, I think that we have had enough of this. Will you let me see you exhibiting to the young man, and showing him how he is to apply himself to the study of virtue and wisdom? And I will first show you what I conceive to be the nature of the task, and what I desire to hear ; and if I do this in a very inartistic and ridiculous manner, do not laugh at me, for I only venture to improvise before you because I am eager to hear your wisdom : and I must therefore ask you to keep your countenances, and your disciples also. And now, O son of Axiochus, let me put a question to you: Do not all men desire happiness? And yet, perhaps, this is one of those ridiculous questions which I am afraid to ask, and which ought not to be asked by a sensible man : for what human being is there who does not desire happiness?

There is no one, said Cleinias, who does not.

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Well then, I said, since we all of us desire happiness, how can we be happy?—that is the next question. Shall we not be happy if we have many good things? And this, perhaps, is even a more simple question than the first, for there can be no doubt of the answer.

He assented.

And what things do we esteem good? No solemn sage is required to tell us this, which may be easily answered ; for every one will say that wealth is a good.

Certainly, he said.

And are not health and beauty goods, and other personal gifts?

He agreed.

Now, can there be any doubt that good birth, and power, and honors in one's own land, are goods?

He assented.

And what other goods are there? I said. What do you say of justice, temperance, courage: do you not verily and indeed think, Cleinias, that we shall be more right in ranking them as goods than in not ranking them as goods? For a dispute might possibly arise about this. What then do you say?

They are goods, said Cleinias.

Very well, I said; and in what company shall we find a place for wisdom — among the goods or not?

Among the goods.

And now, I said, think whether we have left out any considerable goods.

I do not think that we have, said Cleinias.

Upon recollection, I said, indeed I am afraid that we have left out the greatest of them all.

What is that? he asked.

Fortune, Cleinias, I replied; which all, even the most foolish, admit to be the greatest of goods.

True, he said.

On second thoughts, I added, how narrowly, O son of Axiochus, have you and I escaped making a laughing-stock of ourselves to the strangers.

Why do you say that?

Why, because we have already spoken of fortune, and are but repeating ourselves.

What do you mean?

I mean that there is something ridiculous in putting fortune again forward, and saying the same thing twice over.

He asked what was the meaning of this, and I replied: Surely wisdom is good fortune; even a child may know that.

The simple-minded youth was amazed; and, observing this, I said to him: Do you not know, Cleinias, that flute-players are most fortunate and successful in performing on the flute?

He assented.

And are not the scribes most fortunate in writing and reading letters?

Certainly.

Amid the dangers of the sea, again, are any more fortunate on the whole than wise pilots?

None, certainly.

And if you were engaged in war, in whose company would you rather take the risk — in company with a wise general, or with a foolish one?

With a wise one.

And if you were ill, whom would you rather have as a companion in a dangerous illness — a wise physician, or an ignorant one?

A wise one.

You think, I said, that to act with a wise man is more fortunate than to act with an ignorant one?

He assented.

Then wisdom always makes men fortunate: for by wisdom no man would ever err, and therefore he must act rightly and succeed, or his wisdom would be wisdom no longer. At last we somehow contrived to agree in a general conclusion, that he who had wisdom had no longer need of fortune. I then recalled to his mind the previous state of the question. You remember, I said, our making the admission that we should be happy and fortunate if many good things were present with us?

He assented.

And should we be happy by reason of the presence of good things, if they profited us not, or if they profited us?

If they profited us, he said.

And would they profit us, if we only had them and did not use them? For example, if we had a great deal of food and did not eat, or a great deal of drink and did not drink, should we be profited?

Certainly not, he said.

Or would an artisan, who had all the implements necessary for his work, and did not use them, be any better for the possession of all that he ought to possess? For example, would a carpenter be any the better for having all his tools and plenty of wood if he never worked?

Certainly not, he said.

And if a person had wealth, and all the goods of which we were just now speaking, and did not use them; would he be happy because he possessed them?

No indeed, Socrates.

Then, I said, a man who would be happy must not only

have the good things, but he must also use them ; there is no advantage in merely having them ?

True.

Well, Cleinias, but if you have the use as well as the possession of good things, is that sufficient to confer happiness ?

Yes, in my opinion.

And may a person use them either rightly or wrongly ?

He must use them rightly.

That is quite true, I said. And the wrong use of a thing is far worse than the non-use ; for the one is an evil, and the
281 other is neither a good nor an evil. You admit that ?

He assented.

Now in the working and use of wood, is not that which gives the right use simply the knowledge of the carpenter ?

Nothing else, he said.

And surely, in the manufacture of vessels, knowledge is that which gives the right way of making them ?

He agreed.

And in the use of the goods of which we spoke at first, — wealth and health and beauty, — is not knowledge that which directs us to the right use of them, and guides our practise about them ?

Knowledge, he replied.

Then in every possession and every use of a thing, knowledge is that which gives a man not only good fortune but success ?

He assented.

And tell me, I said, O tell me, what do possessions profit a man, if he have neither sense nor wisdom ? Would a man be better off, having and doing many things without wisdom, or a few things with wisdom ? Look at the matter thus : If he did fewer things would he not make fewer mistakes ? if he made fewer mistakes would he not have fewer misfortunes ? and if he had fewer misfortunes would he not be less miserable ?

Certainly, he said.

And who would do least — a poor man or a rich man ?

A poor man.

A weak man or a strong man ?

A weak man.

A noble man or a mean man ?

A mean man.

And a coward would do less than a courageous and temperate man?

Yes.

And an indolent man less than an active man?

He assented.

And a slow man less than a quick; and one who had dull perceptions of seeing and hearing less than one who had keen ones?

All this was mutually allowed by us.

Then, I said, Cleinias, the sum of the matter appears to be that the goods of which we spoke before are not to be regarded as goods in themselves, but the degree of good and evil in them depends on whether they are or are not under the guidance of knowledge: under the guidance of ignorance, they are greater evils than their opposites, inasmuch as they are more able to minister to the evil principle which rules them; and when under the guidance of wisdom and virtue, they are greater goods: but in themselves they are nothing?

That, he said, appears to be certain.

What then, I said, is the result of all this? Is not this the result — that other things are indifferent, and that wisdom is the only good, and ignorance the only evil?

He assented.

Let us consider this further point, I said: Seeing that 282 all men desire happiness, and happiness, as has been shown, is gained by a use, and a right use, of the things of life, and the right use of them, and good fortune in the use of them, is given by knowledge, the inference is that every man ought by all means to try and make himself as wise as he can?

Yes, he said.

And the desire to obtain this treasure, which is far more precious than money, from a father or a guardian or a friend or a suitor, whether citizen or stranger — the eager desire and prayer to them that they would impart wisdom to you, is not at all dishonorable, Cleinias; nor is any one to be blamed for doing any honorable service or ministration to any man, whether a lover or not, if his aim is wisdom. Do you agree to that? I said.

Yes, he said, I quite agree, and think that you are right.

Yes, I said, Cleinias, if only wisdom can be taught, and does not come to man spontaneously ; for that is a point which has still to be considered, and is not yet agreed upon by you and me.

But I think, Socrates, that wisdom can be taught, he said.

Best of men, I said, I am delighted to hear you say that ; and I am also grateful to you for having saved me from a long and tiresome speculation as to whether wisdom can be taught or not. But now, as you think that wisdom can be taught, and that wisdom only can make a man happy and fortunate, will you not acknowledge that all of us ought to love Wisdom, and that you in particular should be of this mind and try to love her ?

Certainly, Socrates, he said ; and I will do my best.

I was pleased at hearing this ; and I turned to Dionysodorus and Euthydemus and said : That is an example, clumsy and tedious I admit, of the sort of exhortations which I desire you to offer ; and I hope that one of you will set forth what I have been saying in a more artistic style : at any rate take up the inquiry where I left off, and next show the youth whether he should have all knowledge ; or whether there is one sort of knowledge only which will make him good and happy, and what that is. For, as I was saying at first, the improvement of this young man in virtue and wisdom is a matter which we have very much at heart.

283 Thus I spoke, Crito, and was all attention to what was coming. I wanted to see how they would approach the question, and where they would start in their exhortation to the young man that he should practise wisdom and virtue. Dionysodorus the elder spoke first. Everybody's eyes were directed toward him, perceiving that something wonderful might shortly be expected. And certainly they were not far wrong ; for the man, Crito, began a remarkable discourse, well worth hearing, and wonderfully persuasive as an exhortation to virtue.

Tell me, he said, Socrates and the rest of you who say that you want this young man to become wise, are you in jest or in real earnest ?

(I was led by this to imagine that they fancied us to have

been jesting when we asked them to converse with the youth, and that this made them jest and play, and being under this impression, I was the more decided in saying that we were in profound earnest.) Dionysodorus said :—

Reflect, Socrates ; you may have to deny your words.

I have reflected, I said ; and I shall never deny my words.

Well, said he, and so you say that you wish Cleinias to become wise ?

Undoubtedly.

And he is not wise as yet ?

At least his modesty will not allow him to say that he is.

You wish him, he said, to become wise and not to be ignorant ?

That we do.

You wish him to be what he is not, and no longer to be what he is.

I was thrown into consternation at this.

Taking advantage of my consternation he added : You wish him no longer to be what he is, which can only mean that you wish him to perish. Pretty friends they must be who want their favorite not to be, or to perish !

When Ctesippus heard this he got very angry and said : Strangers of Thurii — if politeness would allow me I should say, You be ——. What can make you tell such a lie about me and the others, which I hardly like to repeat, as that I wish Cleinias to perish ?

Euthydemus replied : And do you think, Ctesippus, that it is possible to tell a lie ?

Yes, said Ctesippus ; I should be mad to deny that.

And in telling a lie, do you tell the thing of which you speak or not ? 284

You tell the thing of which you speak.

And he who tells, tells that thing which he tells, and no other ?

Yes, said Ctesippus.

And that is a distinct thing apart from other things ?

Certainly.

And he who says that thing says that which is ?

Yes.

And he who says that which is, says the truth. And there-

fore Dionysodorus, if he says that which is, says the truth of you and no lie.

Yes, Euthydemus, said Ctesippus; but in saying this, he says what is not.

Euthydemus answered: And that which is not is not.

True.

And that which is not is nowhere?

Nowhere.

And can any one do anything about that which has no existence, or do to Cleinias that which is not and is nowhere?

I think not, said Ctesippus.

Well, but do rhetoricians, when they speak in the assembly do nothing?

Nay, he said, they do something.

And doing is making?

Yes.

And speaking is doing and making?

He agreed.

Then no one says that which is not, for in saying that, he would be doing nothing; and you have already acknowledged that no one can do what is not. And therefore, upon your own showing, no one says what is false; but if Dionysodorus says anything, he says what is true and what is.

Yes, Euthydemus, said Ctesippus; but he speaks of things in a certain way and manner, and not as they really are.

Why, Ctesippus, said Dionysodorus, do you mean to say that any one speaks of things as they are?

Yes, he said, — all gentlemen and truth-speaking persons.

And are not good things good, and evil things evil?

He assented.

And you say that gentlemen speak of things as they are?

Yes.

Then the good speak evil of evil things, if they speak of them as they are?

Yes, indeed, he said; and they speak evil of evil men. And if I may give you a piece of advice, you had better take care that they don't speak evil of you, since I can tell you that the good speak evil of the evil.

And do they speak great things of the great, rejoined Euthydemus, and warm things of the warm?

Yes, indeed, said Ctesippus ; and they speak coldly of the insipid and cold dialectician.

You are abusive, Ctesippus, you are abusive !

Indeed, I am not, Dionysodorus, he replied ; for I love you and am giving you friendly advice, and, if I could, would persuade you not to make so uncivil a speech to me as that I ²⁸⁵ desire my beloved, whom I value above all men, to perish.

I saw that they were getting exasperated with one another, so I made a joke with him and said : O Ctesippus, I think that we must allow the strangers to use language in their own way, and not quarrel with them about words, but be thankful for what they give us. If they know how to destroy men in such a way as to make good and sensible men out of bad and foolish ones—whether this is a discovery of their own, or whether they have learned from some one else, this new sort of death and destruction, which enables them to get rid of a bad man and put a good one in his place—if they know this (and they do know this—at any rate they said just now that this was the secret of their newly-discovered art)—let them, in their phraseology, destroy the youth and make him wise, and all of us with him. But if you young men do not like to trust yourselves with them, then *fiat experimentum in corpore senis* ; I will be the Carian on whom they shall operate. And here I offer my old person to Dionysodorus ; he may put me into the pot, like Medea the Colchian, kill me, pickle me, eat me, if he will make me good.

Ctesippus said : And I, Socrates, am ready to commit myself to the strangers ; they may skin me alive, if they please (and I am pretty well skinned by them already), if only my skin is made at last, not like that of Marsyas, into a leathern bottle, but into a piece of virtue. And here is Dionysodorus fancying that I am angry with him, when I am really not angry at all ; I do but contradict him when he seems to me to be in the wrong ; and you must not confound abuse and contradiction, O illustrious Dionysodorus ; for they are quite different things.

Contradiction ! said Dionysodorus ; why, there never was such a thing.

Certainly there is, he replied ; there can be no question of that. Do you, Dionysodorus, maintain that there is not ?

You will never prove to me, he said, that you have heard any one contradicting any one else.

Indeed, he said: then now you may hear Ctesippus contradicting Dionysodorus. Are you prepared to make that good?

Certainly, he said.

Well, then, are not words expressive of things?

Yes.

Of their existence or of their non-existence?

286 Of their existence. For, as you may remember, Ctesippus, we just now proved that no man could affirm a negative; for no one could affirm that which is not.

And what does that signify, said Ctesippus; you and I may contradict all the same for that.

But can we contradict one another, said Dionysodorus, when both of us are describing the same thing? Then we must surely be speaking the same thing?

He admitted that.

Or when neither of us is speaking of the same thing? For then neither of us says a word about the thing at all?

He granted that also.

But when I describe something and you describe another thing, or I say something and you say nothing, is there any contradiction? How can he who speaks contradict him who speaks not?

Here Ctesippus was silent; and I in my astonishment said: What do you mean, Dionysodorus? I have often heard, and have been amazed, to hear this thesis of yours, which is maintained and employed by the disciples of Protagoras, and others before them, and which to me appears to be quite wonderful and suicidal, as well as destructive, and I think that I am most likely to hear the truth of this from you. The dictum is that there is no such thing as falsehood; a man must either say what is true or say nothing. Is not that your position?

He assented.

But if he cannot speak falsely, may he not think falsely?

No, he cannot, he said.

Then there is no such thing as false opinion?

No, he said.

Then there is no such thing as ignorance, or men who are ignorant; for is not ignorance, if there be such a thing, a mistake of facts?

Certainly, he said.

And that is impossible?

Impossible, he replied.

Are you saying this as a paradox, Dionysodorus, or do you seriously maintain that no man is ignorant?

Do you refute me? he said.

But how can I refute you, if, as you say, falsehood is impossible?

Very true, said Euthydemus.

Neither did I tell you just now to refute me, said Dionysodorus; for how can I tell you to do that which is not?

O Euthydemus, I said, I have but a dull conception of these subtleties and excellent devices of wisdom; I am afraid that I hardly understand them, and you must forgive me therefore if I ask a very stupid question: if there be no falsehood or false opinion or ignorance, there can be no such thing as erroneous action, for a man cannot fail of acting as he is acting — that is what you mean? 287

Yes, he replied.

And now, I said, I will ask my stupid question: If there is no such thing as error in deed, word, or thought, then what, in the name of goodness, do you come hither to teach? And were you not just now saying that you could teach virtue best of all men, to any one who could learn?

And are you such an old fool, Socrates, rejoined Dionysodorus, that you bring up now what I said at first — and if I had said anything last year, I suppose that you would bring that up — but are nonplused at the words I have just uttered?

Why, I said, they are not easy to answer; for they are the words of wise men: and indeed I have a great difficulty in knowing what you mean in that last expression of yours, "That I am nonplused at them." What do you mean by that, Dionysodorus? You must mean that I have no refutation of them. Tell me if the words have any other sense.

No, he said; the sense or meaning of them is that there is a difficulty in answering them; and I wish that you would answer.

What, before you, Dionysodorus? I said.

Answer, said he.

And is that fair?

Yes, quite fair, he said.

Upon what principle? I said. I can only suppose that you are a very wise man, who comes to us in the character of a great logician, and who know when to answer and when not to answer—and now you won't open your mouth at all, because you know that you ought not.

You prate, he said, instead of answering. But if, my good sir, you admit that I am wise, answer as I tell you.

I suppose that I must obey, for you are master. Put the question.

Are the things which have sense alive or lifeless?

They are alive.

And do you know of any word which is alive?

I cannot say that I do.

Then why did you ask me what sense my words had?

Why, because I was stupid and made a mistake. And yet, perhaps, I was right after all in saying that words have a sense; what do you say, wise man? If I was not in error, and you do not refute me, all your wisdom will be nonplused; but if I did fall into error, then again you are wrong in saying ²⁸⁸ that there is no error,—and this remark was made by you not quite a year ago. I am inclined to think, however, Dionysodorus and Euthydemus, that this argument is not very likely to advance: even your skill in the subtleties of logic, which is really amazing, has not found out the way of throwing another and not falling yourself.

Ctesippus said: Men of Chios, Thuriî, or however and whatever you call yourselves, I wonder at you, for you seem to have no objection to talking nonsense.

Fearing that there would be high words, I endeavored to soothe Ctesippus, and said to him: To you, Ctesippus, I must repeat what I said before to Cleinias—that you don't understand the peculiarity of these philosophers. They are not serious, but, like the Egyptian wizard, Proteus, they take different forms and deceive us by their enchantments: and let us, like Menelaus, refuse to let them go until they show us their real form and character. When they are in earnest

their full beauty will appear : let us then beg and entreat and beseech them to shine forth. And I think that I had better show them once more the form in which I pray to behold them. I will go on where I left off before, as well as I can, in the hope that I may touch their hearts and move them to pity, and that when they see me deeply serious, they may also be serious. You, Cleinias, I said, shall remind me at what point we left off. Did we not agree that philosophy should be studied? and was not that our conclusion?

Yes, he replied.

And philosophy is the acquisition of knowledge?

Yes, he said.

And what knowledge ought we to acquire? Is not the simple answer to that, A knowledge that will do us good?

Certainly, he said.

And should we be any the better if we went about having a knowledge of the places where most gold was hidden in the earth?

Perhaps we should, he said.

But have we not already proved, I said, that we should be none the better off, even if without trouble and digging all the gold that there is in the earth were ours? And if we knew how to convert stones into gold, the knowledge ²⁸⁹ would be of no value to us, unless we also knew how to use the gold? Do you not remember? I said.

I quite remember, he said.

Nor would any other knowledge, whether of money-making, or of medicine, or of any other art which knows only how to make a thing, and not to use that which is made, be of any use to us. Is not that true?

He agreed.

And if there were a knowledge which was able to make men immortal, without giving them the knowledge of the way to use the immortality, neither would there be any use in that, if we may argue from the analogy of the previous instances?

To all this he agreed.

Then, my dear boy, I said, the knowledge which we want is one that uses as well as makes?

True, he said.

And our desire is not to be skilful lyre-makers, or artists

of that sort; far otherwise: for with them the art which makes is one, and the art which uses is another. Having to do with the same, they are divided; for the art which makes and the art which plays on the lyre differ widely from one another. Am I not right?

He agreed.

And clearly we do not want the art of the flute-maker; for that is another of the same sort?

He assented.

But suppose, I said, that we were to learn the art of making speeches—would that be the art which would make us happy?

I think not, rejoined Cleinias.

And what proof have you of that? I asked.

I see, he replied, that there are some composers of speeches who do not know how to use the speeches which they make, just as the makers of lyres do not know how to use the lyres; and also some who are of themselves unable to compose speeches, but are able to use the speeches which the others make for them; and this proves that the art of making speeches is not the same as the art of using them.

Yes, I said; and that I think is a sufficient proof that the art of making speeches is not one which will make a man happy. And yet I did think that the art which we are seeking might be discovered in that direction; for the composers of speeches, whenever I meet them, always appear to me to be very extraordinary men, Cleinias, and their art is lofty and
290 divine, and no wonder. For their art is a part of the great art of enchantment, and hardly, if at all, inferior to it: and whereas the art of the enchanter is a mode of charming snakes and spiders and scorpions, and other monsters and pests, this art acts upon dicasts and ecclesiasts and bodies of men, for the charming and consoling of them. Do you agree with me?

Yes, he said, I think that you are quite right.

Whither then shall we go, I said, and to what art shall we have recourse?

I do not see my way, he said.

But I think that I do, I replied.

And what is your notion? asked Cleinias.

I think that the art of the general is the one the possession of which is most likely to make a man happy.

I do not think that, he said.

Why not? I said.

The art of the general is surely an art of hunting mankind.

What of that? I said.

Why, he said, no art of hunting extends beyond hunting and capturing; and when the prey is taken they cannot use it; but the huntsman or fisherman hands it over to the cook, and the geometers and astronomers and calculators (who all belong to the hunting class, for they do not make their diagrams, but only find out that which was previously contained in them), — they, I say, not being able to use but only to catch their prey, hand over their inventions to the dialecticians to be applied by them, if they have any sense in them.

Good, I said, fairest and wisest Cleinias. And is this true?

Certainly, he said; just as a general when he takes a city or a camp, hands over his new acquisition to the statesman, for he does not know how to use them himself; or as the quail taker transfers the quails to the keeper of them. If we are looking for that art which is to make us blessed, and which is able to use that which it makes or takes, the art of the general is not the one, and some other must be found.

Cri. And do you mean to say, Socrates, that the youngster said that?

Soc. Are you incredulous, Crito?

Cri. Indeed, I am; for if he said that, I am of opinion that he needs neither Euthydemus nor any one else to be his instructor.

Soc. Perhaps I may have forgotten, and Ctesippus was the real answerer.

Cri. Ctesippus! nonsense.

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Soc. All I know is that I heard these words, and that they were not spoken either by Euthydemus or Dionysodorus. I dare say, my good Crito, that they may have been spoken by some superior person. That I heard them I am certain.

Cri. Yes, indeed, Socrates, by some one a good deal superior, as I should be disposed to think. But did you carry the search any further, and did you find the art which you were seeking?

Soc. Find! my dear sir, no indeed. And we cut a poor figure; we were like children after larks, always on the point of catching the art, which was always getting away from us. But why should I repeat the whole story? At last we came to

the kingly art, and inquired whether that gave and caused happiness, and then we got into a labyrinth, and when we thought we were at the end, came out again at the beginning, having still to seek as much as ever.

Cri. How did that happen, Socrates?

Soc. I will tell you; the kingly art was identified by us with the political.

Cri. Well, and what came of that?

Soc. To this royal or political art all the arts, including that of the general, seemed to render up the supremacy, as to the only one which knew how to use that which they created. This seemed to be the very art which we were seeking—the art which is the source of good government, and which may be described, in the language of Æschylus, as alone sitting at the helm of the vessel of state, piloting and governing all things, and utilizing them.

Cri. And were you not right, Socrates?

Soc. You shall judge, Crito, if you are willing to hear what followed; for we resumed the inquiry, and a question of this sort was asked: Does this kingly art, having this supreme authority, do anything for us? To be sure, was the answer. And would not you, Crito, say the same?

Cri. Yes, I should.

Soc. And what would you say that the kingly art does? If medicine were supposed to have supreme authority over the subordinate arts, and I were to ask you a similar question about that, you would say that it produces health?

Cri. I should.

Soc. And what of your own art of husbandry, supposing that to have supreme authority over the subject arts—what does that do? Does it not supply us with the fruits of the earth?

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Cri. Yes.

Soc. And what does the kingly art do when invested with supreme power? Perhaps you may not be ready with an answer?

Cri. Indeed I am not, Socrates.

Soc. No more were we, Crito. But at any rate you know that if this is the art which we were seeking, it ought to be useful?

Cri. Certainly.

Soc. And surely it ought to do us some good?

Cri. Certainly, Socrates.

Soc. And Cleinias and I had arrived at the conclusion that knowledge is the only good?

Cri. Yes, that was what you were saying.

Soc. All the other results of politics, and they are many, as, for example, wealth, freedom, tranquillity, were neither good nor evil in themselves; but the political science ought to make us wise, and impart wisdom to us, if that is the science which is likely to do us good, and make us happy.

Cri. Yes; that was the conclusion at which you had arrived, according to your report of the conversation.

Soc. And does the kingly art make men wise and good?

Cri. Why not, Socrates?

Soc. What, all men, and in every respect? and teach them all the arts, — carpentering, and cobbling, and the rest of them?

Cri. I do not think that, Socrates.

Soc. But then what is this knowledge, and what are we to do with it? For it is not the source of any works which are neither good nor evil, nor of any knowledge, but the knowledge of itself; what then can it be, and what are we to do with it? Shall we say, Crito, that it is the knowledge by which we are to make other men good?

Cri. By all means.

Soc. And in what way will they be good and useful? Shall we repeat that they will make others good, and that these others will make others again, without ever determining in what they are to be good? for we put aside the results of politics, as they are called. Why, here is iteration; as I said, we are just as far, if not farther, than ever from the knowledge of the art or science of happiness.

Cri. Indeed, Socrates, you do appear to have got into a great perplexity.

Soc. Thereupon, Crito, seeing that I was on the point of shipwreck, I lifted up my voice, and earnestly entreated and called upon the strangers to save me and the youth from the whirlpool of the argument; they were our Castor and Pollux, I said, and they should be serious, and show us in

sober earnest what that knowledge was which would enable us to pass the rest of our lives in happiness.

Cri. And did Euthydemus show you this knowledge?

Soc. Yes, indeed; he proceeded in a lofty strain to the following effect: Would you rather, Socrates, said he, that I should show you this knowledge about which you are doubting, or shall I prove that you already have it?

What, I said, are you blessed with such a power as this?

Indeed I am.

Then I would much rather that you should prove me to have such a knowledge; at my time of life that will be more agreeable than having to learn.

Then tell me, he said, do you know anything?

Yes, I said, I know many things, but not anything of much importance.

That will do, he said. And would you admit that anything is what it is, and at the same time is not what it is?

Certainly not.

And did you not say that you knew something?

I did.

If you know, you are knowing.

Certainly, of the knowledge which I have.

That makes no difference; and must you not, if you are knowing, know all things?

Certainly not, I said, for there are many other things which I do not know.

And if you do not know, you are not knowing.

Yes, my friend, I said, I am not knowing of that which I do not know.

Still you are not knowing, and you said just now that you were knowing; and therefore you are and are not at the same time, and in reference to the same things.

That sounds well, Euthydemus; and yet I must ask you to explain how I have that knowledge which we were seeking; since a thing cannot be and not be, and if I know one thing I know all, for I cannot be knowing and not knowing at the same time, and if I know all things, I must have that knowledge as well. May I not assume that to be your ingenious notion?

Out of your own mouth, Socrates, you are convicted, he said.

Well, but, Euthydemus, I said, has that never happened to you? for if I am only in the same case as you and our beloved Dionysodorus, I cannot greatly mind that. Tell me then, you two, do you not know some things, and not know others?

Certainly not, Socrates, said Dionysodorus.

What do you mean, I said; do you know nothing?

Nay, he replied, we do know something.

Then, I said, you know all things, if you know any- 294
thing?

Yes, all things, he said; and that is as true of you as of us.

O, indeed, I said, what a wonderful thing, and what a great blessing! And do all other men know all things or nothing?

Certainly, he replied; they cannot know some things, and not know others, and be at the same time knowing and not knowing.

Then what is the inference? I said.

They all know all things, he replied, if they know one thing.

O heavens, Dionysodorus, I said, I see now that you are in earnest; hardly have I got you to that point. And do you really know all things, including carpentering and leather cutting?

Certainly, he said.

And do you know stitching?

Yes, indeed we do.

And cobbling, too?

Yes.

And do you know things such as the numbers of the stars and of the sand?

Certainly; did you think that we should say no to that?

By Zeus, said Ctesippus, interrupting, I only wish that you would give me some proof which would enable me to know whether you say truly.

What proof shall I give you? he said.

Will you tell me how many teeth Euthydemus has? and Euthydemus shall tell how many teeth you have.

Will you not take our word that we know all things?

Certainly not, said Ctesippus; you must further tell us this one thing, and then we shall know that you are speaking the truth; if you tell us the number, and we count them, and you are found to be right, we will believe the rest. They fancied

that Ctesippus was making game of them, and they refused, and contented themselves with saying, in answer to each of his questions, that they knew all things. Ctesippus at last began to throw off all restraint; no question was too bad for him; he would ask them if they knew the foulest things, and they, like wild boars, came rushing on his blows, and fearlessly replied that they did. At last, Crito, I too was carried away by my incredulity, and asked Euthydemus whether Dionysodorus could dance.

Certainly, he replied.

And can he vault upon swords, and turn upon a wheel, at his age? has he got to such a height of skill as that?

He can do anything, he said.

And did you always know this?

Always, he said.

When you were children, and at your birth?

295 They both said that they did.

This we could not believe. And Euthydemus said: You are incredulous, Socrates.

Yes, I said, and I might well be incredulous, if I did not know that you are wise men.

But if you will answer, he said, I will make you confess to similar marvels.

Well, I said, there is nothing that I should like better than to be self-convicted of this, for if I am really a wise man, which I never knew before, and you will prove to me that I know and have always known all things, there is nothing in life that would be a greater gain to me than that.

Answer, then, he said.

Ask, I said, and I will answer.

Do you know something, Socrates, or nothing?

Something, I said.

And do you know with what you know, or with something else?

With what I know; and I suppose that you mean with my soul?

Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of asking a question when you are asked?

Well, I said; but then what am I to do? for I will do what you bid; when I do not know what you are asking, you tell me to answer nevertheless, and not to ask again.

Why, you surely have some notion of my meaning, he said.

Yes, I replied.

Well, then, answer according to your notion of my meaning.

Yes, I said; but if the question which you ask in one sense is understood and answered by me in another, will that please you—if I answer what is not to the point?

That will please me very well; but will not please you equally well, as I imagine.

I certainly will not answer unless I understand you, I said.

You won't answer, he said, according to your view of the meaning, because you are an old fool and pedant.

Now I saw that he was getting angry with me for drawing distinctions, when he wanted to catch me in his springes of words. And I remembered that Connus was always angry with me when I opposed him, and then he neglected me, because he thought that I was stupid; and as I was intending to go to Euthydemus as a pupil, I thought that I had better let him have his way, as he might think me a blockhead, and refuse to take me. So I said: You are a far better dialectician than myself, Euthydemus, for I have never made a profession of the art, and therefore do as you say; ask your questions once more, and I will answer.

Answer then, he said, once more, whether you know what you know with something, or with nothing.

Yes, I said; I know with my soul.

The man will go on adding to the question; for, said he, I did not ask you with what you know, but whether you know with something. 296

My ignorance, I said, led me to answer more than you asked, and I hope that you will forgive that. And now I will answer simply that I always know what I know with something.

And is that something, he rejoined, always the same, or sometimes one thing, and sometimes another thing?

Always, I replied, when I know, I know with this.

Will you not cease adding to your answers?

My fear is that this word "always" may get us into trouble.

You, perhaps, but certainly not us. And now answer: Do you always know with this?

Always; since I am required to withdraw the words "When I know."

You always know with this, or, always knowing, do you know some things with this, and some things with something else, or do you know all things with this?

All that I know, I replied, I know with this.

There again, Socrates, he said, the addition is superfluous.

Well, then, I said, I will take away the words "That I know."

Nay, take nothing away; I desire no favors of you; but let me ask: Would you be able to know all things, if you did not know all things?

Quite impossible.

And now, he said, you may add on whatever you like, for you confess that you know all things.

I suppose that is true, I said, if my qualification implied in the words "That I know" is not allowed to stand; and so I do know all things.

And have you not admitted that you always know all things with that which you know, whether you make the addition of when you know them or not? for you have acknowledged that you have always and at once known all things, that is to say, when you were a child, and at your birth, and when you were growing up, and before you were born, and before the heaven and earth existed, you knew all things, if you always know them; and I swear that you shall always continue to know them, if I am of the mind to make you.

But I hope that you will be of that mind, reverend Euthydemus, I said, if you are really speaking the truth, and yet I a little doubt your power to accomplish this unless you have the help of your brother Dionysodorus; then you may do it. Tell me now, for although in the main I cannot doubt that I really do know all things, when I am told so by men of your prodigious wisdom — how can I say that I know such things as this, Euthydemus, that the good are unjust: come, do I know that or not?

Certainly, you know that.

What do I know?

That the good are not unjust.

297 Quite true, I said; and I have always known that; but the question is, where did I learn that the good are unjust?

Nowhere, said Dionysodorus.

Then, said I, I do not know this.

You are ruining the argument, said Euthydemus to Dionysodorus: he will be proved not to know, and then after all he will be knowing and not knowing at the same time.

Dionysodorus blushed.

I turned to the other, and said, What do you think, Euthydemus? Does not your omniscient brother appear to you to have made a mistake?

What, replied Dionysodorus in an instant; am I the brother of Euthydemus?

Thereupon I said, Please not to interrupt, my good friend, or prevent Euthydemus from proving to me that I know the unjust to be the good; such a lesson you might at least allow me to learn.

You are running away, Socrates, said Dionysodorus, and refusing to answer.

No wonder, I said, for I am not a match for one of you, and *à fortiori* I must run away from two. I am no Heracles; and even Heracles could not fight against the Hydra, who was a she-Sophist, and had the wit to shoot up many new heads when one of them was cut off; especially when he saw a second monster of a sea-crab, who was also a Sophist, and appeared to have newly arrived from a sea voyage, bearing down upon him from the left, opening his mouth and biting. Then he called Iolaus, his nephew, to his help, and he ably succored him; but if my Iolaus, who is Patrocles the statuary, were to come, he would make a bad business worse.

And now that you have delivered yourself of this strain, said Dionysodorus, will you inform me whether Iolaus was the nephew of Heracles any more than he is yours?

I suppose that I had best answer you, Dionysodorus, I said, for you will insist on asking — that I pretty well know — out of envy, in order to prevent me from learning the wisdom of Euthydemus.

Then answer me, he said.

Well then, I said, I have only to say in answer, that Iolaus was not my nephew at all, but the nephew of Heracles; and his father was not my brother Patrocles, but Iphicles, who has a name rather like his, and was the brother of Heracles.

And is Patrocles, he said, your brother?

Yes, I said, he is my half-brother, the son of my mother, but not of my father.

Then he is and is not your brother.

Not by the same father, my good man, I said, for Chæredemus was his father, and mine was Sophroniscus.

And was Sophroniscus and Chæredemus a father?

Yes, I said; the former was mine, and the latter his father.

Then, he said, Chæredemus is not a father.

298 He is not my father, I said.

But can a father be other than a father? or are you the same as a stone?

I certainly do not think that I am a stone, I said, though I am afraid that you may prove me one.

Are you not other than a stone?

I am.

And being other than a stone, you are not a stone; and being other than gold, you are not gold.

Very true.

And so Chæredemus, he said, being other than a father, is not a father.

I suppose that he is not a father, I replied.

For if, said Euthydemus, taking up the argument, Chæredemus is a father, then Sophroniscus, being other than a father, is not a father; and you, Socrates, are without a father.

Ctesippus retorted: And is not your father in the same case? for he is other than my father.

Assuredly not, said Euthydemus.

Then he is the same?

He is the same.

I cannot say that I like the connection; but is he only my father, Euthydemus, or is he the father of all other men?

Of all other men, he replied. Do you suppose that he is a father and not a father?

Certainly, I did imagine that, said Ctesippus.

And do you suppose that gold is not gold, or that a man is not a man?

They are not *in pari materia*, Euthydemus, said Ctesippus, and you had better take care, for it is monstrous to suppose that your father is the father of all.

But he is, he said.

What, of men only, said Ctesippus, or of horses and all other animals?

Of all, he said.

And your mother, too, is the mother of all?

Yes, our mother, too.

Yes; and your mother has a progeny of sea-urchins then?

Yes; and yours, he said.

And gudgeons and puppies and pigs are your brothers.

And yours, too.

And your papa is a dog.

And so is yours, he said.

If you will answer my questions, said Dionysodorus, I will soon extract the same admissions from you, Ctesippus. You say that you have a dog.

Yes, a villain of a one, said Ctesippus.

And he has puppies?

Yes, and they are very like himself.

And the dog is the father of them?

Yes, he said.

And is he not yours?

To be sure he is.

Then he is a father, and he is yours; ergo, he is your father, and the puppies are your brothers.

Let me ask you one little question more, said Dionysodorus, quickly interposing, in order that Ctesippus might not get in his word: You beat this dog?

Ctesippus said, laughing, Indeed I do; and I only wish that I could beat you instead of him.

Then you beat your father, he said.

I should have had far more reason to beat yours, said Ctesippus; what could he have been thinking of when he begat such wise sons? much good has this father of you and other curs got out of your wisdom.

But neither he nor you, Ctesippus, have any need of much good.

And have you no need, Euthydemus? he said.

Neither I nor any other man; for tell me now, Ctesippus, if you think it good or evil for a man who is sick to drink medicine when he wants it; or to go to war armed rather than unarmed.

Good, I say. And yet I know that I am going to be caught in one of your charming puzzles.

That, he replied, you will discover, if you answer; for seeing that you admitted medicine to be good for a man to drink, when wanted, must it not be good for him to drink as much as possible — a cart-load of hellebore will not be too much for him?

Ctesippus said: Certainly not, Euthydemus, if he who drinks be as big as the statue of Delphi.

And if, he said, in war it be good to have arms, he ought to have as many spears and shields as possible?

Very true, said Ctesippus; and do you think that he ought to have one shield only, Euthydemus, and one spear?

I do.

And would you arm Geryon and Briareus in that way?

Considering the skill which you and your companion have in fighting in armor, I thought that you would have known better. Here Euthydemus held his peace, and Dionysodorus returned to the previous answer.

Don't you think the possession of gold is good?

Yes, said Ctesippus, and the more the better.

And to have money everywhere and always is a good?

Certainly a great good, he said.

And you admit that gold is a good?

I have admitted that, he replied.

And ought not a man then to have gold everywhere and always, and as much as possible in himself, and may he not be deemed the happiest of men who has three talents of gold in his belly, and a talent in his head, and a stater of gold in either eye?

Yes, Euthydemus, said Ctesippus; and the Scythians count them the happiest and bravest of men who have gold in their own skulls (that is only another instance of your manner of speaking about the dog and father), and what is still more extraordinary, they drink out of their own skulls gilt, and see the inside of them, and hold their own heads in their hands.

300 And do the Scythians and others see that which has the quality of vision, or that which has not? said Euthydemus.

That which has the quality of vision clearly.

And you also see that which has the quality of vision? he said.

Yes, I do.

Then do you see our garments?

Yes.

Then our garments have the quality of vision.

They can see to any extent, said Ctesippus.

What can they see?

Nothing; but you, my sweet man, may perhaps imagine that they do not see; and certainly, Euthydemus, you do seem to me to have been caught napping when you were not asleep, and that if it be possible to say and say nothing — that is what you are doing.

And may not a person speak and be silent? said Dionysodorus.

Impossible, said Ctesippus.

Or be silent and speak?

That is still more impossible, he said.

But when you speak of stones, wood, iron bars, do you not speak (of them) silent?

Not when I pass a smithy; for then the iron bars make a tremendous noise and outcry if they are touched: so that here your wisdom is strangely mistaken; please, however, to tell me how you can be silent when speaking (I thought that Ctesippus was put upon his mettle because Cleinias was present).

When you are silent, said Euthydemus, are you not silent about all things?

Yes, he said.

Then the speaking are silent, if speaking things are included in all things.

What, said Ctesippus, are not all things silent?

Certainly not, said Euthydemus.

Then, my good friend, do they all speak?

Yes; those which speak.

Nay, said Ctesippus, but the question which I ask is whether all things are silent or speak?

Neither and both, said Dionysodorus, quickly interposing; I am sure that you will be "nonplused" at that answer.

Here Ctesippus, as his manner was, burst into a roar of

laughter; he said, That brother of yours, Euthydemus, has got into a dilemma; all is over with him. This delighted Cleinias, whose laughter made Ctesippus ten times as uproarious; but I cannot help thinking that the rogue must have picked up this answer from them; for there has been no wisdom like theirs in our time. Why do you laugh, Cleinias, I said, at such solemn and beautiful things?

Why, Socrates, said Dionysodorus, did you ever see a beautiful thing?

Yes, Dionysodorus, I replied, I have seen many.

301 Were they other than the beautiful, or the same as the beautiful?

Now I was in a great quandary at having to answer this question, and I thought that I was rightly served for having opened my mouth at all: I said, however, They are not the same as absolute beauty, but they have beauty present with each of them.

And are you an ox because an ox is present with you, or are you Dionysodorus because Dionysodorus is present with you?

I don't like to hear you say that, I replied.

But how, he said, by reason of one thing being present with another, will one thing be another?

Is that your difficulty? I said. For I was beginning to imitate their skill, on which my heart was set.

Yes, he answered, and I and all the world are in a difficulty about the non-existent.

What do you mean, Dionysodorus, I said. Is not the honorable honorable and the base base?

That, he said, is as I please.

And do you please?

Yes, he said.

Also you will admit that the same is the same, and the other other; for surely the other is not the same; I should imagine that even a child will hardly have any difficulty about this. But, I think, Dionysodorus, that you must have intentionally missed the last question; for in general you seem to me to be a good workman, and to do the dialectician's business excellently well.

What, said he, is the business of a good workman? tell me, in the first place, whose business is hammering?

The smith's.

And whose the making of pots ?

The potter's.

And who has to kill and skin and mince and boil and cook ?

The cook, I said.

And if a man does his business he does rightly ?

Certainly.

And the business of the cook is to cut up and skin ; you have admitted that ?

Yes, I have admitted that ; but you must not be too severe upon me.

Then if some one were to kill, mince, boil, roast, the cook, he would do his business, and if he were to hammer the smith, and pot the potter, he would do their business.

Poseidon, I said, this is the crown of wisdom ; can I ever hope to have such wisdom of my own ?

And would you be able, Socrates, to recognize this wisdom when it has become your own ?

Certainly, I said, if you will allow me.

What, he said, do you think that you know what is your own ?

Yes, I do, subject to your correction ; for you are the bottom, and Euthydemus is the top, of all my wisdom.

Is not that which you would deem your own, he said, that which you have in your own power, and which you are able to use as you would desire, for example, an ox or a sheep : would you not think that your own which you could sell and give and sacrifice to any god whom you pleased, and that which you could not give or sell or sacrifice you would think not to be in your own power ?

Yes, I said (for I was certain that something good would come of the questions, which I was impatient to hear) ; yes, such things only are mine.

Yes, he said, and you would mean by animals living beings ?

Yes, I said.

You admit then, that those animals only are yours with which you have the power to do all these things which I was just naming.

I admit that.

Then, after an ironical pause, in which he seemed to be

thinking of something great, he said : Tell me, Socrates, have you an ancestral Zeus? Here anticipating the final move which was to enclose me in the net, in the attempt to get away I gave a desperate twist and said : No, Dionysodorus, I have not.

What a miserable man you must be, then, he said ; you are not an Athenian if you have no ancestral gods or temples, or any other good.

Nay, Dionysodorus, I said, do not be rough ; good words, if you please ; in the way of religion I have altars and temples, domestic and ancestral, and all that other Athenians have.

And have not other Athenians, he said, an ancestral Zeus?

That name, I said, is not to be found among the Ionians, whether colonists or citizens of Athens ; an ancestral Apollo there is, who is the father of Ion, and a family Zeus, and a Zeus guardian of the phratry, and an Athene guardian of the phratry. But the name of ancestral Zeus is unknown to us.

No matter, said Dionysodorus, for you admit that you have Apollo, Zeus, and Athene.

Certainly, I said.

And they are your gods, he said.

Yes, I said, my lords and ancestors.

At any rate they are yours, he said ; did you not admit that?

I did, I said ; what is going to happen to me?

And are not these gods animals? For you admit that all things which have life are animals ; and have not these gods life?

They have life, I said.

And are they not animals?

They are animals, I said.

And you admitted that of animals those are yours which you could give away or sell or offer in sacrifice, as you pleased?

I did admit that, Euthydemus, and I have no way of escape.

Well, then, said he, if you admit that Zeus and the other
303 gods are yours, can you sell them or give them away, or do what you will with them, as you would with other animals?

At this I was quite struck dumb, Crito, and lay prostrate. Ctesippus came to the rescue.

PLATO'S FEAST.

Photogravure from a painting by Anselm Feuerbach.





Bravo, Heracles, brave words, said he.

Bravo Heracles, or is Heracles a bravo? said Dionysodorus.

Poseidon, said Ctesippus, what awful distinctions. I will have no more of them; the pair are invincible.

Then, my dear Crito, there was universal applause of the speakers and their words, and what with laughing and clapping of hands and rejoicings the two men were quite overpowered; for hitherto only their partisans had cheered at each successive hit, but now the whole company shouted with delight until the columns of the Lyceum returned the sound, seeming almost to sympathize in their joy. To such a pitch was I affected myself, that I made a speech, in which I acknowledged that I had never seen the like of their wisdom; I was their devoted servant, and fell to praising and admiring of them. What marvelous dexterity of wit, I said, enabled you to acquire this great perfection in such a short time? There is much, indeed, to admire in your words, Euthydemus and Dionysodorus, but there is nothing that I admire more than your magnanimous disregard of any opinion, — whether of the many, or of the grave and reverend seigniors, — which is not the opinion of those who are like-minded with you. And I do verily believe that there are few who are like you, and would approve of your arguments; the majority of mankind are so ignorant of their value, that they would be more ashamed of employing them in the refutation of others than of being refuted by them. I must further express my approval of your kind and public-spirited denial of all differences, whether of good and evil, white or black, or any other; the result of which is that, as you say, every mouth is stopped, not excepting your own, which graciously follows the example of others; and thus all ground of offense is taken away. But what appears to me to be more than all is that this art and invention of yours is so admirably contrived, that in a very short time it can be imparted to any one. I observe that Ctesippus learned to imitate you in no time. Now this quickness of attainment is an excellent thing; but at the same time I would advise you not to have any more public entertainments; there is a danger that men may undervalue an art which they have so easy an opportunity of learning; the exhibition would be best of all, if the discussion were con-

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fined to your two selves; but if there must be an audience, let him only be present who is willing to pay a handsome fee, — you should be careful of this, — and if you are wise, you will also bid your disciples discourse with no man but you and themselves. For only what is rare is valuable; and water, which, as Pindar says, is the best of all things, is also the cheapest. And now I have only to request that you will receive Cleinias and me among your pupils.

Such was the discussion, Crito; and after a few more words had passed between us we went away. I hope that you will come to them with me, since they say that they are able to teach any one who will give them money, however old or stupid. And one thing which they said I must repeat for your especial benefit, — that not even the business of making money need hinder any man from taking in their wisdom with ease.

Cri. Truly, Socrates, though I am curious and ready to learn, yet I fear that I am not like-minded with Euthydemus, but one of the other sort, who, as you were saying, would rather be refuted by such arguments than use them in refutation of others. And though I may appear ridiculous in venturing to advise you, I think that you may as well hear what was said to me by a man of very considerable pretensions, — he was a professor of legal oratory, — who came away from you while I was walking up and down. “Crito,” said he to me, “are you attending to these wise men?” “No, indeed,” I said to him; “I could not get within hearing of them, there was such a crowd.” “You would have heard something worth hearing if you had.” “What was that?” I said. “You would have heard the greatest masters of the art of rhetoric discoursing.” “And what did you think of them?” I said. “What did I think of them,” he said; “what any one would think of them who heard them talking nonsense, and making much ado about nothing.” That was the expression which he used. “Surely,” I said, “philosophy is a charming thing.” “Charming!” he said; “what simplicity! philosophy is naught; and I think that if you had been present you would have been ashamed of your friend — his conduct was so very strange in placing himself at the mercy of men who care not what they say, and fasten upon every

word. And these, as I was telling you, are supposed to be the most eminent professors of their time. But the truth is, Crito, that the study and the men themselves are both equally mean and ridiculous." Now his censure of the pursuit, Socrates, whether coming from him or from others, appears to me to be undeserved; but as to the impropriety of holding a public discussion with such men, I confess that I thought he was in the right about that.

Soc. O Crito, they are marvelous men; but what was I going to say? What manner of man was he who came up to you and censured philosophy; was he an orator who himself practises in the courts, or an instructor of orators, who makes the speeches with which they do battle?

Cri. He was certainly not an orator, and I doubt whether he had ever been into court; but they say that he knows the business, and is a clever man, and composes wonderful speeches.

Soc. Now I understand, Crito; he is one of an amphibious class, whom I was on the point of mentioning — one of those whom Prodicus describes as on the border ground between philosophers and statesmen — they think that they are the wisest of all men, and that they are generally esteemed the wisest; nothing but the rivalry of the philosophers stands in their way; and they are of the opinion that if they can prove the philosophers to be good for nothing, no one will dispute their title to the palm of wisdom, for that they are really the wisest, although they are apt to be mauled by Euthydemus and his friend, when they get hold of them in conversation. This opinion which they entertain of their own wisdom is very natural; for they have a certain amount of philosophy, and a certain amount of political wisdom; there is reason in what they say, for they argue that they have just enough of both, while they keep out of the way of all risks and conflicts and reap the fruits of their wisdom.

Cri. What do you say of them, Socrates? There is certainly something specious in that notion of theirs.

Soc. Yes, Crito, there is more speciousness than truth; they cannot be made to understand the nature of intermediates. For all persons or things, which are intermediate between two other things, and participant of them — if one of

these two things is good and the other evil, are better than the one and worse than the other; but if they are in a mean between two good things which do not tend to the same end, they fall short of either of their component elements in the attainment of their ends. Only in the case when the two component elements which do not tend to the same end are evil is the participant better than either. Now if philosophy and political action are both good, but tend to different ends, and they participate in both, and are in a mean between them, then they are talking nonsense, for they are worse than either; or, if the one be good and the other evil, they are better than the one and worse than the other; only on the supposition that they are both evil could there be any truth in what they say. I do not think that they will admit that their two pursuits are either wholly or partly evil; but the truth is that these philosopher politicians who aim at both fall short of both in the attainment of their respective ends, and are really third, although they would like to stand first. There is no need, however, to be angry at this ambition of theirs—they may be forgiven that; for every man ought to be loved who says and manfully pursues and works out anything which is at all like wisdom: at the same time we shall do well to see them as they really are.

Cri. I have often told you, Socrates, that I am in a constant difficulty about my two sons. What am I to do with them? There is no hurry about the younger one, who is only a child; but the other, Critobulus, is getting on, and needs some one who will improve him. I cannot help thinking, when I hear you talk, that there is a sort of madness in many of our anxieties about our children: in the first place, about marrying a wife of good family to be the mother of them, and then about heaping up money for them—and yet taking no care about their education. But then again, when I contemplate any of
 307 those who pretend to educate others, I am amazed. They all seem to me to be such outrageous beings, if I am to confess the truth: so that I do not know how I can advise the youth to study philosophy.

Soc. Dear Crito, do you not know that in every profession the inferior sort are numerous and good for nothing, and the good are few and beyond all price: for example, are not gym-

nastic and rhetoric and money-making and the art of the general, noble arts?

Cri. Certainly they are, in my judgment.

Soc. Well, and do you not see that in each of these arts the many are ridiculous performers?

Cri. Yes, indeed, that is very true.

Soc. And will you on this account shun all these pursuits yourself and refuse to allow them to your son?

Cri. That would not be reasonable, Socrates.

Soc. Do you then be reasonable, Crito, and do not mind whether the teachers of philosophy are good or bad, but think only of Philosophy herself. Try and examine her well and truly, and if she be evil seek to turn away all men from her, and not your sons only; but if she be what I believe that she is, then follow her and serve her, you and your house, as the saying is, and be of good cheer.



INTRODUCTION TO EUTHYPHRO

IN the "Euthyphro" Socrates is already awaiting his trial for impiety, in the porch of the King Archon. But before the trial proceeds, Plato would like to put the world on their trial, and convince them of ignorance in that very matter touching which Socrates is accused. An incident which may perhaps really have occurred in the family of Euthyphro, a learned Athenian diviner and soothsayer, furnishes the occasion of the discussion.

This Euthyphro and Socrates are represented as meeting in the porch of the Archon. Both have legal business in hand. Socrates is defendant in a suit for impiety which Meletus has brought against him (it is remarked by the way that he is not a likely man himself to have brought a suit against another) ; and Euthyphro too is plaintiff in an action for murder, which he has brought against his own father. The latter has originated in the following manner : A poor dependent of the family of Euthyphro had slain one of their domestic slaves in Naxos. The guilty person was bound and thrown into a ditch by the command of Euthyphro's father, who sent to the interpreters of religion at Athens to ask what should be done with him. Before the messenger came back the criminal had died from hunger and exposure.

This is the origin of the charge of murder which Euthyphro brings against his father. Socrates is confident that before he could have taken upon himself the responsibility of such a prosecution, he must have been perfectly informed of the nature of piety and impiety ; and as he is going to be tried for impiety, he thinks he cannot do better than learn of Euthyphro (who will be admitted by all men, including the judges, to be an unimpeachable authority) what piety is, and what is impiety. What then is piety?

Euthyphro, who, in the abundance of his knowledge, is very willing to undertake all the responsibility, replies : That piety is doing as I do, prosecuting your father (if he is guilty) on a charge of murder ; doing as the gods do — as Zeus did to Cronos, and Cronos to Uranus.

Socrates has a dislike to these tales of mythology, and he fancies that this dislike of his may be the reason why he is charged with impiety. "Are they really true?" "Yes, they are"; and Euthyphro will gladly tell Socrates some more of them. But Socrates would like first of all to have a more satisfactory answer to the question, "What is piety?" "Doing as I do, charging a father with murder" may be a single instance of piety, but can hardly be regarded as a general definition.

Euthyphro replies, that "Piety is what is dear to the gods, and impiety is what is not dear to them." But may there not be differences of opinion, as among men, so also among the gods? Especially about good and evil, which have no fixed rule, and are precisely the sort of differences which give rise to quarrels. And therefore what may be dear to one god may not be dear to another, and the same action may be both pious and impious; *e.g.* your chastisement of your father, Euthyphro, may be dear or pleasing to Zeus, but not pleasing to Cronos or Uranus.

Euthyphro answers that there is no difference of opinion, either among gods or men, as to the propriety of punishing a murderer. Yes, rejoins Socrates, when they know him to be a murderer: but that assumes the point at issue. If all the circumstances of the case are considered, are you able to show that your father was guilty of murder, or that all the gods are agreed in approving of your prosecution of him? And must you not allow that what is hated by one god may be liked by another? Waiving this last, however, Socrates proposes to amend the definition, and say that "What all the gods love is pious, and what they all hate is impious." To this Euthyphro agrees.

Socrates proceeds to analyze the new form of the definition. He shows that in other cases the act precedes the state; *e.g.* the act of being carried, loved, etc., precedes the state of being carried, loved, etc., and therefore that which is dear to the gods is dear to the gods because it is first loved of them, not loved of them because it is dear to them. But the pious or holy is loved by the gods because it is pious or holy, which is equivalent to saying that it is loved by them because it is dear to them. Here then appears to be a contradiction, — Euthyphro has been giving an attribute or accident of piety only, and not the essence. Euthyphro acknowledges himself that his explanations seem to walk away or go round in a circle, like the moving figures of Dædalus, the ancestor of Socrates, who has communicated his art to his descendants.

Socrates, who is desirous of stimulating the indolent intelligence of Euthyphro, raises the question in another manner: "Is all the pious just?" "Yes." "Is all the just pious?" "No." "Then what part of justice is piety?" Euthyphro replies that piety is that part of justice which "attends" to the gods, as there is another part of justice which "attends" to men. But what is the meaning of "attending" to the gods? The word "attending," when applied to dogs, horses, and men, implies that in some way they are made better. But how do pious or holy acts make the gods any better? Euthyphro explains that he means by pious acts, acts of ministration. Yes; but the ministrations of the husbandman, the physician, and the builder have an end. To what end do we minister to the gods, and what do we help them to accomplish? Euthyphro replies that there is not time for all these difficult questions to be resolved, and he would rather say simply that piety is knowing how to please the gods in word and deed, by prayers and sacrifices. In other words, says Socrates, piety is "a science of asking and giving"—asking what we want and giving what they want; in short, a mode of doing business between gods and men. But although they are the givers of all good, how can we give them any good in return? "Nay, but we give them honor." Then we give them not what is beneficial, but what is pleasing or dear to them; and this is what has been already disproved.

Socrates, although weary of the subterfuges and evasions of Euthyphro, remains unshaken in his conviction that he must know the nature of piety, or he would never have prosecuted his old father. He is still hoping that he will condescend to instruct him. But Euthyphro is in a hurry and cannot stay. And Socrates's last hope of knowing the nature of piety before he is prosecuted for impiety has disappeared.

The "Euthyphro" is manifestly designed to contrast the real nature of piety and impiety with the popular conceptions of them. But although the popular conceptions are overthrown, Plato does not offer any definition of his own: he exhibits the subject of the dialogue in several different lights, but fails to answer explicitly his main question.

Euthyphro is a religionist, and is elsewhere spoken of as the author of a philosophy of names, by whose "prancing steeds" Socrates in the "Cratylus" is carried away. He has the conceit and self-confidence of a Sophist; no doubt that he is right in prosecuting his

father has ever entered into his mind. Like a Sophist too, and perhaps like most educated men of his age, he is incapable either of framing a general definition or of following the course of an argument. But he is not a bad man, and he is friendly to Socrates, whose familiar sign he recognizes with interest. Moreover he is the enemy of Meletus, who, as he thinks, is availing himself of the popular dislike to innovations in religion in order to injure Socrates; at the same time he is amusingly confident that he has weapons in his own armory which would be more than a match for him. He is quite sincere in his prosecution of his father, who has accidentally been guilty of homicide, and is not wholly free from blame. To purge away the crime appears to him in the light of a duty, whoever may be the criminal.

Thus begins the contrast between the religion of the letter, or of the narrow and unenlightened conscience, and the higher notion of religion which Socrates vainly endeavors to elicit from him. "Piety is doing as I do," is the first idea of religion which is suggested to his mind, and may be regarded as the definition of popular religion in all ages. Greek mythology hardly admitted of the distinction between accidental homicide and murder: that the pollution of blood was the same in both cases is also the feeling of the Athenian diviner. He is ready to defend his conduct by the examples of the gods. These are the very tales which Socrates cannot abide; and his dislike of which, as he suspects, has branded him with the reputation of impiety. Here is one answer to the question, "Why Socrates was put to death," suggested by the way. Another is conveyed in the words, "The Athenians do not care about any man being thought wise until he begins to make other men wise; and then for some reason or other they are angry": which may be said to be the rule of popular toleration in most other countries, and not at Athens only.

The next definition, "Piety is that which is loved of the gods," is shipwrecked on a refined distinction between the state and the act. The words "loved of the gods" express an attribute only, and not the essence of piety. Then follows the third and last definition, "Piety is a part of justice." Thus far Socrates has proceeded in placing religion on a moral foundation. To which the soothsayer adds, "Attending upon the gods." When further interrogated by Socrates as to the nature of this "attention to the gods," he replies that piety is an affair of business, a science of giving and asking, and the like. Socrates points out the latent anthropomorphism of these notions.

But when we expect him to go on and show that the true service of the gods is the service of the spirit, and the cooperation with them in all things true and good, he stops short ; this was a lesson which the soothsayer could not have been made to understand, and which every one must learn for himself.

There seem to be altogether three aims or interests in this little dialogue : (1) the dialectical development of the idea of piety ; (2) the antithesis of true and false religion, which is carried to a certain extent only ; (3) the defense of Socrates.

B. J.

EUTHYPHRO

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES

EUTHYPHRO

SCENE:—The Porch of the King Archon

Euthyphro.

WHY have you left the Lyceum, Socrates? ^{Stephen,}
and what are you doing in the porch of the ²
King Archon? Surely you cannot be engaged in
an action before the king, as I am.

Socrates. Not in an action, Euthyphro; impeachment is
the word which the Athenians use.

Euth. What! I suppose that some one has been prosecut-
ing you, for I cannot believe that you are the prosecutor of
another.

Soc. Certainly not.

Euth. Then some one else has been prosecuting you.

Soc. Yes.

Euth. And who is he?

Soc. A young man who is little known, Euthyphro; and I
hardly know him: his name is Meletus, and he is of the deme
of Pitthis. Perhaps you may remember his appearance; he
has a beak, and long straight hair, and a beard which is ill
grown.

Euth. No, I do not remember him, Socrates. And what
is the charge which he brings against you?

Soc. What is the charge? Well, a very serious charge,
which shows a good deal of character in the young man, and
for which he is certainly not to be despised. He says he
knows how the youth are corrupted and who are their cor-
rupters. I fancy that he must be a wise man, and seeing
that I am anything but a wise man, he has found me out,

and is going to accuse me of corrupting his young friends. And of this our mother the State is to be the judge. Of all our political men he is the only one who seems to me to begin in the right way, with the cultivation of virtue in youth; he is a good husbandman, and takes care of the shoots first, and clears away us who are the destroyers of them. That is the first step; he will afterwards attend to the elder branches; and if he goes on as he has begun, he will be a very great public benefactor. 3

Euth. I hope that he may; but I rather fear, Socrates, that the reverse will turn out to be the truth. My opinion is that in attacking you he is simply aiming a blow at the State in a sacred place. But in what way does he say that you corrupt the young?

Soc. He brings a wonderful accusation against me, which at first hearing excites surprise: he says that I am a poet or maker of gods, and that I make new gods and deny the existence of old ones; this is the ground of his indictment.

Euth. I understand, Socrates; he means to attack you about the familiar sign which occasionally, as you say, comes to you. He thinks that you are a neologian, and he is going to have you up before the court for this. He knows that such a charge is readily received, for the world is always jealous of novelties in religion. And I know that when I myself speak in the assembly about divine things, and foretell the future to them, they laugh at me as a madman; and yet every word that I say is true. But they are jealous of all of us. I suppose that we must be brave and not mind them.

Soc. Their laughter, friend Euthyphro, is not a matter of much consequence. For a man may be thought wise; but the Athenians, I suspect, do not care much about this, until he begins to make other men wise; and then for some reason or other, perhaps, as you say, from jealousy, they are angry.

Euth. I have no desire to try conclusions with them about this.

Soc. I dare say that you don't make yourself common, and are not apt to impart your wisdom. But I have a benevolent habit of pouring out myself to everybody, and would even pay for a listener, and I am afraid that the Athenians know this;

and therefore, as I was saying, if the Athenians would only laugh at me as you say that they laugh at you, the time might pass gayly enough in the court; but perhaps they may be in earnest, and then what the end will be you soothsayers only can predict.

Euth. I dare say that the affair will end in nothing, Socrates, and that you will win your cause; and I think that I shall win mine.

Soc. And what is your suit? and are you the pursuer or defendant, Euthyphro?

Euth. I am pursuer.

Soc. Of whom?

Euth. You will think me mad when I tell you whom I
4 am pursuing.

Soc. Why, has the fugitive wings?

Euth. Nay, he is not very volatile at his time of life.

Soc. Who is he?

Euth. My father.

Soc. Your father! good heavens, you don't mean that?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And of what is he accused?

Euth. Murder, Socrates.

Soc. By the powers, Euthyphro! how little does the common herd know of the nature of right and truth. A man must be an extraordinary man and have made great strides in wisdom, before he could have seen his way to this.

Euth. Indeed, Socrates, he must have made great strides.

Soc. I suppose that the man whom your father murdered was one of your relatives; if he had been a stranger you would never have thought of prosecuting him.

Euth. I am amused, Socrates, at your making a distinction between one who is a relation and one who is not a relation; for surely the pollution is the same in either case, if you knowingly associate with the murderer when you ought to clear yourself by proceeding against him. The real question is whether the murdered man has been justly slain. If justly, then your duty is to let the matter alone; but if unjustly, then even if the murderer is under the same roof with you and eats at the same table, proceed against him. Now the man who is dead was a poor dependent of mine who worked

for us as a field laborer at Naxos, and one day in a fit of drunken passion he got into a quarrel with one of our domestic servants and slew him. My father bound him hand and foot and threw him into a ditch, and then sent to Athens to ask of a diviner what he should do with him. Meantime he had no care or thought of him, being under the impression that he was a murderer; and that even if he did die there would be no great harm. And this was just what happened. For such was the effect of cold and hunger and chains upon him, that before the messenger returned from the diviner, he was dead. And my father and family are angry with me for taking the part of the murderer and prosecuting my father. They say that he did not kill him, and if he did, the dead man was but a murderer, and I ought not to take any notice, for that a son is impious who prosecutes a father. That shows, Socrates, how little they know of the opinions of the gods about piety and impiety.

Soc. Good heavens, Euthyphro! and have you such a precise knowledge of piety and impiety, and of divine things in general, that, supposing the circumstances to be as you state, you are not afraid that you too may be doing an impious thing in bringing an action against your father?

Euth. The best of Euthyphro, and that which distinguishes him, Socrates, from other men, is his exact knowledge of all these matters. What should I be good for without that? 5

Soc. Rare friend! I think that I cannot do better than be your disciple, before the trial with Meletus comes on. Then I shall challenge him, and say that I have always had a great interest in religious questions, and now, as he charges me with rash imaginations and innovations in religion, I have become your disciple. Now you, Meletus, as I shall say to him, acknowledge Euthyphro to be a great theologian, and sound in his opinions; and if you think that of him you ought to think the same of me, and not have me into court; you should begin by indicting him who is my teacher, and who is the real corrupter, not of the young, but of the old; that is to say, of myself whom he instructs, and of his old father whom he admonishes and chastises. And if Meletus refuses to listen to me, but will go on, and will not shift the indictment

from me to you, I cannot do better than say in the court that I challenged him in this way.

Euth. Yes, Socrates; and if he attempts to indict me I am mistaken if I don't find a flaw in him; the court shall have a great deal more to say to him than to me.

Soc. I know that, dear friend; and that is the reason why I desire to be your disciple. For I observe that no one, not even Meletus, appears to notice you; but his sharp eyes have found me out at once, and he has indicted me for impiety. And, therefore, I adjure you to tell me the nature of piety and impiety, which you said that you knew so well, and of murder, and the rest of them. What are they? Is not piety in every action always the same? and impiety, again, is not that always the opposite of piety, and also the same with itself, having, as impiety, one notion which includes whatever is impious?

Euth. To be sure, Socrates.

Soc. And what is piety, and what is impiety?

Euth. Piety is doing as I am doing; that is to say, prosecuting any one who is guilty of murder, sacrilege, or of any other similar crime,—whether he be your father or mother, or some other person, that makes no difference,—and not prosecuting them is impiety. And please to consider, Socrates, what a notable proof I will give you of the truth of what I am saying, which I have already given to others,—of the truth, I mean, of the principle that the impious, whoever he may be, ought not to go unpunished. For do not men regard Zeus as the best and most righteous of the gods?—and even
 6 they admit that he bound his father (Cronos) because he wickedly devoured his sons, and that he too had punished his own father (Uranus) for a similar reason, in a nameless manner. And yet when I proceed against my father, they are angry with me. This is their inconsistent way of talking when the gods are concerned, and when I am concerned.

Soc. May not this be the reason, Euthyphro, why I am charged with impiety—that I cannot away with these stories about the gods? and therefore I suppose that people think me wrong. But, as you who are well informed about them approve of them, I cannot do better than assent to your superior wisdom. For what else can I say, confessing as I

do that I know nothing of them. I wish you would tell me whether you really believe that they are true?

Euth. Yes, Socrates; and things more wonderful still, of which the world is in ignorance.

Soc. And do you really believe that the gods fought with one another, and had dire quarrels, battles, and the like, as the poets say, and as you may see represented in the works of great artists? The temples are full of them; and notably the robe of Athene, which is carried up to the Acropolis at the great Panathenæa, is embroidered with them. Are all these tales of the gods true, Euthyphro?

Euth. Yes, Socrates; and, as I was saying, I can tell you, if you would like to hear them, many other things about the gods which would quite amaze you.

Soc. I dare say; and you shall tell me them at some other time when I have leisure. But just at present I would rather hear from you a more precise answer, which you have not as yet given, my friend, to the question, What is "piety"? In reply, you only say that piety is, Doing as you do, charging your father with murder.

Euth. And that is true, Socrates.

Soc. I dare say, Euthyphro; but there are many other pious acts.

Euth. There are.

Soc. Remember that I did not ask you to give me two or three examples of piety, but to explain the general idea which makes all pious things to be pious. Do you not recollect that there was one idea which made the impious impious, and the pious pious?

Euth. I remember.

Soc. Tell me what this is, and then I shall have a standard to which I may look, and by which I may measure the nature of actions, whether yours or any one else's, and say that this action is pious, and that impious?

Euth. I will tell you, if you like.

Soc. I should very much like.

Euth. Piety, then, is that which is dear to the gods, and impiety is that which is not dear to them.

Soc. Very good, Euthyphro; you have now given me just the sort of answer which I wanted. But whether it

is true or not I cannot as yet tell, although I make no doubt that you will prove the truth of your words.

Euth. Of course.

Soc. Come, then, and let us examine what we are saying. That thing or person which is dear to the gods is pious, and that thing or person which is hateful to the gods is impious. Was not that said?

Euth. Yes, that was said.

Soc. And that seems to have been very well said, too?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, I think that; it was certainly said.

Soc. And further, Euthyphro, the gods were admitted to have enmities and hatreds and differences—that was also said?

Euth. Yes, that was said.

Soc. And what sort of difference creates enmity and anger? Suppose for example that you and I, my good friend, differ about a number; do differences of this sort make us enemies and set us at variance with one another? Do we not go at once to calculation, and end them by a sum?

Euth. True.

Soc. Or suppose that we differ about magnitudes, do we not quickly put an end to that difference by measuring?

Euth. That is true.

Soc. And we end a controversy about heavy and light by resorting to a weighing machine?

Euth. To be sure.

Soc. But what differences are those which, because they cannot be thus decided, make us angry and set us at enmity with one another? I dare say the answer does not occur to you at the moment, and therefore I will suggest that this happens when the matters of difference are the just and unjust, good and evil, honorable and dishonorable. Are not these the points about which, when differing, and unable satisfactorily to decide our differences, we quarrel, when we do quarrel, as you and I and all men experience?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, that is the nature of the differences about which we quarrel.

Soc. And the quarrels of the gods, noble Euthyphro, when they occur, are of a like nature?

Euth. They are.

Soc. They have differences of opinion, as you say, about good and evil, just and unjust, honorable and dishonorable: there would have been no quarrels among them, if there had been no such differences — would there now?

Euth. You are quite right.

Soc. Does not every man love that which he deems noble and just and good, and hate the opposite of them?

Euth. Very true.

Soc. But then, as you say, people regard the same things, some as just and others as unjust; and they dispute about this, and there arise wars and fightings among them.

Euth. Yes, that is true. 8

Soc. Then the same things, as appears, are hated by the gods and loved by the gods, are both hateful and dear to them?

Euth. True.

Soc. Then upon this view the same things, Euthyphro, will be pious and also impious?

Euth. That, I suppose, is true.

Soc. Then, my friend, I remark with surprise that you have not answered what I asked. For I certainly did not ask what was that which is at once pious and impious: and that which is loved by the gods appears also to be hated by them. And therefore, Euthyphro, in thus chastising your father you may very likely be doing what is agreeable to Zeus but disagreeable to Cronos or Uranus, and what is acceptable to Hephæstus but unacceptable to Here, and there may be other gods who have similar differences of opinion.

Euth. But I believe, Socrates, that all the gods would be agreed as to the propriety of punishing a murderer: there would be no difference of opinion about that.

Soc. Well, but speaking of men, Euthyphro, did you ever hear any one arguing that a murderer or any sort of evil-doer ought to be let off?

Euth. I should rather say that they are always arguing this, especially in courts of law; they commit all sorts of crimes, and there is nothing that they will not do or say in order to escape punishment.

Soc. But do they admit their guilt, Euthyphro, and yet say that they ought not to be punished?

Euth. No; they do not.

Soc. Then there are some things which they do not venture to say and do: for they do not venture to argue that the guilty are to be unpunished, but they deny their guilt, do they not?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Then they do not argue that the evil-doer should not be punished, but they argue about the fact of who the evil-doer is, and what he did and when?

Euth. True.

Soc. And the gods are in the same case, if as you imply they quarrel about just and unjust, and some of them say that they wrong one another, and others of them deny this. For surely neither God nor man will ever venture to say that the doer of evil is not to be punished: you don't mean to tell me that?

Euth. That is true, Socrates, in the main.

Soc. But they join issue about particulars; and this applies not only to men but to the gods; if they dispute at all they dispute about some act which is called in question, and which some affirm to be just, others to be unjust. Is not that true?

Euth. Quite true.

Soc. Well then, my dear friend Euthyphro, do tell me, for my better instruction and information, what proof have you that in the opinion of all the gods a servant who is guilty of murder, and is put in chains by the master of the dead man, and dies because he is put in chains before his corrector can learn from the interpreters what he ought to do with him, dies unjustly; and that on behalf of such a one a son ought to proceed against his father and accuse him of murder. How would you show that all the gods absolutely agree in approving of his act? Prove to me that, and I will applaud your wisdom as long as you live.

Euth. That would not be an easy task, although I could make the matter very clear indeed to you.

Soc. I understand; you mean to say that I am not so quick of apprehension as the judges: for to them you will be sure to prove that the act is unjust, and hateful to the gods.

Euth. Yes, indeed, Socrates; at least if they will listen to me.

Soc. But they will be sure to listen if they find that you are a good speaker. There was a notion that came into my mind while you were speaking; I said to myself: "Well, and what if Euthyphro does prove to me that all the gods regarded the death of the serf as unjust, how do I know anything more of the nature of piety and impiety? for granting that this action may be hateful to the gods, still these distinctions have no bearing on the definition of piety and impiety, for that which is hateful to the gods has been shown to be also pleasing and dear to them." And therefore, Euthyphro, I don't ask you to prove this; I will suppose, if you like, that all the gods condemn and abominate such an action. But I will amend the definition so far as to say that what all the gods hate is impious, and what they love pious or holy; and what some of them love and others hate is both or neither. Shall this be our definition of piety and impiety?

Euth. Why not, Socrates?

Soc. Why not! certainly, as far as I am concerned, Euthyphro. But whether this admission will greatly assist you in the task of instructing me as you promised, is a matter for you to consider.

Euth. Yes, I should say that what all the gods love is pious and holy, and the opposite, which they all hate, impious.

Soc. Ought we to inquire into the truth of this, Euthyphro, or simply to accept the mere statement on our own authority and that of others?

Euth. We should inquire; and I believe that the statement will stand the test of inquiry.

Soc. That, my good friend, we shall know better in a little while. The point which I should first wish to understand is whether the pious or holy is beloved by the gods because it is holy, or holy because it is beloved of the gods. 10

Euth. I don't understand your meaning, Socrates.

Soc. I will endeavor to explain: we speak of carrying and we speak of being carried, of leading and being led, seeing and being seen. And here is a difference the nature of which you understand.

Euth. I think that I understand.

Soc. And is not that which is beloved distinct from that which loves?

Euth. Certainly.

Soc. Well; and now tell me, is that which is carried in this state of carrying because it is carried, or for some other reason?

Euth. No; that is the reason.

Soc. And the same is true of that which is led and of that which is seen?

Euth. True.

Soc. And a thing is not seen because it is visible, but conversely, visible because it is seen; nor is a thing in the state of being led because it is led, or in a state of being carried because it is carried, but the converse of this. And now I think, Euthyphro, that my meaning will be intelligible; and my meaning is, that any state of action or passion implies previous action or passion. It does not become because it is becoming, but it is becoming because it comes; neither does it suffer because it is in a state of suffering, but it is in a state of suffering because it suffers. Do you admit that?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Is not that which is loved in some state either of becoming or suffering?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And the same holds as in the previous instances; the state of being loved follows the act of being loved, and not the act the state.

Euth. That is certain.

Soc. And what do you say of piety, Euthyphro: is not piety, according to your definition, loved by all the gods?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Because it is pious or holy, or for some other reason?

Euth. No, that is the reason.

Soc. It is loved because it is holy, not holy because it is loved?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And that which is in a state to be loved of the gods, and is dear to them, is in a state to be loved of them because it is loved of them?

Euth. Certainly.

Soc. Then that which is loved of God, Euthyphro, is not holy, nor is that which is holy loved of God, as you affirm; but they are two different things.

Euth. How do you mean, Socrates?

Soc. I mean to say that the holy has been acknowledged by us to be loved of God because it is holy, not to be holy because it is loved.

Euth. Yes.

Soc. But that which is dear to the gods is dear to them because it is loved by them, not loved by them because it is dear to them.

Euth. True.

Soc. But, friend Euthyphro, if that which is holy is the same as that which is dear to God, and that which is holy is loved as being holy, then that which is dear to God would have been loved as being dear to God; but if that which is dear to God is dear to him because loved by him, then ¹¹ that which is holy would have been holy because loved by him. But now you see that the reverse is the case, and that they are quite different from one another. For one (*θεοφιλές*) is of a kind to be loved because it is loved, and the other (*ὁσιον*) is loved because it is of a kind to be loved. Thus you appear to me, Euthyphro, when I ask you what is the essence of holiness, to offer an attribute only, and not the essence — the attribute of being loved by all the gods. But you still refuse to explain to me the nature of piety. And therefore, if you please, I will ask you not to hide your treasure, but to tell me once more what piety or holiness really is, whether dear to the gods or not (for that is a matter about which we will not quarrel). And what is impiety?

Euth. I really do not know, Socrates, how to say what I mean. For somehow or other our arguments, on whatever ground we rest them, seem to turn round and walk away.

Soc. Your words, Euthyphro, are like the handiwork of my ancestor Dædalus; and if I were the sayer or propounder of them, you might say that this comes of my being his relation, and that this is the reason why my arguments walk away and won't remain fixed where they are placed. But now, as the notions are your own, you must find some other gibe, for they certainly, as you yourself allow, show an inclination to be on the move.

Euth. Nay, Socrates, I shall still say that you are the Dædalus who sets arguments in motion; not I, certainly, make

them move or go round, for they would never have stirred, as far as I am concerned.

Soc. Then I must be a greater than Dædalus; for whereas he only made his own inventions to move, I move those of other people as well. And the beauty of it is, that I would rather not. For I would give the wisdom of Dædalus, and the wealth of Tantalus, to be able to detain them and keep them fixed. But enough of this. As I perceive that you are indolent, I will myself endeavor to show you how you might instruct me in the nature of piety; and I hope that you will not grudge your labor. Tell me, then, — Is not that which is pious necessarily just?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And is, then, all which is just pious? or, is that
 12 which is pious all just, but that which is just only in part and not all pious?

Euth. I don't understand you, Socrates.

Soc. And yet I know that you are as much wiser than I am, as you are younger. But, as I was saying, revered friend, the abundance of your wisdom makes you indolent. Please to exert yourself, for there is no real difficulty in understanding me. What I mean I may explain by an illustration of what I do not mean. The poet (Stasinus) sings: —

“Of Zeus, the author and creator of all these things,
 You will not tell: for where there is fear there is also reverence.”

And I disagree with this poet. Shall I tell you in what I disagree?

Euth. By all means.

Soc. I should not say that where there is fear there is also reverence; for I am sure that many persons fear poverty and disease, and the like evils, but I do not perceive that they reverence the objects of their fear.

Euth. Very true.

Soc. But where reverence is, there is fear; for he who has a feeling of reverence and shame about the commission of any action, fears and is afraid of an ill reputation.

Euth. No doubt.

Soc. Then we are wrong in saying that where there is fear there is also reverence; and we should say, where there

is reverence there is also fear. But there is not always reverence where there is fear ; for fear is a more extended notion, and reverence is a part of fear, just as the odd is a part of number, and number is a more extended notion than the odd. I suppose that you follow me now ?

Euth. Quite well.

Soc. That was the sort of question which I meant to raise when asking whether the just is the pious, or the pious the just ; and whether there may not be justice where there is not always piety ; for justice is the more extended notion of which piety is only a part. Do you agree in that ?

Euth. Yes ; that, I think, is correct.

Soc. Then, now, if piety is a part of justice, I suppose that we inquire what part ? If you had pursued the inquiry in the previous cases, for instance if you had asked me what is an even number and what part of number the even is, I should have had no difficulty in replying, a number which represents a figure having two equal sides. Do you agree ?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. In like manner, I want you to tell me what part of justice is piety or holiness ; that I may be able to tell Meletus not to do me injustice, or indict me for impiety ; as I am now adequately instructed by you in the nature of piety or holiness, and their opposites.

Euth. Piety or holiness, Socrates, appears to me to be that part of justice which attends to the gods, as there is the other part of justice which attends to men.

Soc. That is good, Euthyphro ; yet still there is a little point about which I should like to have further information. What is the meaning of "attention" ? For attention can hardly be used in the same sense when applied to the gods as when applied to other things. For instance, horses are said to require attention, and not every person is able to attend to them, but only a person skilled in horsemanship. Is not that true ?

Euth. Quite true.

Soc. I should suppose that the art of horsemanship is the art of attending to horses ?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Nor is every one qualified to attend to dogs, but only the huntsman.

Euth. True.

Soc. And I should also conceive that the art of the huntsman is the art of attending to dogs?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. As the art of the oxherd is the art of attending to oxen?

Euth. Very true.

Soc. And as holiness or piety is the art of attending to the gods? — that would be your meaning, Euthyphro?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And is not attention always designed for the good or benefit of that to which the attention is given? As in the case of horses, you may observe that when attended to by the horseman's art they are benefited and improved, are they not?

Euth. True.

Soc. As the dogs are benefited by the huntsman's art, and the oxen by the art of the oxherd, and all other things are tended or attended for their good and not for their hurt?

Euth. Certainly, not for their hurt.

Soc. But for their good?

Euth. Of course.

Soc. And does piety or holiness, which has been defined as the art of attending to the gods, benefit or improve them? Would you say that when you do a holy act you make any of the gods better?

Euth. No, no; that is certainly not my meaning.

Soc. Indeed, Euthyphro, I did not suppose that this was your meaning; far otherwise. And that was the reason why I asked you the nature of this attention, because I thought that this was not your meaning.

Euth. You do me justice, Socrates; for that is not my meaning.

Soc. Good: but I must still ask what is this attention to the gods which is called piety?

Euth. It is such, Socrates, as servants show to their masters.

Soc. I understand, — a sort of ministration to the gods.

Euth. Exactly.

Soc. Medicine is also a sort of ministration or service, tending to the attainment of some object, — would you say health?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. Again, there is an art which ministers to the ship-builder with a view to the attainment of some result?

Euth. Yes, Socrates, with a view to the building of a ship.

Soc. As there is an art which ministers to the house-builder with a view to the building of a house?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. And now tell me, my good friend, about this art which ministers to the gods : what work does that help to accomplish? For you must surely know if, as you say, you are of all men living the one who is best instructed in religion.

Euth. And that is true, Socrates.

Soc. Tell me then, O tell me, — what is that fair work which the gods do by the help of us as their ministers?

Euth. Many and fair, Socrates, are the works which they do.

Soc. Why, my friend, and so are those of a general. But the chief of them is easily told. Would you not say that victory in war is the chief of them? 14

Euth. Certainly.

Soc. Many and fair, too, are the works of the husbandman, if I am not mistaken; but his chief work is the production of food from the earth?

Euth. Exactly.

Soc. And of the many and fair things which the gods do, which is the chief and principal one?

Euth. I have told you already, Socrates, that to learn all these things accurately will be very tiresome. Let me simply say that piety is learning how to please the gods in word and deed, by prayers and sacrifices. That is piety, which is the salvation of families and states, just as the impious, which is displeasing to the gods, is their ruin and destruction.

Soc. I think that you could have answered in much fewer words the chief question which I asked, Euthyphro, if you had chosen. But I see plainly that you are not disposed to instruct me: else why, when we had reached the point, did you turn aside? Had you only answered me, I should have

learned of you by this time the nature of piety. Now, as the asker of a question is necessarily dependent on the answerer, whither he leads I must follow ; and can only ask again, what is the pious, and what is piety ? Do you mean that they are a sort of science of praying and sacrificing ?

Euth. Yes, I do.

Soc. And sacrificing is giving to the gods, and prayer is asking of the gods ?

Euth. Yes, Socrates.

Soc. Upon this view, then, piety is a science of asking and giving ?

Euth. You understand me capitally, Socrates.

Soc. Yes, my friend ; the reason is that I am a votary of your science, and give my mind to it, and therefore nothing which you say will be thrown away upon me. Please then to tell me, what is the nature of this service to the gods ? Do you mean that we prefer requests and give gifts to them ?

Euth. Yes, I do.

Soc. Is not the right way of asking to ask of them what we want ?

Euth. Certainly.

Soc. And the right way of giving is to give them in return what they want of us. There would be no meaning in an art which gives to any one that which he does not want.

Euth. Very true, Socrates.

Soc. Then piety, Euthyphro, is an art which gods and men have of doing business with one another ?

Euth. That is an expression which you may use, if you like.

Soc. But I have no particular liking for anything but the truth. I wish, however, that you would tell me what benefit accrues to the gods from our gifts. That they are the givers
 15 of every good to us is clear ; but how we can give any good thing to them in return is far from being equally clear. If they give everything and we give nothing, that must be an affair of business in which we have very greatly the advantage of them.

Euth. And do you imagine, Socrates, that any benefit accrues to the gods from what they receive of us ?

Soc. But if not, Euthyphro, what sort of gifts do we confer upon the gods ?

Euth. What should we confer upon them, but tributes of honor, and, as I was just now saying, what is pleasing to them?

Soc. Piety, then, is pleasing to the gods, but not beneficial or dear to them?

Euth. I should say that nothing could be dearer.

Soc. Then once more the assertion is repeated that piety is dear to the gods?

Euth. No doubt.

Soc. And when you say this, can you wonder at your words not standing firm, but walking away? Will you accuse me of being the Dædalus who makes them walk away, not perceiving that there is another and far greater artist than Dædalus who makes them go round in a circle; and that is yourself: for the argument, as you will perceive, comes round to the same point. I think that you must remember our saying that the holy or pious was not the same as that which is loved of the gods. Do you remember that?

Euth. I do.

Soc. And do you not see that what is loved of the gods is holy, and this is the same as what is dear to them?

Euth. True.

Soc. Then either we were wrong in that admission; or, if we were right then, we are wrong now.

Euth. I suppose that is the case.

Soc. Then we must begin again and ask, What is piety? That is an inquiry which I shall never be weary of pursuing as far as in me lies; and I entreat you not to scorn me, but to apply your mind to the utmost, and tell me the truth. For, if any man knows, you are he; and therefore I shall detain you, like Proteus, until you tell. For if you had not certainly known the nature of piety and impiety, I am confident that you would never, on behalf of a serf, have charged your aged father with murder. You would not have run such a risk of doing wrong in the sight of the gods, and you would have had too much respect for the opinions of men. I am sure, therefore, that you know the nature of piety and impiety. Speak out then, my dear Euthyphro, and do not hide your knowledge.

Euth. Another time, Socrates; for I am in a hurry, and must go now.

Soc. Alas! my companion, and will you leave me in despair? I was hoping that you would instruct me in the nature of piety and impiety, so that I might have cleared myself of Meletus and his indictment. Then I might have proved to him that I had been converted by Euthyphro, and had done with rash innovations and speculations, in which I had indulged through ignorance, and was about to lead a better life.

INTRODUCTION TO APOLOGY

IN what relation the "Apology" of Plato stands to the real defense of Socrates, there are no means of determining. It certainly agrees in tone and character with the description of Xenophon, who says in the "Memorabilia" (iv. 4, 4) that Socrates might have been acquitted "if in any moderate degree he would have conciliated the favor of the dicasts"; and who informs us in another passage (iv. 8, 4), on the testimony of Hermogenes, the friend of Socrates, that he had no wish to live; and that the divine sign refused to allow him to prepare a defense, and also that Socrates himself declared this to be unnecessary, on the ground that all his life long he had been preparing against that hour. For the speech breathes throughout a spirit of defiance, "*ut non supplex aut reus sed magister aut dominus videretur esse judicum*" (Cic. de Orat. i. 54); and the loose and desultory style is an imitation of the "accustomed manner" in which Socrates spoke in "the agora and among the tables of the money-changers." The allusion in the "Crito" (45 B) may, perhaps, be adduced as a further evidence of the literal accuracy of some parts (37 C, D). But in the main it must be regarded as the ideal of Socrates, according to Plato's conception of him, appearing in the greatest and most public scene of his life, and in the height of his triumph, when he is weakest, and yet his mastery over mankind is greatest, and the habitual irony of his life acquires a new meaning and a sort of tragic pathos in the face of death. The facts of his life are summed up, and the features of his character are brought out, as if by accident in the course of the defense. The looseness of the style, the seeming want of arrangement of the topics, is found to result in a perfect work of art, which is the portrait of Socrates.

Yet some of the topics may have been actually used by Socrates; and the recollection of his very words may have rung in the ears of his disciple. The "Apology" of Plato may be compared generally with those speeches of Thucydides in which he has embodied his

conception of the lofty character and policy of the great Pericles, and which at the same time furnish a commentary on the situation of affairs from the point of view of the historian. So in the "Apology" there is an ideal rather than a literal truth; much is said that ought to have been said but was not said, and is only Plato's view of the situation. And we may perhaps even indulge in the fancy that the actual defense of Socrates was as much greater than the Platonic defense as the master was greater than the disciple. But in any case, some of the words actually used have probably been preserved. It is significant that Plato is said to have been present at the defense (38 B), as he is also said to have been absent at the last scene in the "Phædo" (59 B). Is it fanciful to suppose that he meant to give the stamp of authenticity to the one and not to the other?—especially when we remember that these two passages are the only ones in which Plato makes mention of himself. Moreover, the "Apology" appears to combine the common characteristics both of the Xenophontean and Platonic Socrates, while the "Phædo" passes into a region of thought which is very characteristic of Plato, but not of his master.

There is not much in the other dialogues which can be compared with the "Apology." The same recollection of his master may have been present to the mind of Plato when depicting the sufferings of the Just in the "Republic." The "Crito" may also be regarded as a sort of appendage to the "Apology," in which Socrates, who has defied the judges, is nevertheless represented as scrupulously obedient to the laws. The idealization of the sufferer is carried still further in the "Gorgias" (476 foll.), in which the thesis is maintained, that "to suffer is better than to do evil"; and the art of rhetoric is described as only useful for the purpose of self-accusation. The parallelisms which occur in the so-called "Apology" of Xenophon are not worth noticing, because the writing in which they are contained is manifestly spurious. The statements of the "Memorabilia" (i. 2, iv. 8) respecting the trial and death of Socrates agree generally with Plato; but they have lost the flavor of Socratic irony in the narrative of Xenophon.

The "Apology" or Platonic defense of Socrates is divided into three parts: 1st. The defense properly so called; 2d. The shorter address in mitigation of the penalty; 3d. The last words of prophetic rebuke and exhortation.

The first part commences with an apology for his colloquial style; he is, as he has always been, the enemy of rhetoric, and knows of no

rhetoric but truth; he will not falsify his character by making a speech. Then he proceeds to divide his accusers into two classes: first, there is the nameless accuser—public opinion. All the world from their earliest years had heard that he was a corrupter of youth, and had seen him caricatured in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. Secondly, there are the professed accusers, who are but the mouth-piece of the others. The accusations of both might be summed up in a formula. The first say, "Socrates is an evil-doer and a curious person, searching into things under the earth and above the heaven, and making the worse appear the better cause, and teaching all this to others." The second, "Socrates is an evil-doer and corrupter of the youth, who does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces other new divinities." These last appear to have been the words of the actual indictment, of which the previous formula is a parody.

The answer begins by clearing up a confusion. In the representations of the comic poets, and in the opinion of the multitude, he had been confounded with the teachers of physical science and with the Sophists. But this was an error. For both of them he professes a respect in the open court, which contrasts with his manner of speaking about them in other places. But at the same time he shows that he is not one of them. Of natural philosophy he knows nothing; not that he despises such pursuits, but the fact is that he is ignorant of them, and never says a word about them. Nor does he receive money for teaching; that is another mistaken notion, for he has nothing to teach. But he commends Evenus for teaching virtue at such a moderate rate. Something of the "accustomed irony," which may perhaps be expected to sleep in the ear of the multitude, is lurking here.

He then goes on to explain the reason why he is in such an evil name. That had arisen out of a peculiar mission which he had taken upon himself. The enthusiastic Chærephon (probably in anticipation of the answer he received) had gone to Delphi and asked the oracle if there was any man wiser than Socrates; and the answer was that there was no man wiser. What could be the meaning of this—that he who knew nothing, and knew that he knew nothing, should be declared by the oracle to be the wisest of men? Reflecting upon this, he determined to refute the oracle by finding "a wiser"; and first he went to the politicians, and then to the poets, and then to the craftsmen, but always with the same result—he found that they knew nothing, or hardly anything more than himself; and that the little advantage which in some cases they possessed was more than

counterbalanced by their conceit of knowledge. He knew nothing, and knew that he knew nothing: they knew little or nothing, and imagined that they knew all things. Thus he had passed his life as a sort of missionary in detecting the pretended wisdom of mankind; and this occupation had quite absorbed him and taken him away both from public and private affairs. Young men of the richer sort had made a pastime of the same pursuit, "which was not unamusing." And hence bitter enmities had arisen; the professors of knowledge had revenged themselves by calling him a villainous corrupter of the youth, and by repeating the commonplaces about atheism and materialism and sophistry, which are the stock accusations against all philosophers when there is nothing else to be said of them.

The second accusation he meets by interrogating Meletus, who is present and can be interrogated. "If he is the corrupter, who is the improver of the citizens?" "All mankind." But how absurd, how contrary to analogy is this! How inconceivable too, that he should make the citizens worse when he has to live with them. This surely cannot be intentional; and if unintentional, he ought to have been instructed by Meletus, and not accused in the court.

But there is another part of the indictment which says that he teaches men not to receive the gods whom the city receives, and has other new gods. "Is that the way in which he is supposed to corrupt the youth?" "Yes, that is the way." "Has he only new gods, or none at all?" "None at all." "What, not even the sun and moon?" "No; why, he says that the sun is a stone, and the moon earth." That, replies Socrates, is the old confusion about Anaxagoras; the Athenian people are not so ignorant as to attribute to the influence of Socrates notions which have found their way into the drama, and may be learned at the theater. Socrates undertakes to show that Meletus (rather unjustifiably) has been compounding a riddle in this part of the indictment: "There are no gods, but Socrates believes in the existence of the sons of gods, which is absurd."

Leaving Meletus, who has had enough words spent upon him, he returns to his original accusers. The question may be asked, Why will he persist in following a profession which leads him to death? Why — because he must remain at his post where the God has placed him, as he remained at Potidæa, and Amphipolis, and Delium, where the generals placed him. Besides, he is not so overwise as to imagine that he knows whether death is a good or an evil; and he is certain that desertion of his duty is an evil. Anytus is quite right in saying that they should never have indicted him if they meant to let him go.

For he will certainly obey God rather than man, and will continue to preach to all men of all ages the necessity of virtue and improvement; and if they refuse to listen to him he will still persevere and reprove them. This is his way of corrupting the youth, which he will not cease to follow in obedience to the God, even if a thousand deaths await him.

He is desirous that they should not put him to death — not for his own sake, but for theirs; because he is their heaven-sent friend (and they will never have such another), or, as he may be ludicrously described, the gadfly who stirs the generous steed into motion. Why then has he never taken part in public affairs? Because the familiar divine voice has hindered him; if he had been a public man and fought for the right, as he would certainly have fought against the many, he would not have lived, and could therefore have done no good. Twice in public matters he has risked his life for the sake of justice — once at the trial of the generals; and again in resistance to the tyrannical commands of the Thirty.

But, though not a public man, he has passed his days in instructing the citizens without fee or reward; this was his mission. Whether his disciples have turned out well or ill, he cannot justly be charged with the result, for he never promised to teach them anything. They might come if they liked, and they might stay away if they liked: and they did come, because they found an amusement in hearing the pretenders to wisdom detected. If they have been corrupted, their elder relatives (if not themselves) might surely appear in court and witness against him, and there is an opportunity still for them to do this. But their fathers and brothers all appear in court (including "this" Plato), to witness on his behalf; and if their relatives are corrupted, at least they are uncorrupted; "and they are my witnesses. For they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is lying."

This is about all he has to say. He will not entreat the judges to spare his life; neither will he present a spectacle of weeping children, although he, too, is not made of "rock or oak." Some of the judges themselves may have complied with this practise on similar occasions, and he trusts that they will not be angry with him for not following their example. But he feels that such conduct brings discredit on the name of Athens; he feels, too, that the judge has sworn not to give away justice; and he cannot be guilty of the impiety of asking the judge to forswear himself, when he is himself being tried for impiety.

As he expected, and probably intended, he is convicted. And now the tone of the speech, instead of being more conciliatory, becomes more lofty and commanding. Anytus proposes death as the penalty; and what counter proposition shall he make? He, the benefactor of the Athenian people, whose whole life has been spent in doing them good, should at least have the Olympic victor's reward of maintenance in the prytaneum. Or why should he propose any counter penalty when he does not know whether death, which Anytus proposes, is a good or an evil? and he is certain that imprisonment is an evil, exile is an evil. Loss of money might be no evil, but then he has none to give; perhaps he can make up a mina. Let that then be the penalty, or, if his friends wish, thirty minæ; for this they will be excellent securities.

[*He is condemned to death.*]

He is an old man already, and the Athenians will gain nothing but disgrace by depriving him of a few years of life. Perhaps he could have escaped, if he had chosen to throw down his arms and entreat for his life. But he does not at all repent of the manner of his defense; he would rather die in his own fashion than live in theirs. For the penalty of unrighteousness is swifter than death, and that has already overtaken his accusers as death will soon overtake him.

And now, as one who is about to die, he will prophesy to them. They have put him to death in order to escape the necessity of giving an account of their lives. But his death "will be the seed" of many disciples who will convict them of their evil ways, and will come forth to reprove them in harsher terms, because they are younger and more inconsiderate.

He would like to say a few words, while there is time, to those who would have acquitted him. He wishes them to know that the divine sign never interrupted him in the course of his defense; the reason of which, as he conjectures, is that the death to which he is going is a good and not an evil. For either death is a long sleep, the best of sleeps, or a journey to another world in which the souls of the dead are gathered together, and in which there may be a hope of seeing the heroes of old—in which, too, there are just judges; and as all are immortal, there can be no fear of any one being put to death for his opinions.

Nothing evil can happen to the good man either in life or death, and his own death has been permitted by the gods, because it was

better for him to depart ; and therefore he forgives his judges because they have done him no harm, although they never meant to do him any good.

He has a last request to make to them — that they will trouble his sons as he has troubled them, if they appear to prefer riches to virtue, or to think themselves something when they are nothing.

“ Few persons will be found to wish that Socrates should have defended himself otherwise,” — if, as we must add, his defense was that with which Plato has provided him. But leaving this question, which does not admit of a precise solution, we may go on to ask what was the impression which Plato in the “Apology” intended to leave of the character and conduct of his master in the last great scene? Did he intend to represent him (1) as employing sophistries? (2) as designedly irritating the judges? Or are these sophistries to be regarded as belonging to the age in which he lived and to his personal character, and this apparent haughtiness as flowing from the natural elevation of his position?

For example, when he says that it is absurd to suppose that one man is the corrupter and all the rest of the world the improvers of the youth ; or, when he argues that he never could have corrupted the men with whom he had to live ; or, when he proves his belief in the gods because he believes in the sons of gods, is he serious or jesting? It may be observed that these sophisms all occur in his cross-examination of Meletus, who is easily foiled and mastered in the hands of the great dialectician. Perhaps he regarded these answers as all of them good enough for his accuser (he makes very light of him throughout). Also it may be noted that there is a touch of irony in all of them, which takes them out of the category of sophistry.

That the manner in which he defends himself about the lives of his disciples is not satisfactory, can hardly be denied. Fresh in the memory of the Athenians, and detestable as they deserved to be to the newly restored democracy, were the names of Alcibiades, Critias, Charmides. It is obviously not a sufficient answer that Socrates had never professed to teach them anything, and is therefore not justly chargeable with their crimes. Yet the defense, when taken out of this ironical form, is doubtless sound : that his teaching had nothing to do with their evil lives. Here, then, the sophistry is rather in form than in substance, though we might desire that to such a serious charge Socrates had given a more serious answer.

Truly characteristic of Socrates is another point in his answer, which may also be regarded as sophistical. He says that "if he has corrupted the youth, he must have corrupted them involuntarily." In these words the Socratic doctrine of the involuntariness of evil is clearly intended to be conveyed. But if, as Socrates argues, all evil is involuntary, then all criminals ought to be admonished and not punished. Here again, as in the former instance, the defense of Socrates, which is untrue practically, may yet be true in some ideal or transcendental sense. The commonplace reply, that if he had been guilty of corrupting the youth, their relations would surely have witnessed against him, with which he concludes this part of his defense, is more satisfactory.

Again, when Socrates argues that he must believe in the gods because he believes in the sons of gods, we must remember that this is a refutation not of the original indictment, which is consistent enough, — "Socrates does not receive the gods whom the city receives, and has other new divinities," — but of the interpretation put upon the words by Meletus, who has affirmed that he is a downright atheist. To this Socrates fairly answers, in accordance with the ideas of the time, that a downright atheist cannot believe in the sons of gods or in divine things. The notion that demons or lesser divinities are the sons of gods is not to be regarded as ironical or skeptical. But the love of argument may certainly have led Plato to relapse into the mythological point of view, and prevented him from observing that the reasoning is only formally correct.

The second question, whether Plato meant to represent Socrates as needlessly braving or irritating his judges, must also be answered in the negative. His irony, his superiority, his audacity, "regarding not the person of man," necessarily flow out of the loftiness of his situation. He is not acting a part upon a great occasion, but he is what he has been all his life long, "a king of men." He would rather not appear insolent, if he could avoid this. He is not desirous of hastening his own end, for life and death are simply indifferent to him. But neither will he say or do anything which might avert the penalty; he cannot have his tongue bound, even in the "throat of death": his natural character must appear. He is quite willing to make his defense to posterity and to the world, for that is a true defense. But such a defense as would be acceptable to his judges and might procure an acquittal, it is not in his nature to make. With his actual accusers he will only fence and play. The singularity of the mission which he ascribes to himself is a great reason for be-

lieving that he is serious in his account of the motives which actuated him. The dedication of his life to the improvement of his fellow citizens is not so remarkable as the ironical spirit in which he goes about doing good to all men only in vindication of the credit of the oracle, and in the vain hope of finding a wiser man than himself. Yet this singular and almost accidental character of his mission agrees with the divine sign which, according to our notions, is equally accidental and irrational, and is nevertheless accepted by him as the guiding principle in his life. Nor must we forget that Socrates is nowhere represented to us as a freethinker or skeptic. There is no reason whatever to doubt his sincerity when he implies his belief in the divinity of the sun and moon, or when he speculates on the possibility of seeing and knowing the heroes of the Trojan War in another world. On the other hand, his hope of immortality is uncertain; he also conceives of death as a long sleep (in this respect differing from the "Phædo"), and at last falls back on resignation to the divine will, and the certainty that no evil can happen to the good man either in life or death. His absolute truthfulness seems to hinder him from asserting positively more than this. The irony of Socrates is not a mask which he puts on at will, but flows necessarily out of his character and out of his relation to mankind. This, which is true of him generally, is especially true of the last memorable act, in which his life is summed up. Such irony is not impaired but greatly heightened by a sort of natural simplicity.

It has been remarked that the prophecy at the end, of a new generation of teachers who would rebuke and exhort the Athenian people in harsher and more violent terms, as far as we know was never fulfilled. No inference can be drawn from this circumstance as to the probability of their having been actually uttered. They express the aspiration of the first martyr of philosophy, that he would leave behind him many followers, accompanied by the not unnatural feeling that they would be fiercer and more inconsiderate in their words when emancipated from his control.

The above remarks must be understood as applying with any degree of certainty to the Platonic Socrates only. For, however probable it may be that these or similar words may have been spoken by Socrates himself, we cannot exclude the possibility that like so much else, *e.g.* the wisdom of Critias, the poem of Solon, the virtues of Charmides, they may have been due only to the imagination of Plato.

APOLOGY

HOW you have felt, O men of Athens, at hearing Stephen, the speeches of my accusers, I cannot tell; ¹⁷ but I know that their persuasive words almost made me forget who I was, such was the effect of them; and yet they have hardly spoken a word of truth. But many as their falsehoods were, there was one of them which quite amazed me: I mean when they told you to be upon your guard, and not to let yourselves be deceived by the force of my eloquence. They ought to have been ashamed of saying this, because they were sure to be detected as soon as I opened my lips and displayed my deficiency; they certainly did appear to be most shameless in saying this, unless by the force of eloquence they mean the force of truth; for then I do indeed admit that I am eloquent. But in how different a way from theirs! Well, as I was saying, they have hardly uttered a word, or not more than a word, of truth; but you shall hear from me the whole truth: not, however, delivered after their manner, in a set oration duly ornamented with words and phrases. No, indeed! but I shall use the words and arguments which occur to me at the moment; for I am certain that this is right, and that at my time of life I ought not to be appearing before you, O men of Athens, in the character of a juvenile orator: let no one expect this of me. And I must beg of you to grant me one favor, which is this, — If you hear me using the same words in my defense which I have been in the habit of using, and which most of you may have heard in the agora, and at the tables of the money-changers, or anywhere else, I would ask you not to be surprised at this, and not to interrupt me. For I am more than seventy years of age, and this is the first time that I have ever appeared in a court of law, and I am quite a stranger to

the ways of the place; and therefore I would have you regard me as if I were really a stranger, whom you would excuse if he spoke in his native tongue, and after the fashion of his country: that I think is not an unfair request. Never mind the manner, which may or may not be good; but think only of the justice of my cause, and give heed to that: let the judge decide justly and the speaker speak truly. 18

And first, I have to reply to the older charges and to my first accusers, and then I will go on to the later ones. For I have had many accusers, who accused me of old, and their false charges have continued during many years; and I am more afraid of them than of Anytus and his associates, who are dangerous, too, in their own way. But far more dangerous are these, who began when you were children, and took possession of your minds with their falsehoods, telling of one Socrates, a wise man, who speculated about the heaven above, and searched into the earth beneath, and made the worse appear the better cause. These are the accusers whom I dread; for they are the circulators of this rumor, and their hearers are too apt to fancy that speculators of this sort do not believe in the gods. And they are many, and their charges against me are of ancient date, and they made them in days when you were impressible, — in childhood, or perhaps in youth, — and the cause when heard went by default, for there was none to answer. And hardest of all, their names I do not know and cannot tell; unless in the chance case of a comic poet. But the main body of these slanderers who from envy and malice have wrought upon you, — and there are some of them who are convinced themselves, and impart their convictions to others, — all these, I say, are most difficult to deal with; for I cannot have them up here, and examine them, and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defense, and examine when there is no one who answers. I will ask you then to assume with me, as I was saying, that my opponents are of two kinds, — one recent, the other ancient; and I hope that you will see the propriety of my answering the latter first, for these accusations you heard long before the others, and much oftener.

Well, then, I will make my defense, and I will endeavor in the short time which is allowed to do away 19

with this evil opinion of me which you have held for such a long time; and I hope that I may succeed, if this be well for you and me, and that my words may find favor with you. But I know that to accomplish this is not easy — I quite see the nature of the task. Let the event be as God wills: in obedience to the law I make my defense.

I will begin at the beginning, and ask what the accusation is which has given rise to this slander of me, and which has encouraged Meletus to proceed against me. What do the slanderers say? They shall be my prosecutors, and I will sum up their words in an affidavit: "Socrates is an evil-doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and he teaches the aforesaid doctrines to others." That is the nature of the accusation, and that is what you have seen yourselves in the comedy of Aristophanes, who has introduced a man whom he calls Socrates, going about and saying that he can walk in the air, and talking a deal of nonsense concerning matters of which I do not pretend to know either much or little — not that I mean to say anything disparaging of any one who is a student of natural philosophy. I should be very sorry if Meletus could lay that to my charge. But the simple truth is, O Athenians, that I have nothing to do with these studies. Very many of those here present are witnesses to the truth of this, and to them I appeal. Speak then, you who have heard me, and tell your neighbors whether any of you have ever known me hold forth in few words or in many upon matters of this sort. . . . You hear their answer. And from what they say of this you will be able to judge of the truth of the rest.

As little foundation is there for the report that I am a teacher, and take money; that is no more true than the other. Although, if a man is able to teach, I honor him for being paid. There is Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis, who go the round of the cities, and are able to persuade the young men to leave their own citizens, by whom they might be taught for nothing, and come to them, whom they not only pay, but are thankful if they may be allowed to pay them. There is actually a Parian philosopher residing in Athens, of whom I have heard; and I

came to hear of him in this way : I met a man who has spent a world of money on the Sophists, Callias the son of Hipponicus, and knowing that he had sons, I asked him : " Callias," I said, " if your two sons were foals or calves, there would be no difficulty in finding some one to put over them ; we should hire a trainer of horses, or a farmer probably, who would improve and perfect them in their own proper virtue and excellence ; but as they are human beings, whom are you thinking of placing over them ? Is there any one who understands human and political virtue ? You must have thought about this as you have sons ; is there any one ? " " There is," he said. " Who is he ? " said I, " and of what country ? and what does he charge ? " " Evenus the Parian," he replied ; " he is the man, and his charge is five minæ." Happy is Evenus, I said to myself, if he really has this wisdom, and teaches at such a modest charge. Had I the same, I should have been very proud and conceited ; but the truth is that I have no knowledge of the kind, O Athenians.

I dare say that some one will ask the question, " Why is this, Socrates, and what is the origin of these accusations of you : for there must have been something strange which you have been doing ? All this great fame and talk about you would never have arisen if you had been like other men : tell us, then, why this is, as we should be sorry to judge hastily of you." Now I regard this as a fair challenge, and I will endeavor to explain to you the origin of this name of " wise," and of this evil fame. Please to attend, then. And although some of you may think that I am joking, I declare that I will tell you the entire truth. Men of Athens, this reputation of mine has come of a certain sort of wisdom which I possess. If you ask me what kind of wisdom, I reply, such wisdom as is attainable by man, for to that extent I am inclined to believe that I am wise ; whereas the persons of whom I was speaking have a superhuman wisdom, which I may fail to describe, because I have it not myself ; and he who says that I have, speaks falsely, and is taking away my character. And here, O men of Athens, I must beg you not to interrupt me, even if I seem to say something extravagant. For the word which I will speak is not mine. I will refer you to a witness who is worthy of credit, and will tell you about my wisdom —

whether I have any, and of what sort — and that witness shall
 21 be the God of Delphi. You must have known Chære-
 phon; he was early a friend of mine, and also a friend
 of yours, for he shared in the exile of the people, and returned
 with you. Well, Chærephon, as you know, was very impetu-
 ous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked
 the oracle to tell him whether — as I was saying, I must beg
 you not to interrupt — he asked the oracle to tell him whether
 there was any one wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophet-
 ess answered, that there was no man wiser. Chærephon is
 dead himself, but his brother, who is in court, will confirm the
 truth of this story.

Why do I mention this? Because I am going to explain to
 you why I have such an evil name. When I heard the
 answer, I said to myself, What can the god mean? and what
 is the interpretation of this riddle? for I know that I have no
 wisdom, small or great. What can he mean when he says
 that I am the wisest of men? And yet he is a god and can-
 not lie; that would be against his nature. After a long con-
 sideration, I at last thought of a method of trying the question.
 I reflected that if I could only find a man wiser than myself,
 then I might go to the god with a refutation in my hand. I
 should say to him, "Here is a man who is wiser than I am;
 but you said that I was the wisest." Accordingly I went to
 one who had the reputation of wisdom, and observed to him,
 — his name I need not mention; he was a politician whom I
 selected for examination, — and the result was as follows:
 When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that
 he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by
 many, and wiser still by himself; and I went and tried to ex-
 plain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really
 wise; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his
 enmity was shared by several who were present and heard
 me. So I left him, saying to myself, as I went away: Well,
 although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything
 really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is, — for he
 knows nothing, and thinks that he knows. I neither know
 nor think that I know. In this latter particular, then, I seem
 to have slightly the advantage of him. Then I went to
 another, who had still higher philosophical pretensions, and

my conclusion was exactly the same. I made another enemy of him, and of many others besides him.

After this I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked, and I lamented and feared this: but necessity was laid upon me,—the word of God, I thought, ought to be considered first. And I said to myself, Go I must to all who appear to know, and find out the meaning of the oracle. And I swear to you, Athenians, by the dog I swear!—for I must tell you the truth—the result of my mission was just this: I found that the men most in repute were all but the most foolish; and that some inferior men were really wiser and better. I will tell you the tale ²² of my wanderings and of the “Herculean” labors, as I may call them, which I endured only to find at last the oracle irrefutable. When I left the politicians, I went to the poets; tragic, dithyrambic, and all sorts. And there, I said to myself, you will be detected; now you will find out that you are more ignorant than they are. Accordingly, I took them some of the most elaborate passages in their own writings, and asked what was the meaning of them—thinking that they would teach me something. Will you believe me? I am almost ashamed to speak of this, but still I must say that there is hardly a person present who would not have talked better about their poetry than they did themselves. That showed me in an instant that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them. And the poets appeared to me to be much in the same case; and I further observed that upon the strength of their poetry they believed themselves to be the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise. So I departed, conceiving myself to be superior to them for the same reason that I was superior to the politicians.

At last I went to the artisans, for I was conscious that I knew nothing at all, as I may say, and I was sure that they knew many fine things; and in this I was not mistaken, for they did know many things of which I was ignorant, and in this they certainly were wiser than I was. But I observed that even the good artisans fell into the same error as the

poets; because they were good workmen they thought that they also knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect in them overshadowed their wisdom — therefore I asked myself on behalf of the oracle, whether I would like to be as I was, neither having their knowledge nor their ignorance, or like them in both; and I made answer to myself and the oracle that I was better off as I was.

This investigation has led to my having many enemies of the
23 worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others: but the truth is, O men of Athens, that God only is wise; and in this oracle he means to say that the wisdom of men is little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only using my name as an illustration, as if he said, He, O men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go my way, obedient to the god, and make inquiry into the wisdom of any one, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and this occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give either to any public matter of interest or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the god.

There is another thing: — young men of the richer classes, who have not much to do, come about me of their own accord; they like to hear the pretenders examined, and they often imitate me, and examine others themselves; there are plenty of persons, as they soon enough discover, who think that they know something, but really know little or nothing: and then those who are examined by them instead of being angry with themselves are angry with me: This confounded Socrates, they say; this villainous misleader of youth! — and then if somebody asks them, Why, what evil does he practise or teach? they do not know, and cannot tell; but in order that they may not appear to be at a loss, they repeat the ready-made charges which are used against all philosophers about teaching things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause; for they do not like to confess that their pretense of

knowledge has been detected — which is the truth : and as they are numerous and ambitious and energetic, and are all in battle array and have persuasive tongues, they have filled your ears with their loud and inveterate calumnies. And this is the reason why my three accusers, Meletus and Anytus and Lycon, have set upon me : Meletus, who has a quarrel with me on behalf of the poets ; Anytus, on behalf of the craftsmen ; Lycon, on behalf of the rhetoricians : and as I said at the beginning, I cannot expect to get rid of this mass of calumny all in a moment. And this, O men of Athens, is the truth and the whole truth ; I have concealed nothing, ²⁴ I have dissembled nothing. And yet I know that this plainness of speech makes them hate me, and what is their hatred but a proof that I am speaking the truth ? — this is the occasion and reason of their slander of me, as you will find out either in this or in any future inquiry.

I have said enough in my defense against the first class of my accusers ; I turn to the second class, who are headed by Meletus, that good and patriotic man, as he calls himself. And now I will try to defend myself against them : these new accusers must also have their affidavit read. What do they say ? Something of this sort : That Socrates is a doer of evil, and corrupter of the youth, and he does not believe in the gods of the State, and has other new divinities of his own. That is the sort of charge ; and now let us examine the particular counts. He says that I am a doer of evil, who corrupt the youth ; but I say, O men of Athens, that Meletus is a doer of evil, and the evil is that he makes a joke of a serious matter, and is too ready at bringing other men to trial from a pretended zeal and interest about matters in which he really never had the smallest interest. And the truth of this I will endeavor to prove.

Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth ?

Yes, I do.

Tell the judges, then, who is their improver ; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter, and are citing and accusing me before them. Speak, then, and tell the judges who their improver is. Observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But is not this

rather disgraceful, and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

The laws.

But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is, who, in the first place, knows the laws.

The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

What, do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

25 Certainly they are.

What, all of them, or some only and not others?

All of them.

By the goddess Here, that is good news! There are plenty of improvers, then. And what do you say of the audience, — do they improve them?

Yes, they do.

And the senators?

Yes, the senators improve them.

But perhaps the ecclesiasts corrupt them? — or do they too improve them?

They improve them.

Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself; and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

That is what I stoutly affirm.

I am very unfortunate if that is true. But suppose I ask you a question: Would you say that this also holds true in the case of horses? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite of this true? One man is able to do them good, or at least not many; the trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them? Is not that true, Meletus, of horses, or any other animals? Yes, certainly. Whether you and Anytus say yes or no, that is no matter. Happy indeed would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world were their improvers. And you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young: your carelessness is seen in your not caring about the matters spoken of in this very indictment.

And now, Meletus, I must ask you another question: Which is better, to live among bad citizens, or among good ones? Answer, friend, I say; for that is a question which may be easily answered. Do not the good do their neighbors good, and the bad do them evil?

Certainly.

And is there any one who would rather be injured than benefited by those who live with him? Answer, my good friend; the law requires you to answer—does any one like to be injured?

Certainly not.

And when you accuse me of corrupting and deteriorating the youth, do you allege that I corrupt them intentionally or unintentionally?

Intentionally, I say.

But you have just admitted that the good do their neighbors good, and the evil do them evil. Now, is that a truth which your superior wisdom has recognized thus early in life, and am I, at my age, in such darkness and ignorance as not to know that if a man with whom I have to live is corrupted by me, I am very likely to be harmed by him, and yet I corrupt him, and intentionally, too? that is what you are saying, and of that you will never persuade me or any other human being. But either I do not corrupt them, or I corrupt them unintentionally, so that on either view of the case you lie. If my offense is unintentional, the law has no cognizance of unintentional offenses: you ought to have taken me privately, and warned and admonished me; for if I had been better advised, I should have left off doing what I only did unintentionally,—no doubt I should; whereas you hated to converse with me or teach me, but you indicted me in this court, which is a place, not of instruction, but of punishment.

I have shown, Athenians, as I was saying, that Meletus has no care at all, great or small, about the matter. But still I should like to know, Meletus, in what I am affirmed to corrupt the young. I suppose you mean, as I infer from your indictment, that I teach them not to acknowledge the gods which the State acknowledges, but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead. These are the lessons which corrupt the youth, as you say.

Yes, that I say emphatically.

Then, by the gods, Meletus, of whom we are speaking, tell me and the court, in somewhat plainer terms, what you mean! for I do not as yet understand whether you affirm that I teach others to acknowledge some gods, and therefore do believe in gods and am not an entire atheist—this you do not lay to my charge; but only that they are not the same gods which the city recognizes—the charge is that they are different gods. Or, do you mean to say that I am an atheist simply, and a teacher of atheism?

I mean the latter—that you are a complete atheist.

That is an extraordinary statement, Meletus. Why do you say that? Do you mean that I do not believe in the godhead of the sun or moon, which is the common creed of all men?

I assure you, judges, that he does not believe in them; for he says that the sun is stone, and the moon earth.

Friend Meletus, you think that you are accusing Anaxagoras: and you have but a bad opinion of the judges, if you fancy them ignorant to such a degree as not to know that these doctrines are found in the books of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian, who is full of them. And these are the doctrines which the youth are said to learn of Socrates, when there are not unfrequently exhibitions of them at the theater¹ (price of admission one drachma at the most); and they might cheaply purchase them, and laugh at Socrates if he pretends to father such eccentricities. And so, Meletus, you really think that I do not believe in any god?

I swear by Zeus that you believe absolutely in none at all.

You are a liar, Meletus, not believed even by yourself. For I cannot help thinking, O men of Athens, that Meletus is reckless and impudent, and that he has written this indictment in a spirit of mere wantonness and youthful
 27 bravado. Has he not compounded a riddle, thinking to try me? He said to himself: I shall see whether this wise Socrates will discover my ingenious contradiction, or whether I shall be able to deceive him and the rest of them. For he certainly does appear to me to contradict himself in

¹ Probably in allusion to Aristophanes, who caricatured, and to Euripides, who borrowed, the notions of Anaxagoras, as well as to other dramatic poets.

the indictment as much as if he said that Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods, and yet of believing in them — but this surely is a piece of fun.

I should like you, O men of Athens, to join me in examining what I conceive to be his inconsistency; and do you, Meletus, answer. And I must remind you that you are not to interrupt me if I speak in my accustomed manner.

Did ever man, Meletus, believe in the existence of human things, and not of human beings? . . . I wish, men of Athens, that he would answer, and not be always trying to get up an interruption. Did ever any man believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? or in flute-playing, and not in flute-players? No, my friend; I will answer to you and to the court, as you refuse to answer for yourself. There is no man who ever did. But now please to answer the next question: Can a man believe in spiritual and divine agencies, and not in spirits or demigods?

He cannot.

I am glad that I have extracted that answer, by the assistance of the court; nevertheless you swear in the indictment that I teach and believe in divine or spiritual agencies (new or old, no matter for that); at any rate, I believe in spiritual agencies, as you say and swear in the affidavit; but if I believe in divine beings, I must believe in spirits or demigods; is not that true? Yes, that is true, for I may assume that your silence gives assent to that. Now what are spirits or demigods? are they not either gods or the sons of gods? Is that true?

Yes, that is true.

But this is just the ingenious riddle of which I was speaking: the demigods or spirits are gods, and you say first that I don't believe in gods, and then again that I do believe in gods; that is, if I believe in demigods. For if the demigods are the illegitimate sons of gods, whether by the nymphs or by any other mothers, as is thought, that, as all men will allow, necessarily implies the existence of their parents. You might as well affirm the existence of mules, and deny that of horses and asses. Such nonsense, Meletus, could only have been intended by you as a trial of me. You have put this into the indictment because you had nothing real of which to

accuse me. But no one who has a particle of understanding will ever be convinced by you that the same men can believe
28 in divine and superhuman things, and yet not believe that there are gods and demigods and heroes.

I have said enough in answer to the charge of Meletus : any elaborate defense is unnecessary ; but as I was saying before, I certainly have many enemies, and this is what will be my destruction if I am destroyed ; of that I am certain ; not Meletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and detraction of the world, which has been the death of many good men, and will probably be the death of many more ; there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Some one will say : And are you not ashamed, Socrates, of a course of life which is likely to bring you to an untimely end ? To him I may fairly answer : There you are mistaken : a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying ; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or of a bad. Whereas, according to your view, the heroes who fell at Troy were not good for much, and the son of Thetis above all, who altogether despised danger in comparison with disgrace ; and when his goddess mother said to him, in his eagerness to slay Hector, that if he avenged his companion Patroclus, and slew Hector, he would die himself, — “ Fate,” as she said, “ waits upon you next after Hector ” ; he, hearing this, utterly despised danger and death, and instead of fearing them, feared rather to live in dishonor, and not to avenge his friend. “ Let me die next,” he replies, “ and be avenged of my enemy, rather than abide here by the beaked ships, a scorn and a burden of the earth.” Had Achilles any thought of death and danger ? For wherever a man’s place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger ; he should not think of death or of anything, but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other

man, facing death, — if, I say, now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in ²⁹ court for denying the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death: then I should be fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For this fear of death is indeed the pretense of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being the appearance of knowing the unknown; since no one knows whether death, which they in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge, which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance? And this is the point in which, as I think, I am superior to men in general, and in which I might perhaps fancy myself wiser than other men, — that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonorable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and reject the counsels of Anytus, who said that if I were not put to death I ought not to have been prosecuted, and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words, — if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again you shall die, — if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practise and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet after my manner, and convincing him, saying: O my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? Are you not ashamed of this? And if the person with whom I am arguing says:

Yes, but I do care; I do not depart or let him go at once; I interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And this I should say to every one whom I meet,

³⁰ young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For this is the command of God, as I would have you know; and I believe that to this day no greater good has ever happened in the State than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, my influence is ruinous indeed. But if any one says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an agreement between us that you should hear me out. And I think that what I am going to say will do you good: for I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I beg that you will not do this. I would have you know that, if you kill such a one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Meletus and Anytus will not injure me: they cannot; for it is not in the nature of things that a bad man should injure a better than himself. I do not deny that he may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is doing him a great injury: but in that I do not agree with him; for the evil of doing as Anytus is doing—of unjustly taking away another man's life—is greater far. And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God, or lightly

reject his boon by condemning me. For if you kill me you will not easily find another like me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the State by the God; and the State is like a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has given to the State, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. And as you will not easily find another 31 like me, I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel irritated at being suddenly awakened when you are caught napping; and you may think that if you were to strike me dead, as Anytus advises, which you easily might, then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you gives you another gadfly. And that I am given to you by God is proved by this: that if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns, or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually, like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue; this, I say, would not be like human nature. And had I gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in that: but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one; they have no witness of that. And I have a witness of the truth of what I say; my poverty is a sufficient witness.

Some one may wonder why I go about in private, giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the State. I will tell you the reason of this. You have often heard me speak of an oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign I have had ever since I was a child. The sign is a voice which comes to me and always forbids me to do something which I am going to do, but never commands me to do anything, and this is what stands in the way of my being a politician. And rightly, as I think. For I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to

myself. And don't be offended at my telling you the truth : for the truth is that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly struggling against the commission
32 of unrighteousness and wrong in the State, will save his life ; he who will really fight for the right, if he would live even for a little while, must have a private station and not a public one.

I can give you as proofs of this, not words only, but deeds, which you value more than words. Let me tell you a passage of my own life, which will prove to you that I should never have yielded to injustice from any fear of death, and that if I had not yielded I should have died at once. I will tell you a story — tasteless, perhaps, and commonplace, but nevertheless true. The only office of State which I ever held, O men of Athens, was that of senator ; the tribe Antiochis, which is my tribe, had the presidency at the trial of the generals who had not taken up the bodies of the slain after the battle of Arginusæ ; and you proposed to try them altogether, which was illegal, as you all thought afterwards ; but at the time I was the only one of the Prytanes who was opposed to the illegality, and I gave my vote against you ; and when the orators threatened to impeach and arrest me, and have me taken away, and you called and shouted, I made up my mind that I would run the risk, having law and justice with me, rather than take part in your injustice because I feared imprisonment and death. This happened in the days of the democracy. But when the oligarchy of the Thirty was in power, they sent for me and four others into the rotunda, and bade us bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, as they wanted to execute him. This was a specimen of the sort of commands which they were always giving with the view of implicating as many as possible in their crimes ; and then I showed, not in words only but in deed, that, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, I cared not a straw for death, and that my only fear was the fear of doing an unrighteous or unholy thing. For the strong arm of that oppressive power did not frighten me into doing wrong ; and when we came out of the rotunda the other four went to Salamis and fetched Leon, but I went quietly home. For which I might have lost my life, had not the power of the Thirty shortly

afterwards come to an end. And to this many will witness.

Now do you really imagine that I could have survived all these years, if I had led a public life, supposing that like a good man I had always supported the right and had made justice, as I ought, the first thing? No, indeed, men of Athens, neither I nor any other. But I have been always the same in all my actions, public as well as private, and never have I yielded any base compliance to those who are slanderously termed my disciples, or to any other. For the truth is that I have no regular disciples: but if any one likes to come and hear me while I am pursuing my mission, whether he be young or old, he may freely come. Nor do I converse with those who pay only, and not with those who do not pay; but any one, whether he be rich or poor, may ask and answer me and listen to my words; and whether he turns out to be a bad man or a good one, that cannot be justly laid to my charge, as I never taught him anything. And if any one says that he has ever learned or heard anything from me in private which all the world has not heard, I should like you to know that he is speaking an untruth. 33

But I shall be asked, Why do people delight in continually conversing with you? I have told you already, Athenians, the whole truth about this: they like to hear the cross-examination of the pretenders to wisdom; there is amusement in this. And this is a duty which the God has imposed upon me, as I am assured by oracles, visions, and in every sort of way in which the will of divine power was ever signified to any one. This is true, O Athenians; or, if not true, would be soon refuted. For if I am really corrupting the youth, and have corrupted some of them already, those of them who have grown up and have become sensible that I gave them bad advice in the days of their youth should come forward as accusers and take their revenge; and if they do not like to come themselves, some of their relatives, fathers, brothers, or other kinsmen, should say what evil their families suffered at my hands. Now is their time. Many of them I see in the court. There is Crito, who is of the same age and of the same deme with myself; and there is Critobulus his son, whom I also see. Then again there is Lysanias of Sphettus, who is the father of Æschines, — he

is present; and also there is Antiphon of Cephissus, who is the father of Epigenes; and there are the brothers of several who have associated with me. There is Nicostratus the son of Theosdotides, and the brother of Theodotus (now Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore he, at any rate, will not seek to stop him); and there is Paralus the son of Demodocus, who
34 had a brother Theages; and Adeimantus the son of Ariston, whose brother Plato is present; and Æantodorus, who is the brother of Apollodorus, whom I also see. I might mention a great many others, any of whom Meletus should have produced as witnesses in the course of his speech; and let him still produce them, if he has forgotten; I will make way for him. And let him say, if he has any testimony of the sort which he can produce. Nay, Athenians, the very opposite is the truth. For all these are ready to witness on behalf of the corrupter, of the destroyer of their kindred, as Meletus and Anytus call me; not the corrupted youth only,—there might have been a motive for that,—but their uncorrupted elder relatives. Why should they too support me with their testimony? Why, indeed, except for the sake of truth and justice, and because they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is lying.

Well, Athenians, this and the like of this is nearly all the defense which I have to offer. Yet a word more. Perhaps there may be some one who is offended at me, when he calls to mind how he himself, on a similar or even a less serious occasion, had recourse to prayers and supplications with many tears, and how he produced his children in court, which was a moving spectacle, together with a posse of his relations and friends; whereas I, who am probably in danger of my life, will do none of these things. Perhaps this may come into his mind, and he may be set against me, and vote in anger because he is displeased at this. Now if there be such a person among you, which I am far from affirming, I may fairly reply to him: My friend, I am a man, and like other men, a creature of flesh and blood, and not of wood or stone, as Homer says; and I have a family, yes, and sons, O Athenians, three in number, one of whom is growing up, and the two others are still young; and yet I will not bring any of them hither in order to petition you for an acquittal. And why not? Not from any self-will or

disregard of you. Whether I am or am not afraid of death is another question, of which I will not now speak. But my reason simply is that I feel such conduct to be discreditable to myself, and you, and the whole State. One who has reached my years, and who has a name for wisdom, whether deserved or not, ought not to debase himself. At any rate, the world has decided that Socrates is in some way superior to other men. And if those among you who are said to be superior in wisdom and courage, and any other virtue, demean themselves in this way, how shameful is their conduct! I have seen men of reputation, when they have been condemned, behaving in the strangest manner: they seemed to fancy that they were going to suffer something dreadful if they died, and that they could be immortal if you only allowed them to live; and I think that they were a dishonor to the State, and that any stranger coming in would say of them that the most eminent men of Athens, to whom the Athenians themselves give honor and command, are no better than women. And I say that these things ought not to be done by those of us who are of reputation; and if they are done, you ought not to permit them; you ought rather to show that you are more inclined to condemn, not the man who is quiet, but the man who gets up a doleful scene, and makes the city ridiculous.

But, setting aside the question of dishonor, there seems to be something wrong in petitioning a judge, and thus procuring an acquittal instead of informing and convincing him. For his duty is, not to make a present of justice, but to give judgment; and he has sworn that he will judge according to the laws, and not according to his own good pleasure; and neither he nor we should get into the habit of perjurying ourselves — there can be no piety in that. Do not then require me to do what I consider dishonorable and impious and wrong, especially now, when I am being tried for impiety on the indictment of Meletus. For if, O men of Athens, by force of persuasion and entreaty, I could overpower your oaths, then I should be teaching you to believe that there are no gods, and convict myself, in my own defense, of not believing in them. But that is not the case; for I do believe that there are gods, and in a far higher sense than that in which

any of my accusers believe in them. And to you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.

There are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected this,
36 and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say that I have escaped Meletus. And I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmæ, as is evident.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is that which I ought to pay or to receive? What shall be done to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care about — wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to follow in this way and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the State before he looks to the interests of the State; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such a one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no more fitting reward than maintenance in the prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by

many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty justly, I say 37 that maintenance in the prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you may think that I am braving you in saying this, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But that is not the case. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged any one, although I cannot convince you of that — for we have had a short conversation only; but if there were a law at Athens, such as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you; but now the time is too short. I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? Because I am afraid of the penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty which would certainly be an evil? Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the magistrates of the year — of the eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to lie in prison, for money I have none, and cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love of life if I were to consider that when you, who are my own citizens, cannot endure my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you would fain have done with them, others are likely to endure me. No, indeed, men of Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering from city to city, living in ever-changing exile, and always being driven out! For I am quite sure that into whatever place I go, as here so also there, the young men will come to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their desire: and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Some one will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your

tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that this would be a disobedience to a divine command, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe
 38 that I am serious; and if I say again that the greatest good of man is daily to converse about virtue, and all that concerning which you hear me examining myself and others, and that the life which is unexamined is not worth living — that you are still less likely to believe. And yet what I say is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Moreover, I am not accustomed to think that I deserve any punishment. Had I money I might have proposed to give you what I had, and have been none the worse. But you see that I have none, and can only ask you to proportion the fine to my means. However, I think that I could afford a mina, and therefore I propose that penalty: Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minæ, and they will be the sureties. Well, then, say thirty minæ, let that be the penalty; for that they will be ample security to you.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise even although I am not wise when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words — I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words — certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common

or mean in the hour of danger : nor do I now repent of
the manner of my defense, and I would rather die having 39
spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live.
For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every
way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt
that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees
before his pursuers, he may escape death ; and in other dan-
gers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is will-
ing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is
not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness ; for
that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and
the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are
keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness,
has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned
by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they too go their
ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy
and wrong ; and I must abide by my award — let them abide
by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as
fated, — and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain
prophecy to you ; for I am about to die, and that is the hour
in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophe-
sy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my
death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me
will surely await you. Me you have killed because you
wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account
of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose : far
otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of
you than there are now ; accusers whom hitherto I have
restrained : and as they are younger they will be more severe
with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if
you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser
censuring your lives, you are mistaken ; that is not a way of
escape which is either possible or honorable ; the easiest
and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be
improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter
before my departure to the judges who have condemned
me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to
talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the

magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges, — for you I may truly call judges, — I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king, will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to

another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? ⁴¹ If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than

about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, — then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, ⁴² and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

INTRODUCTION TO CRITO

THE "Crito" seems intended to exhibit the character of Socrates in one light only, not as the philosopher, fulfilling a divine mission and trusting in the will of Heaven, but simply as the good citizen, who having been unjustly condemned is willing to give up his life in obedience to the laws of the State.

The days of Socrates are drawing to a close ; the fatal ship¹ has been seen off Sunium, as he is informed by his aged friend and contemporary Crito, who visits him before the dawn has broken ; he himself has been warned in a dream that on the third day he must depart. Time is precious, and Crito has come early in order to gain his consent to a plan of escape. This can be easily accomplished by his friends, who will incur no danger in making the attempt to save him, but will be disgraced forever if they allow him to perish. He should think of his duty to his children, and not play into the hands of his enemies. Money is already provided by Crito as well as by Simmias and others, and he will have no difficulty in finding friends in Thessaly and other places.

Socrates is afraid that Crito is but pressing upon him the opinions of the many : whereas, all his life long he has followed the dictates of reason only and the opinion of the one wise or skilled man. There was a time when Crito himself had allowed the propriety of this. And although some one will say "The many can kill us," that makes no difference ; but a good life, that is to say a just and honorable life, is alone to be valued. All considerations of loss of reputation or injury to his children should be dismissed : the only question is whether he would be right in attempting to escape. Crito, who is a disinterested person, not having the fear of death before his eyes, shall answer this for him. Before he was condemned they had often held discussions, in which they agreed that no man should either do evil, or return evil for evil, or betray the right. Are these principles

¹ The sacred ship, during whose thirty days' voyage to and from the oracle at Delos no Athenian citizen could be put to death. See "Phædo" 58 H.

to be altered because the circumstances of Socrates are altered? Crito admits that they remain the same. Then is his escape consistent with the maintenance of them? To this Crito is unable or unwilling to reply.

Socrates proceeds: Suppose the laws of Athens to come and remonstrate with him: they will ask "Why does he seek to overturn them?" and if he replies, "They have injured him," will not the laws answer, "Yes, but was that the agreement? Has he any objection to make to them which would justify him in overturning them? Was he not brought into the world and educated by their help, and are they not his parents? He might have left Athens and gone where he pleased, but he has lived there for seventy years more constantly than any other citizen." Thus he has clearly shown that he acknowledged the agreement which he cannot now break without dishonor to himself and danger to his friends. Even in the course of the trial he might have proposed exile as the penalty, but then he declared that he preferred death to exile. And whither will he direct his footsteps? In any well-ordered State the laws will consider him as an enemy. Possibly in a land of misrule like Thessaly he may be welcomed at first, and the unseemly narrative of his escape regarded by the inhabitants as an amusing tale. But if he offends them he will have to learn another sort of lesson. Will he continue to give lectures in virtue? That would hardly be decent. And how will his children be the gainers if he takes them into Thessaly, and deprives them of Athenian citizenship? Or if he leaves them behind, does he expect that they will be better taken care of by his friends because he is in Thessaly? Will not true friends care for them equally whether he is alive or dead?

Finally, they exhort him to think of justice first, and of life and children afterwards. He may now depart in peace and innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil. But if he breaks agreements, and returns evil for evil, they will be angry with him while he lives; and their brethren, the laws of the world below, will receive him as an enemy. Such is the mystic voice which is always murmuring in his ears.

That Socrates was not a good citizen was a charge made against him during his lifetime, which has been often repeated in later ages. The crimes of Alcibiades, Critias, and Charmides, who had been his pupils, were still recent in the memory of the now restored democracy. The fact that he had been neutral in the death struggle of

Athens was not likely to conciliate popular good-will. Plato, writing probably in the next generation, undertakes the defense of his friend and master in this particular, not to the Athenians of his day, but to posterity and the world at large.

Whether such an incident ever really occurred as the visit of Crito and the proposal of escape is uncertain: Plato could easily have invented far more than that; and in the selection of Crito, the aged friend, as the fittest person to make the proposal to Socrates, we seem to recognize the hand of the artist. Whether any one who has been subjected by the laws of his country to an unjust judgment is right in attempting to escape is a thesis about which casuists might disagree. Shelley is of opinion that Socrates "did well to die," but not for the "sophistical" reasons which Plato has put into his mouth. And there would be no difficulty in arguing that Socrates should have lived and preferred to a glorious death the good which he might still be able to perform. "A skilful rhetorician would have had much to say about that" (50 C). It may be remarked, however, that Plato never intended to answer the question of casuistry, but only to exhibit the ideal of patient virtue which refuses to do the least evil in order to avoid the greatest, and to show Socrates, his master, maintaining in death the opinions which he had professed in his life. Not "the world," but the "one wise man," is still the philosopher's paradox in his last hours.

B. J.

CRITO

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES

CRITO

SCENE : — The Prison of Socrates

Socrates.

WHY have you come at this hour, Crito? it Stephen,
must be quite early. 43

Crito. Yes, certainly.

Soc. What is the exact time?

Cr. The dawn is breaking.

Soc. I wonder the keeper of the prison would let you in.

Cr. He knows me because I often come, Socrates; moreover, I have done him a kindness.

Soc. And are you only just come?

Cr. No, I came some time ago.

Soc. Then why did you sit and say nothing, instead of awakening me at once?

Cr. Why, indeed, Socrates, I myself would rather not have all this sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have been wondering at your peaceful slumbers, and that was the reason why I did not awaken you, because I wanted you to be out of pain. I have always thought you happy in the calmness of your temperament; but never did I see the like of the easy, cheerful way in which you bear this calamity.

Soc. Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought not to be repining at the prospect of death.

Cr. And yet other old men find themselves in similar misfortunes, and age does not prevent them from repining.

Soc. That may be. But you have not told me why you come at this early hour.

Cr. I come to bring you a message which is sad and pain-

ful; not as I believe, to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me.

Soc. What! I suppose that the ship has come from Delos, on the arrival of which I am to die?

Cr. No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell me that they left her there; and therefore to-morrow, Socrates, will be the last day of your life.

Soc. Very well, Crito; if such is the will of God, I am willing; but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day. 44

Cr. Why do you say this?

Soc. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the arrival of the ship?

Cr. Yes; that is what the authorities say.

Soc. But I do not think that the ship will be here until to-morrow; this I gather from a vision which I had last night, or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me to sleep.

Cr. And what was the nature of the vision?

Soc. There came to me the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called to me and said: O Socrates, —

“The third day hence, to Phthia shalt thou go.”

Cr. What a singular dream, Socrates!

Soc. There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think.

Cr. Yes: the meaning is only too clear. But, O! my beloved Socrates, let me entreat you once more to take my advice and escape. For if you die I shall not only lose a friend who can never be replaced, but there is another evil: people who do not know you and me will believe that I might have saved you if I had been willing to give money, but that I did not care. Now, can there be a worse disgrace than this — that I should be thought to value money more than the life of a friend? For the many will not be persuaded that I wanted you to escape, and that you refused.

Soc. But why, my dear Crito, should we care about the opinion of the many? Good men, and they are the only per-

sons who are worth considering, will think of these things truly as they happened.

Cr. But do you see, Socrates, that the opinion of the many must be regarded, as is evident in your own case, because they can do the very greatest evil to any one who has lost their good opinion.

Soc. I only wish, Crito, that they could; for then they could also do the greatest good, and that would be well. But the truth is, that they can do neither good nor evil: they cannot make a man wise or make him foolish; and whatever they do is the result of chance.

Cr. Well, I will not dispute about that; but please to tell me, Socrates, whether you are not acting out of regard to me and your other friends: are you not afraid that if you escape hence we may get into trouble with the informers for having stolen you away, and lose either the whole or a great part of
 45 our property; or that even a worse evil may happen to us? Now, if this is your fear, be at ease; for in order to save you, we ought surely to run this or even a greater risk; be persuaded, then, and do as I say.

Soc. Yes, Crito, that is one fear which you mention, but by no means the only one.

Cr. Fear not. There are persons who at no great cost are willing to save you and bring you out of prison; and as for the informers, you may observe that they are far from being exorbitant in their demands; a little money will satisfy them. My means, which, as I am sure, are ample, are at your service, and if you have a scruple about spending all mine, here are strangers who will give you the use of theirs; and one of them, Simmias the Theban, has brought a sum of money for this very purpose; and Cebes and many others are willing to spend their money too. I say, therefore, do not on that account hesitate about making your escape, and do not say, as you did in the court, that you will have a difficulty in knowing what to do with yourself if you escape. For men will love you in other places to which you may go, and not in Athens only; there are friends of mine in Thessaly, if you like to go to them, who will value and protect you, and no Thessalian will give you any trouble. Nor can I think that you are justified, Socrates, in betraying your own life when you might be saved;

this is playing into the hands of your enemies and destroyers ; and moreover I should say that you were betraying your children ; for you might bring them up and educate them ; instead of which you go away and leave them, and they will have to take their chance ; and if they do not meet with the usual fate of orphans, there will be small thanks to you. No man should bring children into the world who is unwilling to persevere to the end in their nurture and education. But you are choosing the easier part, as I think, not the better and manlier, which would rather have become one who professes virtue in all his actions, like yourself. And, indeed, I am ashamed not only of you, but of us who are your friends, when I reflect that this entire business of yours will be attributed to our want of courage. The trial need never have come on, or might have been brought to another issue ; and the end of all, which is the crowning absurdity, will seem to have been permitted by us, through cowardice and baseness, who might have saved you, as you might have saved yourself, if we had been ⁴⁶ good for anything (for there was no difficulty in escaping) ; and we did not see how disgraceful, Socrates, and also miserable all this will be to us as well as to you. Make your mind up then, or rather have your mind already made up, for the time of deliberation is over, and there is only one thing to be done, which must be done, if at all, this very night, and which any delay will render all but impossible ; I beseech you therefore, Socrates, to be persuaded by me, and to do as I say.

Soc. Dear Crito, your zeal is invaluable, if a right one ; but if wrong, the greater the zeal the greater the evil ; and therefore we ought to consider whether these things shall be done or not. For I am and always have been one of those natures who must be guided by reason, whatever the reason may be which upon reflection appears to me to be the best ; and now that this fortune has come upon me, I cannot put away the reasons which I have before given : the principles which I have hitherto honored and revered I still honor, and unless we can find other and better principles on the instant, I am certain not to agree with you ; no, not even if the power of the multitude could inflict many more imprisonments, confiscations, deaths, frightening us like children with hobgoblin terrors. But what will be the fairest way of considering the

question? Shall I return to your old argument about the opinions of men? some of which are to be regarded, and others, as we were saying, are not to be regarded. Now were we right in maintaining this before I was condemned? And has the argument which was once good now proved to be talk for the sake of talking; in fact an amusement only, and altogether vanity? That is what I want to consider with your help, Crito: whether, under my present circumstances, the argument appears to be in any way different or not; and is to be allowed by me or disallowed. That argument, which, as I believe, is maintained by many who assume to be authorities, was to the effect, as I was saying, that the opinions of some men are to be regarded, and of other men not to be regarded.

47 Now you, Crito, are a disinterested person who are not going to die to-morrow—at least, there is no human probability of this, and you are therefore not liable to be deceived by the circumstances in which you are placed. Tell me, then, whether I am right in saying that some opinions, and the opinions of some men only, are to be valued, and other opinions, and the opinions of other men, are not to be valued. I ask you whether I was right in maintaining this?

Cr. Certainly.

Soc. The good are to be regarded, and not the bad?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. And the opinions of the wise are good, and the opinions of the unwise are evil?

Cr. Certainly.

Soc. And what was said about another matter? Was the disciple in gymnastics supposed to attend to the praise and blame and opinion of every man, or of one man only—his physician or trainer, whoever that was?

Cr. Of one man only.

Soc. And he ought to fear the censure and welcome the praise of that one only, and not of the many?

Cr. That is clear.

Soc. And he ought to live and train, and eat and drink in the way which seems good to his single master who has understanding, rather than according to the opinion of all other men put together?

Cr. True.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF A GREEK YOUTH.

Photogravure from a portion of a painting by Meyer.



Soc. And if he disobeys and disregards the opinion and approval of the one, and regards the opinion of the many who have no understanding, will he not suffer evil?

Cr. Certainly he will.

Soc. And what will the evil be, whither tending and what affecting, in the disobedient person?

Cr. Clearly, affecting the body; that is what is destroyed by the evil.

Soc. Very good; and is not this true, Crito, of other things which we need not separately enumerate? In the matter of just and unjust, fair and foul, good and evil, which are the subjects of our present consultation, ought we to follow the opinion of the many and to fear them; or the opinion of the one man who has understanding, and whom we ought to fear and reverence more than all the rest of the world: and whom deserting we shall destroy and injure that principle in us which may be assumed to be improved by 48 justice and deteriorated by injustice; is there not such a principle?

Cr. Certainly there is, Socrates.

Soc. Take a parallel instance: if, acting under the advice of men who have no understanding, we destroy that which is improvable by health and deteriorated by disease — when that has been destroyed, I say, would life be worth having? And that is — the body?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. Could we live, having an evil and corrupted body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. And will life be worth having, if that higher part of man be depraved, which is improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice? Do we suppose that principle, whatever it may be in man, which has to do with justice and injustice, to be inferior to the body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. More honored, then?

Cr. Far more honored.

Soc. Then, my friend, we must not regard what the many say of us: but what he, the one man who has understanding of just and unjust, will say, and what the truth will say. And therefore you begin in error when you suggest that we

should regard the opinion of the many about just and unjust, good and evil, honorable and dishonorable. Well, some one will say, "But the many can kill us."

Cr. Yes, Socrates; that will clearly be the answer.

Soc. That is true: but still I find with surprise that the old argument is, as I conceive, unshaken as ever. And I should like to know whether I may say the same of another proposition — that not life, but a good life, is to be chiefly valued?

Cr. Yes, that also remains.

Soc. And a good life is equivalent to a just and honorable one — that holds also?

Cr. Yes, that holds.

Soc. From these premises I proceed to argue the question whether I ought or ought not to try to escape without the consent of the Athenians: and if I am clearly right in escaping, then I will make the attempt; but if not, I will abstain. The other considerations which you mention, of money and loss of character and the duty of educating children, are, as I fear, only the doctrines of the multitude, who would be as ready to call people to life, if they were able, as they are to put them to death — and with as little reason. But now, since the argument has thus far prevailed, the only question which remains to be considered is, whether we shall do rightly either in escaping or in suffering others to aid in our escape and paying them in money and thanks, or whether we shall not do rightly; and if the latter, then death or any other calamity which may ensue on my remaining here must not be allowed to enter into the calculation.

Cr. I think that you are right, Socrates; how then shall we proceed?

Soc. Let us consider the matter together, and do you either refute me if you can, and I will be convinced; or else cease, my dear friend, from repeating to me that I ought to escape against the wishes of the Athenians: for I am extremely desirous to be persuaded by you, but not against my own
49 better judgment. And now please to consider my first position, and do your best to answer me.

Cr. I will do my best.

Soc. Are we to say that we are never intentionally to do

wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is doing wrong always evil and dishonorable, as I was just now saying, and as has been already acknowledged by us? Are all our former admissions which were made within a few days to be thrown away? And have we, at our age, been earnestly discoursing with one another all our life long only to discover that we are no better than children? Or are we to rest assured, in spite of the opinion of the many, and in spite of consequences whether better or worse, of the truth of what was then said, that injustice is always an evil and dishonor to him who acts unjustly? Shall we affirm that?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. Then we must do no wrong?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. Nor when injured injure in return, as the many imagine; for we must injure no one at all?

Cr. Clearly not.

Soc. Again, Crito, may we do evil?

Cr. Surely not, Socrates.

Soc. And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many — is that just or not?

Cr. Not just.

Soc. For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him?

Cr. Very true.

Soc. Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premise of our argument? Or do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but, if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

Cr. You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

Soc. Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question: Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

Cr. He ought to do what he thinks right.

Soc. But if this is true, what is the application? In
50 leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

Cr. I cannot tell, Socrates, for I do not know.

Soc. Then consider the matter in this way: Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say; "what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole State, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a State can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Any one, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes; but the State has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

Cr. Very good, Socrates.

Soc. "And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the State?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the State? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you

were trained? Were not the laws, who have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?" Right, I should reply. "Well, then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And be- 51
cause we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she leads us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Cr. I think that they do.

Soc. Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For, after having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways

of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with him. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the State, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong: first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither

52 obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us; that is what we offer, and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, why is this? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you any curiosity to know other States or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our State; we were your special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and this is the State in which you begat your children, which is a proof of your satisfaction. Moreover, you might, if you had liked, have fixed the penalty at banishment in the course of the trial—the State which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us, the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing

what only a miserable slave would do, running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen. And first of all answer this very question: Are we right in saying that you agreed to be governed according to us in deed, and not in word only? Is that true or not?" How shall we answer that, Crito? Must we not agree?

Cr. There is no help, Socrates.

Soc. Then will they not say: "You, Socrates, are breaking the covenants and agreements which you made with us at your leisure, not in any haste or under any compulsion or deception, but having had seventy years to think of them, during which time you were at liberty to leave the city, if we were not to your mind, or if our covenants appeared to you to be unfair. You had your choice, and might have gone either to Lacedæmon or Crete, which you often praise for their good government, or to some other Hellenic or 53 foreign State. Whereas you, above all other Athenians, seemed to be so fond of the State, or, in other words, of us her laws (for who would like a State that has no laws), that you never stirred out of her: the halt, the blind, the maimed, were not more stationary in her than you were. And now you run away and forsake your agreements. Not so, Socrates, if you will take our advice; do not make yourself ridiculous by escaping out of the city.

"For just consider, if you transgress and err in this sort of way, what good will you do, either to yourself or to your friends? That your friends will be driven into exile and deprived of citizenship, or will lose their property, is tolerably certain; and you yourself, if you fly to one of the neighboring cities, as, for example, Thebes or Megara, both of which are well-governed cities, will come to them as an enemy, Socrates, and their government will be against you, and all patriotic citizens will cast an evil eye upon you as a subverter of the laws, and you will confirm in the minds of the judges the justice of their own condemnation of you. For he who is a corrupter of the laws is more than likely to be corrupter of the young and foolish portion of mankind. Will you then flee from well-ordered cities and virtuous men? and is existence worth having on these terms? Or will you go to them without shame, and

talk to them, Socrates? And what will you say to them? What you say here about virtue and justice and institutions and laws being the best things among men? Would that be decent of you? Surely not. But if you go away from well-governed States to Crito's friends in Thessaly, where there is great disorder and license, they will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison, set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, and metamorphosed as the fashion of runaways is — that is very likely; but will there be no one to remind you that in your old age you violated the most sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little more life? Perhaps not, if you keep them in a good temper; but if they are out of temper you will hear many degrading things; you will live, but how? — as the flatterer of all men, and the servant of all men; and doing what? — eating and drinking in Thessaly, having gone abroad in order that you may get a dinner. And

54 where will be your fine sentiments about justice and virtue then? Say that you wish to live for the sake of your children, that you may bring them up and educate them — will you take them into Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is that the benefit which you would confer upon them? Or are you under the impression that they will be better cared for and educated here if you are still alive, although absent from them; for that your friends will take care of them? Do you fancy that if you are an inhabitant of Thessaly they will take care of them, and if you are an inhabitant of the other world they will not take care of them? Nay; but if they who call themselves friends are truly friends, they surely will.

“Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil, and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us, and wronging those whom you

ought least to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy ; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic ; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be in vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

Cr. I have nothing to say, Socrates.

Soc. Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God.

INTRODUCTION TO PHÆDO

AFTER an interval of some months or years, at Phlius, a town of Sicyon, the tale of the last hours of Socrates is narrated to Echecrates and other Phliasians by Phædo, the "beloved disciple." The dialogue necessarily takes the form of a narrative, because Socrates has to be described acting as well as speaking. The minutest particulars of the event are interesting to distant friends, and the narrator has an equal interest in them.

During the voyage of the sacred ship to and from Delos, which has occupied thirty days, the execution of Socrates has been deferred. (Cp. Xen. Mem. iv. 8, 2.) The time has been passed by him in conversation with a select company of disciples. But now the holy season is over, and the disciples meet earlier than usual in order that they may converse with Socrates for the last time. Those who were present, and those who might have been expected to be present, are specially mentioned. There are Simmias and Cebes (Crito, 45 B), two disciples of Philolaus whom Socrates "by his enchantments has attracted from Thebes" (Mem. iii. 11, 17), Crito the aged friend, the attendant of the prison, who is as good as a friend,—these take part in the conversation. There are present also, Hermogenes, from whom Xenophon derived his information about the trial of Socrates (Mem. iv. 8, 4); the "madman" Apollodorus; Euclid and Terpsion from Megara; Ctesippus, Antisthenes Menexenus, and some other less-known members of the Socratic circle, all of whom are silent auditors. Aristippus and Plato are noted as absent. Soon the wife and children of Socrates are sent away, under the direction of Crito; he himself has just been released from chains, and is led by this circumstance to make the natural remark that "Pleasure follows pain." (Observe that Plato is preparing the way for his doctrine of the alternation of opposites.) "Æsop would have represented them in a fable as a two-headed creature of the gods." The mention of Æsop reminds Cebes of a

question which had been asked by Evenus the poet (cp. *Apol.* 20 A) : "Why Socrates, who was not a poet, while in prison had been putting *Æsop* into verse?" "Because several times in his life he had been warned in dreams that he should make music; and as he was about to die and was not certain what was the meaning of this, he wished to fulfil the admonition in the letter as well as in the spirit, by writing verses as well as by cultivating philosophy. Tell Evenus this and bid him follow me in death." "He is not the sort of man to do that, Socrates." "Why, is he not a philosopher?" "Yes." "Then he will be willing to die, although he will not take his own life, for that is held not to be right."

Cebes asks why men say that suicide is not right, if death is to be accounted a good? Well, (1) according to one explanation, because man is a prisoner, and is not allowed to open the door of his prison and run away—this is the truth in a "mystery." Or rather, perhaps, (2) because man is not his own property, but a possession of the gods, and he has no right to make away with that which does not belong to him. But why, asks Cebes, if he is a possession of the gods, will he wish to die and leave them? for he is under their protection; and surely he cannot take better care of himself than they take of him. Simmias explains that Cebes is really referring to Socrates, whom they think too unmoved at the prospect of leaving the gods and his friends. Socrates answers that he is going to other gods who are wise and good, and perhaps to better friends; and he professes that he is ready to defend himself against the charge of Cebes. They shall be his judges, and he hopes that he will be more successful in convincing them than he had been in convincing the court.

The philosopher desires death—which the wicked world will insinuate that he also deserves: and perhaps he does, but not in any sense which they are capable of understanding. Enough of them: the real question is, What is the nature of that death which he desires? Death is the separation of soul and body—and the philosopher desires such a separation. He would like to be freed from the dominion of bodily pleasures and of the senses, which are always perturbing his mental vision. He wants to get rid of eyes and ears, and with the light of the mind only to behold the light of truth. All the evils and impurities and necessities of men come from the body. And death separates him from these evils, which in this life he cannot wholly cast aside. Why then should he repine when the hour of separation arrives? Why, if he is dead while he

lives, should he fear that other death, through which alone he can behold wisdom in her purity?

Besides, the philosopher has notions of good and evil unlike those of other men. For they are courageous because they are afraid of greater dangers, and temperate because they desire greater pleasures. But he disdains this balancing of pleasures and pains; he knows no virtue but that which is the companion of wisdom. All the virtues, including wisdom, are regarded by him only as purifications of the soul. And this was the meaning of the founders of the mysteries when they said, "Many are the wand bearers, but few are the mystics." (Cp. Matt. xxii. 14: "Many are called, but few are chosen.") And in the hope that he is one of these mystics, Socrates is now departing. This is his answer to those who charge him with indifference at the prospect of leaving the gods and his friends.

Still, a fear is expressed that the soul, upon leaving the body, may vanish away like smoke or air. Socrates in answer appeals first of all to the old Orphic tradition that the souls of the dead are in the world below, and that the living come from them. This he attempts to found on a philosophical assumption that all opposites — *e.g.* less, greater; weaker, stronger; sleeping, waking; life, death — are generated out of each other. Nor can this process of generation be only a passage from living to dying, for then all would end in death. The perpetual sleeper (Endymion) would be no longer distinguished, for all the world would sink in rest. The circle of nature is not complete unless the living come from the dead as well as pass to them.

The favorite Platonic doctrine of reminiscence is then adduced as a confirmation of the preexistence of the soul. Some proofs of this doctrine are demanded. One proof given is derived from the latent knowledge of mathematics, which may be elicited from an unlearned person when a diagram is presented to him. Again, there is a power of association, which from seeing Simmias may remember Cebes, or from seeing a picture of Simmias may remember Simmias. The lyre may recall the player of the lyre, and equal pieces of wood or stone may be associated with the higher notion of absolute equality. But here observe that material equalities fall short of the conception of absolute equality with which they are compared, and which is the measure of them. And the measure or standard must be prior to that which is measured, the idea of equality prior to the visible equals. And if prior to them, then prior also to the perceptions of the senses which recall them, and therefore either given before birth or at birth.

But all men have not this knowledge, nor have any without a process of reminiscence ; and this is a proof that it is not innate or given at birth (unless indeed it was given and taken away at the same instant, which is absurd). But if not given to men in birth, it must have been given before birth — this is the only alternative which remains. And if we had ideas in a former state, then our souls must have existed and must have had intelligence in a former state. The preexistence of the soul stands or falls with the doctrine of ideas.

It is objected by Simmias and Cebes that these arguments only prove a former and not a future existence. Socrates answers this objection by recalling the previous argument, in which he had shown that the living had come from the dead. But the fear that the soul at departing may vanish into air (especially if there is a wind blowing at the time) has not yet been charmed away. He proceeds: When we fear that the soul will vanish away, let us ask ourselves what is that we suppose to be liable to dissolution? Is it the simple or the compound, the unchanging or the changing, the invisible idea or the visible object of sense? Clearly the latter and not the former ; and therefore not the soul, which in her own pure thought is unchangeable, and only when using the senses descends into the region of change. Again, the soul commands, the body serves : in this respect too the soul is akin to the divine, and the body to the mortal. And in every point of view the soul is the image of divinity and immortality, and the body of the human and mortal. And whereas the body is liable to speedy dissolution, the soul is almost if not quite indissoluble. Yet even the body may be preserved for ages by the embalmer's art ; how much more the soul returning into herself on her way to the good and wise God ! She has been practising death all her life long, and is now finally released from the errors and follies and passions of men, and forever dwells in the company of the gods.

But the soul which is polluted and engrossed by the corporeal, and has no eye except that of the senses, and is weighed down by the bodily appetites, cannot attain to this abstraction. In her fear of the world below she lingers about her sepulcher, a ghostly apparition, saturated with sense, and therefore visible. At length she enters into the body of some animal of a nature congenial to her former life of sensuality or violence, and becomes an ass or a wolf or a kite. And of these earthy souls the happiest are those who have practised virtue without philosophy ; they are allowed to pass into gentle and civil natures, such as bees and ants. But only the phi-

osopher who departs pure is permitted to enter the company of the gods. This is the reason why he abstains from fleshly lusts, and not from the fear of loss or disgrace, which are the motives of other men. He too has been a captive, and the willing agent of his own captivity. But Philosophy has spoken to him, and he has heard her voice; she has gently entreated him, and brought his soul out of the "miry clay," and purged away the mists of passion and the illusions of sense which envelop her, and taught her to resist the influence of pleasures and pains, which are like nails fastening her to the body. To that prison-house she will not return; and therefore she abstains from bodily pleasures — not from a desire of having more or greater ones, which is the exchange of commerce and not of virtue, but because she knows that only in the calm of pleasures and passions she will behold the light of truth.

Simmias and Cebes remain in doubt; but they are unwilling to raise objections at such a time. Socrates wonders at this. Let them regard him rather as the swan, who, having sung the praises of Apollo all his life long, sings at his death more lustily than ever. (Cp. 6o D.) Simmias acknowledges that there is cowardice in not probing truth to the bottom. "And if truth divine and inspired is not to be had, then let a man take the best of human notions, and upon this frail bark let him sail through life." He proceeds to state his difficulty: It has been argued that the soul is invisible and incorporeal, and therefore immortal, and prior to the body. But is not the soul acknowledged to be a harmony, and has she not the same relation to the body, as the harmony — which like her is invisible — has to the lyre? And yet the harmony does not survive the lyre. Cebes has also an objection, which like Simmias he expresses in a figure. He is willing to admit that the soul is more lasting than the body. But the more lasting nature of the soul does not prove her immortality; for after having worn out many bodies in a single life, and many more in successive births and deaths, she may at last perish, or, as Socrates afterwards restates the objection, the very act of birth may be the beginning of her death, and the last body may survive the last soul, just as the coat of an old weaver is left behind him after he is dead, although a man is more lasting than his coat. And he who would prove the immortality of the soul must prove not only that the soul outlives one or many bodies, but that she outlives them all.

The audience, like the chorus in a play, for a moment interpret the feelings of the actors; there is a temporary depression, and then the inquiry is resumed. It is a melancholy reflection that arguments,

like men, are apt to be deceivers ; and those who have been often deceived become distrustful both of arguments and of friends. But this unfortunate experience should not make us either haters of men or haters of arguments. The hatred of arguments is equally mistaken, whether we are going to live or die. At the approach of death Socrates desires to be impartial, and yet he cannot help feeling that he has too great an interest in the truth of his own argument. And therefore he wishes his friends to examine and refute him, if they think that he is not speaking the truth.

Socrates requests Simmias and Cebes to state their objections again. They do not go to the length of denying the preexistence of ideas. Simmias is of opinion that the soul is a harmony of the body. But the admission of the preexistence of ideas, and therefore of the soul, is at variance with this. For a harmony is an effect, whereas the soul is not an effect, but a cause ; a harmony follows, but the soul leads ; a harmony admits of degrees, and the soul has no degrees. Again, upon the supposition that the soul is a harmony, why is one soul better than another ? Are they more or less harmonized, or is there one harmony within another ? But the soul does not admit of degrees, and cannot therefore be more or less harmonized. Further, the soul is often engaged in resisting the affections of the body, as Homer describes Odysseus "rebuking his heart." Could he have written this under the idea that the soul is a harmony of the body ? Nay ; rather, are we not contradicting Homer and ourselves in affirming anything of the sort ?

The goddess Harmonia, as Socrates playfully terms the argument of Simmias, has been happily disposed of ; and now an answer has to be given to the Theban Cadmus. Socrates recapitulates the argument of Cebes, which, as he remarks, involves the whole question of natural growth or causation ; about this he proposes to narrate his own mental experience. When he was young he had puzzled himself with physics : he had inquired into the growth and decay of animals, and the origin of thought, until at last he began to doubt the self-evident fact that growth is the result of eating and drinking, and thus he arrived at the conclusion that he was not meant for such inquiries. Nor was he less perplexed with notions of comparison and number. At first he had imagined himself to understand differences of greater and less, and to know that ten is two more than eight, and the like. But now those very notions appeared to him to contain a contradiction. For how can one be divided into two ? or two be compounded into one ? These are difficulties which Socrates cannot answer. Of

generation and destruction he knows nothing. But he has a confused notion of another method in which matters of this sort are to be investigated.

Then he heard some one reading out of a book of Anaxagoras, that mind is the cause of all things. And he said to himself: If mind is the cause of all things, mind must dispose them all for the best. The new teacher will show me this "order of the best" in man and nature. How great had been his hopes and how great his disappointment! For he found that his new friend was anything but consistent in his use of mind as a cause, and that he soon introduced winds, waters, and other eccentric notions. It was as if a person had said that Socrates is sitting here because he is made up of bones and muscles, instead of telling the true reason — that he is here because the Athenians have thought good to sentence him to death, and he has thought good to await his sentence. Had his bones and muscles been left by him to their own ideas of right, they would long ago have taken themselves off. But surely there is a great confusion of the cause and condition in all this. And this confusion also leads people into all sorts of erroneous theories about the position and motions of the earth. None of them know how much stronger than any Atlas is the power of the best. But this "best" is still undiscovered; and in inquiring after the cause, we can only hope to attain the second best.

Now there is a danger in the contemplation of the nature of things, as there is a danger in looking at the sun during an eclipse, unless the precaution is taken of looking only at the image reflected in the water, or in a glass. And I was afraid, says Socrates, that I might injure the eye of the soul. I thought that I had better return to the old and safe method of ideas. Though I do not mean to say that he who contemplates existence through the medium of ideas sees only through a glass darkly, any more than he who contemplates actual effects.

If the existence of ideas is granted to him, Socrates is of opinion that he will then have no difficulty in proving the immortality of the soul. He will only ask for a further admission: that beauty is the cause of the beautiful, greatness the cause of the great, smallness of the small, and so on of other things. Thus he avoids the contradictions of greater and less (greater by reason of that which is smaller!), of addition and subtraction, and the other difficulties of relation. These subtleties he is for leaving to wiser heads than his own; he prefers to test ideas by their consequences, and, if asked to

give an account of them, goes back to some higher idea or hypothesis which appears to him to be the best, until at last he arrives at a resting-place.

The doctrine of ideas, which has long ago received the assent of the Socratic circle, is now affirmed by the Phliasian auditor to command the assent of any men of sense. The narrative is continued; Socrates is desirous of explaining how opposite ideas may appear to coexist but not really coexist in the same thing or person. For example, Simmias may be said to have greatness and also smallness, because he is greater than Socrates and less than Phædo. And yet Simmias is not really great and also small, but only when compared to Phædo and Socrates. I use the illustration, says Socrates, because I want to show you not only that ideal opposites exclude one another, but also the opposites in us. I, for example, having the attribute of smallness remain small, and cannot become great: the smallness in me drives out greatness.

One of the company here remarked that this was inconsistent with the old assertion that opposites generated opposites. But that, replies Socrates, was affirmed, not of opposite ideas either in us or in nature, but of opposite things—not of life and death, but of individuals living and dying. When this objection has been removed, Socrates proceeds: This doctrine of the mutual exclusion of opposites is not only true of the opposites themselves, but of things which are inseparable from them. For example, cold and heat are opposed; and fire, which is inseparable from heat, cannot coexist with cold, or snow, which is inseparable from cold, with heat. Again, the number three excludes the number four, because three is an odd number and four is an even number, and the odd is opposed to the even. Thus we are able to proceed a step beyond “the safe and simple answer.” We may say, not only that the odd excludes the even, but that the number three, which participates in oddness, excludes the even. And in like manner, not only does life exclude death, but the soul, of which life is the inseparable attribute, also excludes death. And that of which life is the inseparable attribute is by the force of the terms imperishable. If the odd principle were imperishable, then the number three would not perish, but remove on the approach of the even principle. But the immortal is imperishable; and therefore the soul on the approach of death does not perish but removes.

Thus all objections appear to be finally silenced. And now the application has to be made: If the soul is immortal, “What manner

of persons ought we to be?" having regard not only to time but to eternity. For death is not the end of all, and the wicked is not released from his evil by death; but every one carries with him into the world below that which he is and that which he becomes, and that only.

For after death the soul is carried away to judgment, and when she has received her punishment returns to earth in the course of ages. The wise soul is conscious of her situation, and follows the attendant angel who guides her through the windings of the world below; but the impure soul wanders hither and thither without a guide, and is carried at last to her own place, as the pure soul is also carried away to hers. "In order that you may understand this, I must first describe to you the nature and conformation of the earth."

Now the whole earth is a globe placed in the center of the heavens, and is maintained there by the perfection of balance. That which we call the earth is only a small hollow, of which there are many; but the true earth is above, and is a finer and subtler element, and is full of precious stones and bright colors, of which the stones and colors in our earth are but fragments and reflections, and the earth itself is corroded and crusted over just as the shore is by the sea. And if, like birds, we could fly to the surface of the air, in the same manner that fishes come to the top of the sea, then we should behold the true earth and the true heaven and the true stars. This heavenly earth is of divers colors, sparkling with jewels brighter than gold and whiter than any snow, having flowers and fruits innumerable. And the inhabitants dwell, some on the shore of the sea of air, others in "islets of the blest," and they hold converse with the gods, and behold the sun, moon, and stars as they truly are, and their other blessedness is of a piece with this.

But the interior of the earth has other and deeper hollows, and one huge chasm or opening called Tartarus, into which vast streams of water and fire are ever flowing to and fro, of which small portions find their way to the surface and form seas and rivers and volcanoes. There is a perpetual inhalation and exhalation of the air rising and falling as the waters pass into the depths of the earth and return again, in their course forming lakes and rivers, but never descending below the center of the earth, the opposite side of which is a precipice to the rivers on both sides. These rivers are many and mighty, and there are four principal ones, Oceanus, Acheron, Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus. Oceanus is the river which encircles the earth; Acheron takes an opposite direction, and after flowing under the

earth and in desert places at last reaches the Acherusian lake, and this is the river at which the dead await their return to earth. Pyriphlegethon is a stream of fire, which coils around the earth and flows into the depths of Tartarus. The fourth river (Cocytus) is that which is called by the poets the Stygian river, and falls into, and forms the lake Styx, receiving strange powers in the waters. This river, too, falls into Tartarus.

The dead are first of all judged according to their deeds, and those who are incurable are thrust into Tartarus, from which they never come out. Those who have only committed venial sins are first purified of them, and then rewarded for the good which they have done. Those who have committed crimes, great indeed, but not unpardonable, are thrust into Tartarus, but are cast forth at the end of the year on the shores of the rivers, where they stand crying to their victims to let them come out, and if they prevail, then they are let out and their sufferings cease; if not, they are borne in a ceaseless whirl along the rivers of Tartarus. The pure souls also receive their reward, and have their abode in the upper earth, and a select few in still fairer "mansions."

Socrates is not prepared to insist on the literal accuracy of this description, but he is confident that something of the kind is true. He who has sought after the pleasures of knowledge and rejected the pleasures of the body has reason to be of good hope at the approach of death, whose voice is already heard calling to him, and will be heard calling by all men.

The hour has come at which he must drink the poison, and not much remains to be done. How shall they bury him? That is a question which he refuses to entertain, for they are not burying him, but his dead body. His friends had once been sureties that he would remain, and they shall now be sureties that he has run away. Yet he would not die without the customary ceremonies of washing and burial. Shall he make a libation of the poison? In the spirit he will, but not in the letter. One request he utters in the very act of death, which has been a puzzle to after-ages. The puzzle has been occasioned by the simplicity of his words, for there is no reason to suppose that they have any hidden meaning. With a sort of irony he remembers that a trifling religious duty is still unfulfilled, just as above (60 E) he is represented as desirous before he departs to make a few verses in order to satisfy a scruple about the meaning of a dream.

1. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has such a great

interest for all mankind that they are apt to rebel against any examination of the nature of their belief. They do not like to acknowledge that this, as well as the other "eternal ideas" of man, has a history in time, which may be traced in Greek poetry or philosophy, and also in the Hebrew Scriptures. They convert feeling into reasoning, and throw a network of dialectics over that which is really a deeply-rooted instinct. In the same temper which Socrates reproves in himself (91 B) they are disposed to think that even bad arguments will do no harm, for they will die with them, and while they live they will gain by the delusion. But there is a better and higher spirit to be gathered from the "Phædo," as well as from the other writings of Plato, which says that first principles should be most constantly reviewed (Phæd. 107 B), and that the highest subjects demand of us the greatest accuracy.

2. Modern philosophy is perplexed at this whole question, which is sometimes fairly given up and handed over to the realm of faith. The perplexity should not be forgotten by us when we attempt to submit the "Phædo" of Plato to the requirements of logic. For what idea can we form of the soul when separated from the body? Or how can the soul be united with the body and still be independent? Is the soul related to the body as the ideal to the real, or as the whole to the parts, or as the subject to the object, or as the cause to the effect, or as the end to the means? Shall we say with Aristotle, that the soul is the *entelechy* or form of an organized living body? or with Plato, that she has a life of her own? Is the Pythagorean image of the harmony, or of the monad, the truer expression? Is the soul related to the body as sight to the eye, or as the boatman to his boat? And in another state of being is the soul to be conceived of as vanishing into infinity, hardly possessing an existence which she can call her own, as in the pantheistic system of Spinoza and others? or as an individual spirit informed with another body and retaining the impress of her former character? (Cp. Gorgias, 524 B, C.) Or is the opposition of soul and body a mere illusion, and the true self neither soul nor body, but the union of the two in the "I" which is above them? And is death the assertion of this individuality in the higher nature, and the falling away into nothingness of the lower? Or are we vainly attempting to pass the boundaries of human thought? The body and the soul seem to be inseparable, not only in fact, but in our conceptions of them; and any philosophy which too closely unites them, or too widely separates them, either in this life or in another, disturbs the balance of human

nature. Neither Plato nor any other philosopher has perfectly adjusted them, or been perfectly consistent with himself in describing their relation to one another.

3. Again, believing in the immortality of the soul, we must still ask the question of Socrates, "What is that which we suppose to be immortal?" Is it the personal and individual element in us, or the spiritual and universal? Is it the principle of knowledge or of goodness, or the union of the two? Is it the mere force of life which is determined to be, or the consciousness of self which cannot be got rid of, or the fire of genius which refuses to be extinguished? Or is there a hidden being which is allied to the Author of all existence, who is because he is perfect, and to whom our ideas of perfection give us a title to belong? Whatever answer is given by us to these questions, there still remains the necessity of allowing the permanence of evil, if not forever, at any rate for a time, in order that the wicked "may not have too good a bargain." For the annihilation of evil at death, or the eternal duration of it, seem to involve equal difficulties in the moral order of the universe. Sometimes we are led by our feelings, rather than by our reason, to think of the good and wise only as existing in another life. Why should the mean, the weak, the idiot, the infant, the herd of men who have never in any proper sense the use of reason, reappear with blinking eyes in the light of another world? But our second thought is that the hope of humanity is a common one, and that all or none have a right to immortality. Reason does not allow us to suppose that we have any greater claims than others, and experience sometimes reveals to us unexpected flashes of the higher nature in those whom we had despised. Such are some of the distracting thoughts which press upon us when we attempt to assign any form to our conceptions of a future state.

4. Again, ideas must be given through something; and we are always prone to argue about the soul from analogies of outward things which may serve to embody our thoughts, but are also partly delusive. For we cannot reason from the natural to the spiritual, or from the outward to the inward. The progress of physiological science, without bringing us nearer to the great secret, has perhaps tended to remove some erroneous notions respecting the relations of body and mind, and in this we have the advantage of the ancients. But no one imagines that any seed of immortality is to be discerned in our mortal frames. The result seems to be that those who have thought most deeply on the immortality of the soul have been content to rest their belief on the agreement of the more enlightened

part of mankind, and on the inseparable connection of such a doctrine with the existence of a God, and our ideas of divine justice — also in a less degree on the impossibility of thinking otherwise of those whom we reverence in this world. And after all has been said, the figure, the analogy, the argument, are felt to be only approximations in different forms to the expression of the common sentiment of the human heart.

5. The “Phædo” of Plato may also be regarded as a dialectical approximation to the truth of immortality. Beginning in mystery, Socrates, in the intermediate part of the dialogue, attempts to bring the doctrine of a future life into connection with his theory of knowledge. In proportion as he succeeds in this, the individual seems to disappear in a more general notion of the soul; the contemplation of ideas “under the form of eternity” takes the place of past and future states of existence. His language may be compared to that of some modern philosophers, who speak of eternity, not in the sense of perpetual duration of time, but as an ever-present quality of the soul. Yet at the conclusion of the dialogue, having “arrived at the end of the intellectual world,” he replaces the veil of mythology, and describes the soul and her attendant genius in the language of the mysteries or of a disciple of Zoroaster. Nor can we fairly demand of Plato a consistency which is wanting among ourselves, who acknowledge that another world is beyond the range of human thought, and yet are always seeking to represent the mansions of heaven or hell in the colors of the painter, or in the descriptions of the poet or rhetorician.

6. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not new to the Greeks in the age of Socrates, but, like the unity of God, had a foundation in the popular belief. The old Homeric notion of a gibbering ghost flitting away to Hades; or of a few illustrious heroes enjoying the isles of the blest; or of an existence divided between the two; or the Hesiodic, of righteous spirits, who become guardian angels, — had given place in the mysteries and the Orphic poets to representations, partly fanciful, of a future state of rewards and punishments. The reticence of the Greeks on public occasions and in some part of their literature respecting this “underground” religion is not to be taken as a measure of the diffusion of such beliefs. If Pericles in the funeral oration is silent on the consolations of immortality, the poet Pindar and the tragedians on the other hand constantly assume the continued existence of the dead in an upper or under world. Darius and Laius are still alive; Antigone will be dear to her

brethren after death ; the way to the palace of Cronos is found by those who "have thrice departed from evil." The tragedy of the Greeks is not "rounded" by this life, but is deeply set in decrees of fate and mysterious workings of powers beneath the earth. In the caricature of Aristophanes there is also a witness to the common sentiment. The Ionian and Pythagorean philosophies arose, and some new elements were added to the popular belief. The individual must find an expression as well as the world. Either the soul was supposed to exist in the form of a magnet or of a particle of fire, or light, or air, or water ; or of a number or of a harmony of number ; or to be or have, like the stars, a principle of motion. At length Anaxagoras, hardly distinguishing between life and mind, or between mind human and divine, attained the pure abstraction ; and this, like the other abstractions of Greek philosophy, sank deep into the human intelligence. The opposition of the intelligible and the sensible, and of God to the world, supplied an analogy which assisted in the separation of soul and body. If ideas were separable from phenomena, mind was also separable from matter ; if the ideas were eternal, the mind that conceived them was eternal too. As the unity of God was more distinctly acknowledged, the conception of the human soul became more developed. The succession, or alternation of life and death, had occurred to Heracleitus. The Eleatic Parmenides had stumbled upon the modern thesis that "thought and being are the same." The eastern belief in transmigration defined the sense of individuality ; and some, like Empedocles, fancied that the blood which they had shed in another state of being was crying against them, and that for thirty thousand years they were to be "fugitives and vagabonds upon the earth." The desire of recognizing a lost love or friend in the world below (Phædo, 68) is a natural feeling which, in that age as well as in every other, has given distinctness to the hope of immortality. Nor were ethical considerations wanting, partly derived from the necessity of punishing the greater sort of criminals, whom no avenging power of this world could reach. The voice of conscience, too, was heard reminding the good man that he was not altogether innocent. To these indistinct longings and fears an expression was given in the mysteries and Orphic poets : a "heap of books," passing under the names of Musæus and Orpheus in Plato's time, were filled with notions of an underworld. ¶

7. Yet probably the belief in the individuality of the soul after death had but a feeble hold on the Greek mind. Like the personality of God, the personality of man in a future state was not in-

separably bound up with the reality of his existence. For the distinction between the personal and impersonal, and also between the divine and human, was far less marked to the Greek than to ourselves. And as Plato readily passes from the notion of the good to that of God, he also passes, almost imperceptibly to himself and his reader, from the future life of the individual soul to the eternal being of the absolute soul. There has been a clearer statement and a clearer denial of the belief in modern times than is found in early Greek philosophy, and hence the comparative silence on the whole subject which is often remarked in ancient writers, and particularly in Aristotle. For Plato and Aristotle are not further removed in their teaching about the immortality of the soul than they are in their theory of knowledge.

8. That in an age when logic was beginning to mold human thought Plato should have cast his belief in immortality into a logical form, is not surprising. And when we consider how much the doctrine of ideas was also one of words, we cannot wonder that he should have fallen into verbal fallacies: early logic is always mistaking the truth of the form for the truth of the matter. It is easy to see that the alternation of opposites is not the same as the generation of them out of each other; and that the generation out of each other, which is the first argument in the "Phædo," is at variance with their mutual exclusion of each other, whether in themselves or in us, which is the last. For even if we admit the distinction which he draws (103) between the opposites and the things which have the opposites, still individuals fall under the latter class; and we have to pass out of the region of human hopes and fears to a conception of an abstract soul which is the impersonation of the ideas. Such a conception, which in Plato himself is but half expressed, is unmeaning to us, and relative only to a particular stage in the history of thought. The doctrine of reminiscence is also a fragment of a former world, which has no place in the philosophy of modern times. But Plato had the wonders of psychology just opening to him, and he had not the explanation of them which is supplied by the analysis of language and the history of the human mind. The question, "Whence come our abstract ideas?" he could only answer by an imaginary hypothesis. Nor is it difficult to see that his crowning argument is purely verbal, and is but the expression of an instinctive confidence put into a logical form: "The soul is immortal because it contains a principle of imperishableness." Nor does he himself seem at all to be aware

that nothing is added to human knowledge by his "safe and simple answer," that beauty is the cause of the beautiful; and that he is merely reasserting the Eleatic being "divided by the Pythagorean numbers," against the Heracleitean doctrine of perpetual generation. The answer to the "very serious question" of generation and destruction is really the denial of them. For this he would substitute a system of ideas, tested not by experience, but by their consequences, and not explained by actual causes, but by a higher, that is, more general, notion: consistency with themselves is all that is required of them.

9. To deal fairly with such arguments they should not only not be separated from the age to which they belong, but they should be translated as far as possible into their modern equivalents. "If the ideas of men are eternal, their souls are eternal, and if not the ideas, then not the souls." Such an argument stands nearly in the same relation to Plato and his age as the argument from the existence of God to immortality among ourselves. "If God exists, then the soul exists after death; and if there is no God, there is no existence of the soul after death." For the ideas are to his mind the reality, the truth, the principle of permanence, as well as of mind and order in the world. When Simmias and Cebes say that they are more strongly persuaded of the existence of ideas than they are of the immortality of the soul, they represent fairly enough the order of thought in Greek philosophy. And we might say in the same way that we are more certain of the existence of God than we are of the immortality of the soul, and are led by the belief in the one to a belief in the other. The parallel, as Socrates would say, is not perfect, but agrees in as far as the mind in either case is regarded as dependent on something above and beyond herself. Nor need we shrink from pressing the analogy one step further: "We are more certain of our ideas of truth and right than we are of the existence of God, and are led on in the order of thought from one to the other."

10. The main argument of the "Phædo" is derived from the existence of eternal ideas of which the soul is a partaker; the other argument of the alternation of opposites is replaced by this. And there have not been wanting philosophers of the idealist school who have imagined that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is a theory of knowledge only, and that in all that precedes Plato is preparing for this. Such a view is far from lying on the surface of the "Phædo," and seems to be inconsistent with the "Gorgias" and the "Republic." Those who maintain it are immediately compelled

to renounce the shadow which they have grasped, as a play of words only. But the truth is that Plato in his argument for the immortality of the soul has collected many elements of proof or persuasion, ethical and mythological as well as dialectical, which are not easily to be reconciled with one another; and he is as much in earnest about his doctrine of retribution, which is repeated in all his more ethical writings, as about his theory of knowledge. And while we may fairly translate the dialectical into the language of Hegel, and the religious and mythological into the language of Dante or Bunyan, the ethical speaks to us still in the same voice, reaching across the ages.

11. Two arguments of this sort occur in the "Phædo." The first may be described as the aspiration of the soul after another sort of being. Like the Oriental or Christian ascetic, the philosopher is seeking to withdraw from impurities of sense, to leave the world and the things of the world, and to find his higher self. Plato recognizes in these aspirations the foretaste of immortality, as Butler and Addison in modern times have argued, the one from the moral tendencies of mankind, the other from the progress of the soul towards perfection. In using this argument Plato has certainly confused the soul which has left the body, with the soul of the good and wise. Such a confusion was natural, and arose partly out of the antithesis of soul and body. The soul in her own essence, and the soul "clothed upon" with virtues and graces, were easily interchanged with one another, because on a subject which passes expression the distinctions of language can hardly be maintained.

12. The other ethical proof of the immortality of the soul is derived from the necessity of retribution. The wicked would be too well off if their evil deeds came to an end. It is not to be supposed that an Ardiaeus, an Archelaus, an Ismenias, could ever have suffered the penalty of their crimes in this world. The manner in which this retribution is accomplished Plato represents under the figure of mythology. Doubtless he felt that it was easier to improve than to invent, and that in religion especially the traditional form was required in order to give verisimilitude to the myth. The myth too is far more probable to that age than to ours, and may fairly be regarded as "one guess among many" about the nature of the earth, which he cleverly supports by the indications of geology. Not that he insists on the absolute truth of his own particular notions: "no man of sense will be confident of that; but he will be confident that something of the kind is true" (114 D). As in other passages

he wins belief for his fictions by the moderation of his statements; he does not, like Dante or Swedenborg, allow himself to be deceived by his own creations.

The dialogue must be read in the light of the situation. And first of all we are struck by the calmness of the scene. Like the spectators at the time, we cannot pity Socrates, his mien and his language are so noble and fearless. He is the same as he ever was, but milder and gentler, and he has in no degree lost his interest in dialectics; the argument is the greatest gain to him, and he will not forego the delight of it in compliance with the jailer's intimation that he should not heat himself with talking. Some other traits of his character may be noted; for example, the courteous manner in which he inclines his head to the last objector, or the ironical touch, "Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls"; or the depreciation of the arguments with which "he comforted himself and them"; or the allusion to the possibility of finding another teacher among barbarous races; or the mysterious reference to another science (mathematics?) of generation and destruction for which he is vainly feeling. There is no change in him; only now he is invested with a sort of sacred character, as the prophet or priest of Apollo the god of the festival, in whose honor he first of all composes a hymn, and then like the swan pours forth his dying lay. Perhaps the extreme elevation of Socrates above his own situation, and the ordinary interests of life (compare his *jeu d'esprit* about his burial) create in the mind of the reader an impression stronger than could be derived from arguments that such a one, in his own language, has in him "a principle which does not admit of death."

The other persons of the dialogue may be considered under two heads: (1) private friends; (2) the respondents in the argument.

First there is Crito, who has been already introduced to us in the "Euthydemus" and the "Crito"; he is the equal in years of Socrates, and stands in quite a different relation to him from his younger disciples. He is a man of the world who is rich and prosperous (cp. the jest in the "Euthydemus" 304 C), the best friend of Socrates, who wants to know his last commands, in whose presence he talks to his family, and who performs the last duty of closing his eyes. It is observable, too, that, as in the "Euthydemus," Crito shows no aptitude for philosophical discussions. Nor among the friends of Socrates must the jailer be forgotten, who seems to have been introduced by Plato in order to show the impression made by the extraordinary man on the common. The gentle nature of the man

is indicated by his weeping at the announcement of his errand and then turning away, and also by the words of Socrates to his disciples: "How charming the man is! since I have been in prison he was always coming to me, and has been as good as could be to me." We are reminded too that he has retained this gentle nature amid scenes of death and violence by the contrasts which he draws between the behavior of Socrates and of others when about to die.

Another person who takes no part in the philosophical discussion is the excitable Apollodorus, who testifies his grief by the most violent emotions. Phædo is also present, the "beloved disciple" as he may be termed, who is described, if not "leaning on his bosom," as seated next to Socrates, who is playing with his hair. At a particular point the argument is described as falling before the attack of Simmias. A sort of despair is introduced in the minds of the company. The effect of this is heightened by the description of Phædo, who has been the eye-witness of the scene, and by the sympathy of his Phliasian auditors, who are beginning to think "that they too can never trust an argument again." Like Apollodorus, Phædo himself takes no part in the argument. But the calmness of his behavior, "veiling his face" when he can no longer contain his tears, contrasts with the passionate cries of the other.

The two principal interlocutors are Simmias and Cebes, the disciples of Philolaus the Pythagorean philosopher of Thebes. Simmias is described in the "Phædrus" as fonder of an argument than any man living; and Cebes, although finally persuaded by Socrates, is said to be the most incredulous of human beings. It is Cebes who at the commencement of the dialogue raises the question why "suicide is unlawful," and who first supplies the doctrine of recollection as a confirmation of the argument of the preexistence of the soul. It is Cebes who urges that the preexistence does not necessarily involve the future existence of the soul, and who brings forward the argument of the weaver and his coat. To Simmias, on the other hand, is attributed the notion that the soul is a harmony, which is naturally put into the mouth of a Pythagorean disciple. It is Simmias, too, who first remarks on the uncertainty of human knowledge, and only at last concedes to the argument such a qualified approval as is consistent with the feebleness of the human faculties.

There is no proof that the conversation was ever actually held, and the place of the dialogue in the series is doubtful. The doctrine of ideas is certainly carried beyond the Socratic point of

view; in no other of the writings of Plato is the theory of them so completely developed. Whether the belief in immortality can be attributed to Socrates or not is uncertain; the silence of the "Memorabilia," and of the earlier dialogues of Plato, is an argument to the contrary. Yet in the "Cyropædia" Xenophon has put language into the mouth of the dying Cyrus which recalls the "Phædo," and may perhaps have been derived from the teaching of Socrates.

Some elements of the drama may be noted in all the dialogues of Plato. The "Phædo" is the tragedy of which Socrates is the protagonist and Simmias and Cebes the secondary performers. No dialogue has a greater unity of subject and feeling. Plato has certainly fulfilled the condition of Greek, or rather of all, art, which requires that scenes of death and suffering should be clothed in beauty. The gathering of the friends at the commencement of the dialogue, the dejection of the audience at the temporary overthrow of the argument, the picture of Socrates playing with the hair of Phædo, the final scene, in which Socrates alone retains his composure—are masterpieces of art. The chorus at the end might have interpreted the feeling of the play: "There can no evil happen to a good man in life or death."

B. J.

PHÆDO

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

PHÆDO, *who is the narrator of
the dialogue to ECHECRATES
of Phlius*
SOCRATES

APOLLODORUS
SIMMIAS
CEBES
CRITO

ATTENDANT OF THE PRISON

SCENE : — The Prison of Socrates

PLACE OF THE NARRATION : — Phlius

Echecrates.

WERE you yourself, Phædo, in the prison with ^{Stephen,}
Socrates on the day when he drank the ⁵⁷
poison?

Phædo. Yes, Echecrates, I was.

Ech. I wish that you would tell me about his death. What did he say in his last hours? We were informed that he died by taking poison, but no one knew anything more; for no Phliasian ever goes to Athens now, and a long time has elapsed since any Athenian found his way to Phlius, and therefore we had no clear account.

Phæd. Did you not hear of the proceedings at the trial? ⁵⁸

Ech. Yes; some one told us about the trial, and we could not understand why, having been condemned, he was put to death, as appeared, not at the time, but long afterwards. What was the reason of this?

Phæd. An accident, Echecrates. The reason was that the stern of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos happened to have been crowned on the day before he was tried.

Ech. What is this ship?

Phæd. This is the ship in which, as the Athenians say, Theseus went to Crete when he took with him the fourteen

youths, and was the savior of them and of himself. And they were said to have vowed to Apollo at the time, that if they were saved they would make an annual pilgrimage to Delos. Now this custom still continues, and the whole period of the voyage to and from Delos, beginning when the priest of Apollo crowns the stern of the ship, is a holy season, during which the city is not allowed to be polluted by public executions; and often, when the vessel is detained by adverse winds, there may be a very considerable delay. As I was saying, the ship was crowned on the day before the trial, and this was the reason why Socrates lay in prison and was not put to death until long after he was condemned.

Ech. What was the manner of his death, Phædo? What was said or done? And which of his friends had he with him? Or were they not allowed by the authorities to be present? And did he die alone?

Phæd. No; there were several of his friends with him.

Ech. If you have nothing to do, I wish that you would tell me what passed, as exactly as you can.

Phæd. I have nothing to do, and will try to gratify your wish. For to me too there is no greater pleasure than to have Socrates brought to my recollection, whether I speak myself or hear another speak of him.

Ech. You will have listeners who are of the same mind with you, and I hope that you will be as exact as you can.

Phæd. I remember the strange feeling which came over me at being with him. For I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend, and therefore I did not pity him, Echecrates; his mien and his language were so noble and fearless in the hour of death that to me he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could

59 not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if any man ever was, when he arrived there; and therefore I did not pity him as might seem natural at such a time. But neither could I feel the pleasure which I usually felt in philosophical discourse (for philosophy was the theme of which we spoke). I was pleased, and I was also pained, because I knew that he was soon to die, and this strange mixture of feeling was shared by us all; we were laughing

and weeping by turns, especially the excitable Apollodorus — you know the sort of man?

Ech. Yes.

Phæd. He was quite overcome; and I myself, and all of us were greatly moved.

Ech. Who were present?

Phæd. Of native Athenians there were, besides Apollodorus, Critobulus and his father Crito, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æschines, and Antisthenes; likewise Ctesippus of the deme of Pæania, Menexenus, and some others; but Plato, if I am not mistaken, was ill.

Ech. Were there any strangers?

Phæd. Yes, there were; Simmias the Theban, and Cebes, and Phædonides; Euclid and Terpison, who came from Megara.

Ech. And was Aristippus there, and Cleombrotus?

Phæd. No, they were said to be in Ægina.

Ech. Any one else?

Phæd. I think that these were about all.

Ech. And what was the discourse of which you spoke?

Phæd. I will begin at the beginning, and endeavor to repeat the entire conversation. You must understand that we had been previously in the habit of assembling early in the morning at the court in which the trial was held, and which is not far from the prison. There we remained talking with one another until the opening of the prison doors (for they were not opened very early), and then went in and generally passed the day with Socrates. On the last morning the meeting was earlier than usual; this was owing to our having heard on the previous evening that the sacred ship had arrived from Delos, and therefore we agreed to meet very early at the accustomed place. On our going to the prison, the jailer who answered the door, instead of admitting us, came out and bade us wait and he would call us. "For the eleven," he said, "are now with Socrates; they are taking off his chains, and giving orders that he is to die to-day." He soon returned and said that we might come in. On entering we found Socrates just released from chains, and Xanthippe, whom you know, sitting by him, and holding his child in her arms. When she saw us she uttered a cry and

said, as women will: "O Socrates, this is the last time that either you will converse with your friends, or they with you." Socrates turned to Crito and said: "Crito, let some one take her home." Some of Crito's people accordingly led her away, crying out and beating herself. And when she was gone, Socrates, sitting up on the couch, began to bend and rub his leg, saying, as he rubbed: How singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they never come to a man together, and yet he who pursues either of them is generally compelled to take the other. They are two, and yet they grow together out of one head or stem; and I cannot help thinking that if Æsop had noticed them, he would have made a fable about God trying to reconcile their strife, and when he could not, he fastened their heads together; and this is the reason why when one comes the other follows, as I find in my own case pleasure comes following after the pain in my leg which was caused by the chain.

Upon this Cebes said: I am very glad indeed, Socrates, that you mentioned the name of Æsop. For that reminds me of a question which has been asked by others, and was asked of me only the day before yesterday by Evenus the poet, and as he will be sure to ask again, you may as well tell me what I should say to him, if you would like him to have an answer. He wanted to know why you who never before wrote a line of poetry, now that you are in prison are putting Æsop into verse, and also composing that hymn in honor of Apollo.

Tell him, Cebes, he replied, that I had no idea of rivaling him or his poems; which is the truth, for I knew that I could not do that. But I wanted to see whether I could purge away a scruple which I felt about certain dreams. In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams "that I should make music." The same dream came to me sometimes in one form, and sometimes in another, but always saying the same or nearly the same words: Make and cultivate music, said the dream. And hitherto I had imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has always been the pursuit of my life, and

61 is the noblest and best of music. The dream was bid-

ding me do what I was already doing, in the same way that the competitor in a race is bidden by the spectators to run when he is already running. But I was not certain of this, as the dream might have meant music in the popular sense of the word, and being under sentence of death, and the festival giving me a respite, I thought that I should be safer if I satisfied the scruple, and, in obedience to the dream, composed a few verses before I departed. And first I made a hymn in honor of the god of the festival, and then considering that a poet, if he is really to be a poet or maker, should not only put words together but make stories, and as I have no invention, I took some fables of Æsop, which I had ready at hand and knew, and turned them into verse. Tell Evenus this, and bid him be of good cheer; say that I would have him come after me if he be a wise man, and not tarry; and that to-day I am likely to be going, for the Athenians say that I must.

Simmias said: What a message for such a man! having been a frequent companion of his I should say that, as far as I know him, he will never take your advice unless he is obliged.

Why, said Socrates. Is not Evenus a philosopher?

I think that he is, said Simmias.

Then he, or any man who has the spirit of philosophy, will be willing to die, though he will not take his own life, for that is held not to be right.

Here he changed his position, and put his legs off the couch on to the ground, and during the rest of the conversation he remained sitting.

Why do you say, inquired Cebes, that a man ought not to take his own life, but that the philosopher will be ready to follow the dying?

Socrates replied: And have you, Cebes and Simmias, who are acquainted with Philolaus, never heard him speak of this?

I never understood him, Socrates.

My words, too, are only an echo; but I am very willing to say what I have heard: and indeed, as I am going to another place, I ought to be thinking and talking of the nature of the pilgrimage which I am about to make. What can I do better in the interval between this and the setting of the sun?

Then tell me, Socrates, why is suicide held not to be right? as I have certainly heard Philolaus affirm when he was staying with us at Thebes: and there are others who say the same, although none of them has ever made me understand him.

62 But do your best, replied Socrates, and the day may come when you will understand. I suppose that you wonder why, as most things which are evil may be accidentally good, this is to be the only exception (for may not death, too, be better than life in some cases?), and why, when a man is better dead, he is not permitted to be his own benefactor, but must wait for the hand of another.

By Jupiter! yes, indeed, said Cebes, laughing, and speaking in his native Doric.

I admit the appearance of inconsistency, replied Socrates, but there may not be any real inconsistency after all in this. There is a doctrine uttered in secret that man is a prisoner who has no right to open the door of his prison and run away; this is a great mystery which I do not quite understand. Yet I too believe that the gods are our guardians, and that we are a possession of theirs. Do you not agree?

Yes, I agree to that, said Cebes.

And if one of your own possessions, an ox or an ass, for example, took the liberty of putting himself out of the way when you had given no intimation of your wish that he should die, would you not be angry with him, and would you not punish him if you could?

Certainly, replied Cebes.

Then there may be reason in saying that a man should wait, and not take his own life until God summons him, as he is now summoning me.

Yes, Socrates, said Cebes, there is surely reason in that. And yet how can you reconcile this seemingly true belief that God is our guardian and we his possessions, with that willingness to die which we were attributing to the philosopher? That the wisest of men should be willing to leave this service in which they are ruled by the gods who are the best of rulers, is not reasonable, for surely no wise man thinks that when set at liberty he can take better care of himself than the gods take of him. A fool may perhaps think this—he may argue that he had better run away from his master, not

considering that his duty is to remain to the end, and not to run away from the good, and that there is no sense in his running away. But the wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself. Now this, Socrates, is the reverse of what was just now said; for upon this view the wise man should sorrow and the fool rejoice at passing out of life.

The earnestness of Cebes seemed to please Socrates. ⁶³ Here, said he, turning to us, is a man who is always inquiring, and is not to be convinced all in a moment, nor by every argument.

And in this case, added Simmias, his objection does appear to me to have some force. For what can be the meaning of a truly wise man wanting to fly away and lightly leave a master who is better than himself? And I rather imagine that Cebes is referring to you; he thinks that you are too ready to leave us, and too ready to leave the gods who, as you acknowledge, are our good rulers.

Yes, replied Socrates; there is reason in that. And this indictment you think that I ought to answer as if I were in court?

That is what we should like, said Simmias.

Then I must try to make a better impression upon you than I did when defending myself before the judges. For I am quite ready to acknowledge, Simmias and Cebes, that I ought to be grieved at death, if I were not persuaded that I am going to other gods who are wise and good (of this I am as certain as I can be of anything of the sort) and to men departed (though I am not so certain of this), who are better than those whom I leave behind; and therefore I do not grieve as I might have done, for I have good hope that there is yet something remaining for the dead, and as has been said of old, some far better thing for the good than for the evil.

But do you mean to take away your thoughts with you, Socrates? said Simmias. Will you not communicate them to us?—the benefit is one in which we too may hope to share. Moreover, if you succeed in convincing us, that will be an answer to the charge against yourself.

I will do my best, replied Socrates. But you must first let

me hear what Crito wants; he was going to say something to me.

Only this, Socrates, replied Crito: the attendant who is to give you the poison has been telling me that you are not to talk much, and he wants me to let you know this; for that by talking, heat is increased, and this interferes with the action of the poison; those who excite themselves are sometimes obliged to drink the poison two or three times.

Then, said Socrates, let him mind his business and be prepared to give the poison two or three times, if necessary; that is all.

I was almost certain that you would say that, replied Crito; but I was obliged to satisfy him.

Never mind him, he said.

And now I will make answer to you, O my judges, and show that he who has lived as a true philosopher has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die, and that after
64 death he may hope to receive the greatest good in the other world. And how this may be, Simmias and Cebes, I will endeavor to explain. For I deem that the true disciple of philosophy is likely to be misunderstood by other men; they do not perceive that he is ever pursuing death and dying; and if this is true, why, having had the desire of death all his life long, should he repine at the arrival of that which he has been always pursuing and desiring?

Simmias laughed and said: Though not in a laughing humor, I swear that I cannot help laughing when I think what the wicked world will say when they hear this. They will say that this is very true, and our people at home will agree with them in saying that the life which philosophers desire is truly death, and that they have found them out to be deserving of the death which they desire.

And they are right, Simmias, in saying this, with the exception of the words "They have found them out"; for they have not found out what is the nature of this death which the true philosopher desires, or how he deserves or desires death. But let us leave them and have a word with ourselves: Do we believe that there is such a thing as death?

To be sure, replied Simmias.

And is this anything but the separation of soul and body?

And being dead is the attainment of this separation when the soul exists in herself, and is parted from the body and the body is parted from the soul—that is death?

Exactly: that and nothing else, he replied.

And what do you say of another question, my friend, about which I should like to have your opinion, and the answer to which will probably throw light on our present inquiry: Do you think that the philosopher ought to care about the pleasures—if they are to be called pleasures—of eating and drinking?

Certainly not, answered Simmias.

And what do you say of the pleasures of love—should he care about them?

By no means.

And will he think much of the other ways of indulging the body,—for example, the acquisition of costly raiment, or sandals, or other adornments of the body? Instead of caring about them, does he not rather despise anything more than nature needs? What do you say?

I should say that the true philosopher would despise them.

Would you not say that he is entirely concerned with the soul and not with the body? He would like, as far as he can, to be quit of the body and turn to the soul.

That is true.

In matters of this sort philosophers, above all other men, may be observed in every sort of way to dis sever the soul from the body.

That is true.

Whereas, Simmias, the rest of the world are of opinion that a life which has no bodily pleasures and no part in them is not worth having; but that he who thinks nothing of bodily pleasures is almost as though he were dead.

That is quite true.

What again shall we say of the actual acquirement of knowledge?—is the body, if invited to share in the inquiry, a hinderer or a helper? I mean to say, have sight and hearing any truth in them? Are they not, as the poets are always telling us, inaccurate witnesses? and yet, if even they are inaccurate and indistinct, what is to be said of the other senses?—for you will allow that they are the best of them?

Certainly, he replied.

Then when does the soul attain truth? — for in attempting to consider anything in company with the body she is obviously deceived.

Yes, that is true.

Then must not existence be revealed to her in thought, if at all?

Yes.

And thought is best when the mind is gathered into herself and none of these things trouble her, — neither sounds nor sights nor pain nor any pleasure, — when she has as little as possible to do with the body, and has no bodily sense or feeling, but is aspiring after being?

That is true.

And in this the philosopher dishonors the body; his soul runs away from the body and desires to be alone and by herself?

That is true.

Well, but there is another thing, Simmias: Is there or is there not an absolute justice?

Assuredly there is.

And an absolute beauty and absolute good?

Of course.

But did you ever behold any of them with your eyes?

Certainly not.

Or did you ever reach them with any other bodily sense? (and I speak not of these alone, but of absolute greatness, and health, and strength, and of the essence or true nature of everything). Has the reality of them ever been perceived by you through the bodily organs? or rather, is not the nearest approach to the knowledge of their several natures made by him who so orders his intellectual vision as to have the most exact conception of the essence of that which he considers?

Certainly.

And he attains to the knowledge of them in their highest purity who goes to each of them with the mind alone, not
66 allowing when in the act of thought the intrusion or introduction of sight or any other sense in the company of reason, but with the very light of the mind in her clearness penetrates into the very light of truth in each; he has

got rid, as far as he can, of eyes and ears and of the whole body, which he conceives of only as a disturbing element, hindering the soul from the acquisition of knowledge when in company with her—is not this the sort of man who, if ever man did, is likely to attain the knowledge of existence?

There is admirable truth in that, Socrates, replied Simmias.

And when they consider all this, must not true philosophers make a reflection, of which they will speak to one another in such words as these: We have found, they will say, a path of speculation which seems to bring us and the argument to the conclusion that while we are in the body, and while the soul is mingled with this mass of evil, our desire will not be satisfied, and our desire is of the truth. For the body is a source of endless trouble to us by reason of the mere requirement of food; and also is liable to diseases which overtake and impede us in the search after truth: and by filling us so full of loves, and lusts, and fears, and fancies, and idols, and every sort of folly, prevents our ever having, as people say, so much as a thought. For whence come wars, and fightings, and factions? whence but from the body and the lusts of the body? For wars are occasioned by the love of money, and money has to be acquired for the sake and in the service of the body; and in consequence of all these things the time which ought to be given to philosophy is lost. Moreover, if there is time and an inclination toward philosophy, yet the body introduces a turmoil and confusion and fear into the course of speculation, and hinders us from seeing the truth; and all experience shows that if we would have pure knowledge of anything we must be quit of the body, and the soul in herself must behold all things in themselves: then I suppose that we shall attain that which we desire, and of which we say that we are lovers, and that is wisdom; not while we live, but after death, as the argument shows; for if while in company with the body the soul cannot have pure knowledge, one of two things seems to follow—either knowledge is not to be attained at all, or, if at all, after death. For then, and not till then, the soul will be in herself alone and without the body. In ⁶⁷ this present life, I reckon that we make the nearest approach to knowledge when we have the least possible concern or

interest in the body, and are not saturated with the bodily nature, but remain pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And then the foolishness of the body will be cleared away and we shall be pure and hold converse with other pure souls, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere; and this is surely the light of truth. For no impure thing is allowed to approach the pure. These are the sort of words, Simmias, which the true lovers of wisdom cannot help saying to one another, and thinking. You will agree with me in that?

Certainly, Socrates.

But if this is true, O my friend, then there is great hope that, going whither I go, I shall there be satisfied with that which has been the chief concern of you and me in our past lives. And now that the hour of departure is appointed to me, this is the hope with which I depart, and not I only, but every man who believes that he has his mind purified.

Certainly, replied Simmias.

And what is purification but the separation of the soul from the body, as I was saying before; the habit of the soul gathering and collecting herself into herself, out of all the courses of the body; the dwelling in her own place alone, as in another life, so also in this, as far as she can; the release of the soul from the chains of the body?

Very true, he said.

And what is that which is termed death, but this very separation and release of the soul from the body?

To be sure, he said.

And the true philosophers, and they only, study and are eager to release the soul. Is not the separation and release of the soul from the body their especial study?

That is true.

And as I was saying at first, there would be a ridiculous contradiction in men studying to live as nearly as they can in a state of death, and yet repining when death comes.

Certainly.

Then, Simmias, as the true philosophers are ever studying death, to them, of all men, death is the least terrible. Look at the matter in this way: how inconsistent of them to have been always enemies of the body, and wanting to have the

soul alone, and when this is granted to them, to be trembling and repining; instead of rejoicing at their departing to that place where, when they arrive, they hope to gain that which in life they loved (and this was wisdom), and at the same time to be rid of the company of their enemy. Many a man has been willing to go to the world below in the hope of seeing there an earthly love, or wife, or son, and conversing with them. And will he who is a true lover of wisdom, and is persuaded in like manner that only in the world below he can worthily enjoy her, still repine at death? Will he not depart with joy? Surely he will, my friend, if he be a true philosopher. For he will have a firm conviction that there only, and nowhere else, he can find wisdom in her purity. And if this be true, he would be very absurd, as I was saying, if he were to fear death.

He would, indeed, replied Simmias.

And when you see a man who is repining at the approach of death, is not his reluctance a sufficient proof that he is not a lover of wisdom, but a lover of the body, and probably at the same time a lover of either money or power, or both?

That is very true, he replied.

There is a virtue, Simmias, which is named courage. Is not that a special attribute of the philosopher?

Certainly.

Again, there is temperance. Is not the calm, and control, and disdain of the passions which even the many call temperance, a quality belonging only to those who despise the body and live in philosophy?

That is not to be denied.

For the courage and temperance of other men, if you will consider them, are really a contradiction.

How is that, Socrates?

Well, he said, you are aware that death is regarded by men in general as a great evil.

That is true, he said.

And do not courageous men endure death because they are afraid of yet greater evils?

That is true.

Then all but the philosophers are courageous only from fear, and because they are afraid; and yet that a man should

be courageous from fear, and because he is a coward, is surely a strange thing.

Very true.

And are not the temperate exactly in the same case? They are temperate because they are intemperate,—which may seem to be a contradiction, but is nevertheless the sort of thing which happens with this foolish temperance. For there are pleasures which they must have, and are afraid of losing; and therefore they abstain from one class of pleasures because they are overcome by another: and whereas intemperance is defined as “being under the dominion of pleasure,”

⁶⁹ they overcome only because they are overcome by pleasure. And that is what I mean by saying that they are temperate through intemperance.

That appears to be true.

Yet the exchange of one fear or pleasure or pain for another fear or pleasure or pain, which are measured like coins, the greater with the less, is not the exchange of virtue. O my dear Simmias, is there not one true coin for which all things ought to exchange?—and that is wisdom; and only in exchange for this, and in company with this, is anything truly bought or sold, whether courage or temperance or justice. And is not all true virtue the companion of wisdom, no matter what fears or pleasures or other similar goods or evils may or may not attend her? But the virtue which is made up of these goods, when they are severed from wisdom and exchanged with one another, is a shadow of virtue only, nor is there any freedom or health or truth in her; but in the true exchange there is a purging away of all these things, and temperance, and justice, and courage, and wisdom herself are a purgation of them. And I conceive that the founders of the mysteries had a real meaning and were not mere triflers when they intimated in a figure long ago that he who passed unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will live in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. For “many,” as they say in the mysteries, “are the thyrsus bearers, but few are the mystics,”—meaning, as I interpret the words, the true philosophers. In the number of whom I have been seeking, according to my ability, to find a place during my

whole life; whether I have sought in a right way or not, and whether I have succeeded or not, I shall truly know in a little while, if God will, when I myself arrive in the other world: that is my belief. And now, Simmias and Cebes, I have answered those who charge me with not grieving or repining at parting from you and my masters in this world; and I am right in not repining, for I believe that I shall find other masters and friends who are as good in the world below. But all men cannot receive this, and I shall be glad if my words have any more success with you than with the judges of Athenians.

Cebes answered: I agree, Socrates, in the greater part of what you say. But in what relates to the soul, men are apt to be incredulous; they fear that when she leaves 70 the body her place may be nowhere, and that on the very day of death she may be destroyed and perish,—immediately on her release from the body, issuing forth like smoke or air and vanishing away into nothingness. For if she could only hold together and be herself after she was released from the evils of the body, there would be good reason to hope, Socrates, that what you say is true. But much persuasion and many arguments are required in order to prove that when the man is dead the soul yet exists, and has any force or intelligence.

True, Cebes, said Socrates; and shall I suggest that we talk a little of the probabilities of these things?

I am sure, said Cebes, that I should greatly like to know your opinion about them.

I reckon, said Socrates, that no one who heard me now, not even if he were one of my old enemies, the comic poets, could accuse me of idle talking about matters in which I have no concern. Let us then, if you please, proceed with the inquiry.

Whether the souls of men after death are or are not in the world below, is a question which may be argued in this manner. The ancient doctrine of which I have been speaking affirms that they go from this into the other world, and return hither, and are born from the dead. Now if this be true, and the living come from the dead, then our souls must be in the other world, for if not, how could they be born again? And this would be conclusive, if there were any

real evidence that the living are only born from the dead ; but if there is no evidence of this, then other arguments will have to be adduced.

That is very true, replied Cebes.

Then let us consider this question, not in relation to man only, but in relation to animals generally, and to plants, and to everything of which there is generation, and the proof will be easier. Are not all things which have opposites generated out of their opposites ? I mean such things as good and evil, just and unjust — and there are innumerable other opposites which are generated out of opposites. And I want to show that this holds universally of all opposites ; I mean to say, for example, that anything which becomes greater must become greater after being less.

True.

71 And that which becomes less must have been once greater and then become less.

Yes.

And the weaker is generated from the stronger, and the swifter from the slower.

Very true.

And the worse is from the better, and the more just is from the more unjust ?

Of course.

And is this true of all opposites ? and are we convinced that all of them are generated out of opposites ?

Yes.

And in this universal opposition of all things, are there not also two intermediate processes which are ever going on, from one to the other, and back again ; where there is a greater and a less there is also an intermediate process of increase and diminution, and that which grows is said to wax, and that which decays to wane ?

Yes, he said.

And there are many other processes, such as division and composition, cooling and heating, which equally involve a passage into and out of one another. And this holds of all opposites, even though not always expressed in words — they are generated out of one another, and there is a passing or process from one to the other of them ?

Very true, he replied.

Well, and is there not an opposite of life, as sleep is the opposite of waking?

True, he said.

And what is that?

Death, he answered.

And these then are generated, if they are opposites, the one from the other, and have there their two intermediate processes also?

Of course.

Now, said Socrates, I will analyze one of the two pairs of opposites which I have mentioned to you, and also its intermediate processes, and you shall analyze the other to me. The state of sleep is opposed to the state of waking, and out of sleeping waking is generated, and out of waking, sleeping; and the process of generation is in the one case falling asleep, and in the other waking up. Are you agreed about that?

Quite agreed.

Then, suppose that you analyze life and death to me in the same manner. Is not death opposed to life?

Yes.

And they are generated one from the other?

Yes.

What is generated from life?

Death.

And what from death?

I can only say in answer — life.

Then the living, whether things or persons, Cebes, are generated from the dead?

That is clear, he replied.

Then the inference is that our souls are in the world below?

That is true.

And one of the two processes or generations is visible — for surely the act of dying is visible?

Surely, he said.

And may not the other be inferred as the complement of nature, who is not to be supposed to go on one leg only? And if not, a corresponding process of generation in death must also be assigned to her?

Certainly, he replied.

And what is that process?

Revival.

72 And revival, if there be such a thing, is the birth of the dead into the world of the living?

Quite true.

Then here is a new way in which we arrive at the inference that the living come from the dead, just as the dead come from the living; and if this is true, then the souls of the dead must be in some place out of which they come again. And this, as I think, has been satisfactorily proved.

Yes, Socrates, he said; all this seems to flow necessarily out of our previous admissions.

And that these admissions were not unfair, Cebes, he said, may be shown, as I think, in this way: If generation were in a straight line only, and there were no compensation or circle in nature, no turn or return into one another, then you know that all things would at last have the same form and pass into the same state, and there would be no more generation of them.

What do you mean? he said.

A simple thing enough, which I will illustrate by the case of sleep, he replied. You know that if there were no compensation of sleeping and waking, the story of the sleeping Endymion would in the end have no meaning, because all other things would be asleep too, and he would not be thought of. Or if there were composition only, and no division of substances, then the chaos of Anaxagoras would come again. And in like manner, my dear Cebes, if all things which partook of life were to die, and after they were dead remained in the form of death, and did not come to life again, all would at last die, and nothing would be alive—how could this be otherwise? For if the living spring from any others who are not the dead, and they die, must not all things at last be swallowed up in death?

There is no escape from that, Socrates, said Cebes; and I think that what you say is entirely true.

Yes, he said, Cebes, I entirely think so too; and we are not walking in a vain imagination; but I am confident in the belief that there truly is such a thing as living again, and that the living spring from the dead, and that the souls of the dead are

in existence, and that the good souls have a better portion than the evil.

Cebes added: Your favorite doctrine, Socrates, that knowledge is simply recollection, if true, also necessarily implies a previous time in which we learned that which we now recollect. But this would be impossible unless our soul was in some place before existing in the human form; here 73 then is another argument of the soul's immortality.

But tell me, Cebes, said Simmias interposing, what proofs are given of this doctrine of recollection? I am not very sure at this moment that I remember them.

One excellent proof, said Cebes, is afforded by questions. If you put a question to a person in a right way, he will give a true answer of himself, but how could he do this unless there were knowledge and right reason already in him? And this is most clearly shown when he is taken to a diagram or to anything of that sort.

But if, said Socrates, you are still incredulous, Simmias, I would ask you whether you may not agree with me when you look at the matter in another way; I mean, if you are still incredulous as to whether knowledge is recollection?

Incredulous, I am not, said Simmias; but I want to have this doctrine of recollection brought to my own recollection, and, from what Cebes has said, I am beginning to recollect and be convinced: but I should still like to hear what more you have to say.

This is what I should say, he replied: We should agree, if I am not mistaken, that what a man recollects he must have known at some previous time.

Very true.

And what is the nature of this recollection? And, in asking this, I mean to ask whether, when a person has already seen or heard or in any way perceived anything, and he knows not only that, but something else of which he has not the same but another knowledge, we may not fairly say that he recollects that which comes into his mind. Are we agreed about that?

What do you mean?

I mean what I may illustrate by the following instance: The knowledge of a lyre is not the same as the knowledge of a man?

True.

And yet what is the feeling of lovers when they recognize a lyre, or a garment, or anything else which the beloved has been in the habit of using? Do not they, from knowing the lyre, form in the mind's eye an image of the youth to whom the lyre belongs? And this is recollection: and in the same way any one who sees Simmias may remember Cebes; and there are endless other things of the same nature.

Yes, indeed, there are,—endless, replied Simmias.

And this sort of thing, he said, is recollection, and is most commonly a process of recovering that which has been forgotten through time and inattention.

Very true, he said.

Well; and may you not also from seeing the picture of a horse or a lyre remember a man? and from the picture of Simmias, you may be led to remember Cebes?

True.

74 Or you may also be led to the recollection of Simmias himself?

True, he said.

And in all these cases, the recollection may be derived from things either like or unlike?

That is true.

And when the recollection is derived from like things, then there is sure to be another question, which is, Whether the likeness of that which is recollected is in any way defective or not?

Very true, he said.

And shall we proceed a step further, and affirm that there is such a thing as equality, not of wood with wood, or of stone with stone, but that, over and above this, there is equality in the abstract? Shall we affirm this?

Affirm, yes, and swear to it, replied Simmias, with all the confidence in life.

And do we know the nature of this abstract essence?

To be sure, he said.

And whence did we obtain this knowledge? Did we not see equalities of material things, such as pieces of wood and stones, and gather from them the idea of an equality which is different from them?—you will admit that? Or look at the

matter again in this way: Do not the same pieces of wood or stone appear at one time equal, and at another time unequal?

That is certain.

But are real equals ever unequal? or is the idea of equality ever inequality?

That surely was never yet known, Socrates.

Then these (so-called) equals are not the same with the idea of equality?

I should say, clearly not, Socrates.

And yet from these equals although differing from the idea of equality, you conceived and attained that idea?

Very true, he said.

Which might be like, or might be unlike them?

Yes.

But that makes no difference: whenever from seeing one thing you conceived another, whether like or unlike, there must surely have been an act of recollection?

Very true.

But what would you say of equal portions of wood and stone, or other material equals? and what is the impression produced by them? Are they equals in the same sense as absolute equality? or do they fall short of this in a measure?

Yes, he said, in a very great measure too.

And must we not allow that when I or any one look at any object, and perceive that the object aims at being some other thing, but falls short of, and cannot attain to it,—he who makes this observation must have had a previous knowledge of that to which, as he says, the other, although similar, was inferior?

Certainly.

And has not this been our own case in the matter of equals and of absolute equality?

Precisely.

Then we must have known absolute equality previously 75 to the time when we first saw the material equals, and reflected that all these apparent equals aim at this absolute equality, but fall short of it?

That is true.

And we recognize also that this absolute equality has only been known, and can only be known, through the medium of

sight or touch, or of some other sense. And this I would affirm of all such conceptions.

Yes, Socrates, as far as the argument is concerned, one of them is the same as the other.

And from the senses then is derived the knowledge that all sensible things aim at an idea of equality of which they fall short — is not that true?

Yes.

Then before we began to see or hear or perceive in any way, we must have had a knowledge of absolute equality, or we could not have referred to that the equals which are derived from the senses? — for to that they all aspire, and of that they fall short?

That, Socrates, is certainly to be inferred from the previous statements.

And did we not see and hear and acquire our other senses as soon as we were born?

Certainly.

Then we must have acquired the knowledge of the ideal equal at some time previous to this?

Yes.

That is to say, before we were born, I suppose?

True.

And if we acquired this knowledge before we were born, and were born having it, then we also knew before we were born and at the instant of birth not only the equal or the greater or the less, but all other ideas; for we are not speaking only of equality absolute, but of beauty, good, justice, holiness, and all which we stamp with the name of essence in the dialectical process, when we ask and answer questions. Of all this we may certainly affirm that we acquired the knowledge before birth?

That is true.

But if, after having acquired, we have not forgotten that which we acquired, then we must always have been born with knowledge, and shall always continue to know as long as life lasts — for knowing is the acquiring and retaining knowledge and not forgetting. Is not forgetting, Simmias, just the losing of knowledge?

Quite true, Socrates.

But if the knowledge which we acquired before birth was lost by us at birth, and if afterwards by the use of the senses we recovered that which we previously knew, will not that which we call learning be a process of recovering our knowledge, and may not this be rightly termed recollection by us?

Very true.

For this is clear, that when we perceived something, either by the help of sight, or hearing, or some other sense, 76 there was no difficulty in receiving from this a conception of some other thing like or unlike which had been forgotten and which was associated with this; and therefore, as I was saying, one of two alternatives follows: either we had this knowledge at birth, and continued to know through life; or, after birth, those who are said to learn only remember, and learning is recollection only.

Yes, that is quite true, Socrates.

And which alternative, Simmias, do you prefer? Had we the knowledge at our birth, or did we remember afterwards the things which we knew previously to our birth?

I cannot decide at the moment.

At any rate you can decide whether he who has knowledge ought or ought not to be able to give a reason for what he knows.

Certainly, he ought.

But do you think that every man is able to give a reason about these very matters of which we are speaking?

I wish that they could, Socrates, but I greatly fear that tomorrow at this time there will be no one able to give a reason worth having.

Then you are not of opinion, Simmias, that all men know these things?

Certainly not.

Then they are in process of recollecting that which they learned before?

Certainly.

But when did our souls acquire this knowledge?—not since we were born as men?

Certainly not.

And therefore, previously?

Yes.

Then, Simmias, our souls must have existed before they were in the form of man — without bodies, and must have had intelligence?

Unless indeed you suppose, Socrates, that these notions were given us at the moment of birth; for this is the only time that remains.

Yes, my friend, but when did we lose them? for they are not in us when we are born — that is admitted. Did we lose them at the moment of receiving them, or at some other time?

No, Socrates, I perceive that I was unconsciously talking nonsense.

Then may we not say, Simmias, that if, as we are always repeating, there is an absolute beauty, and goodness, and essence in general, and to this, which is now discovered to be a previous condition of our being, we refer all our sensations, and with this compare them — assuming this to have a prior existence, then our souls must have had a prior existence, but if not, there would be no force in the argument. There can be no doubt that if these absolute ideas existed before we were born, then our souls must have existed before we were born, and if not the ideas, then not the souls.

Yes, Socrates; I am convinced that there is precisely the
77 same necessity for the existence of the soul before birth, and of the essence of which you are speaking: and the argument arrives at a result which happily agrees with my own notion. For there is nothing which to my mind is so evident as that beauty, good, and other notions of which you were just now speaking have a most real and absolute existence; and I am satisfied with the proof.

Well, but is Cebes equally satisfied? for I must convince him too.

I think, said Simmias, that Cebes is satisfied: although he is the most incredulous of mortals, yet I believe that he is convinced of the existence of the soul before birth. But that after death the soul will continue to exist is not yet proven even to my own satisfaction. I cannot get rid of the feeling of the many to which Cebes was referring — the feeling that when the man dies the soul may be scattered, and that this may be the end of her. For admitting that she may be generated and created in some other place, and

may have existed before entering the human body, why after having entered in and gone out again may she not herself be destroyed and come to an end?

Very true, Simmias, said Cebes; that our soul existed before we were born was the first half of the argument, and this appears to have been proven; that the soul will exist after death as well as before birth is the other half of which the proof is still wanting, and has to be supplied.

But that proof, Simmias and Cebes, has been already given, said Socrates, if you put the two arguments together—I mean this and the former one, in which we admitted that everything living is born of the dead. For if the soul existed before birth, and in coming to life and being born can be born only from death and dying, must she not after death continue to exist, since she has to be born again? surely the proof which you desire has been already furnished. Still I suspect that you and Simmias would be glad to probe the argument further; like children, you are haunted with a fear that when the soul leaves the body, the wind may really blow her away and scatter her; especially if a man should happen to die in stormy weather and not when the sky is calm.

Cebes answered with a smile: Then, Socrates, you must argue us out of our fears—and yet, strictly speaking, they are not our fears, but there is a child within us to whom death is a sort of hobgoblin; him too we must persuade not to be afraid when he is alone with him in the dark.

Socrates said: Let the voice of the charmer be applied daily until you have charmed him away.

And where shall we find a good charmer of our fears, Socrates, when you are gone?

Hellas, he replied, is a large place, Cebes, and has 78 many good men, and there are barbarous races not a few: seek for him among them all, far and wide, sparing neither pains nor money; for there is no better way of using your money. And you must not forget to seek for him among yourselves too; for he is nowhere more likely to be found.

The search, replied Cebes, shall certainly be made. And now, if you please, let us return to the point of the argument at which we digressed.

By all means, replied Socrates; what else should I please?
Very good, he said.

Must we not, said Socrates, ask ourselves some question of this sort?—What is that which, as we imagine, is liable to be scattered away, and about which we fear? and what again is that about which we have no fear? And then we may proceed to inquire whether that which suffers dispersion is or is not of the nature of soul—our hopes and fears as to our own souls will turn upon that.

That is true, he said.

Now the compound or composite may be supposed to be naturally capable of being dissolved in like manner as of being compounded; but that which is uncompounded, and that only, must be, if anything is, indissoluble.

Yes; that is what I should imagine, said Cebes.

And the uncompounded may be assumed to be the same and unchanging, whereas the compound is always changing and never the same?

That I also think, he said.

Then now let us return to the previous discussion. Is that idea or essence, which in the dialectical process we define as essence or true existence—whether essence of equality, beauty, or anything else: are these essences, I say, liable at times to some degree of change? or are they each of them always what they are, having the same simple self-existent and unchanging forms, and not admitting of variation at all, or in any way, or at any time?

They must be always the same, Socrates, replied Cebes.

And what would you say of the many beautiful,—whether men or horses or garments or any other things which may be called equal or beautiful,—are they all unchanging and the same always, or quite the reverse? May they not rather be described as almost always changing and hardly ever the same, either with themselves or with one another?

The latter, replied Cebes; they are always in a state of change.

79 And these you can touch and see and perceive with the senses, but the unchanging things you can only perceive with the mind—they are invisible and are not seen?

That is very true, he said.

Well, then, he added, let us suppose that there are two sorts of existences, one seen, the other unseen.

Let us suppose them.

The seen is the changing, and the unseen is the unchanging?

That may be also supposed.

And, further, is not one part of us body, and the rest of us soul?

To be sure.

And to which class may we say that the body is more alike and akin?

Clearly to the seen : no one can doubt that.

And is the soul seen or not seen?

Not by man, Socrates.

And by "seen" and "not seen" is meant by us that which is or is not visible to the eye of man?

Yes, to the eye of man.

And what do we say of the soul? is that seen or not seen?

Not seen.

Unseen then?

Yes.

Then the soul is more like to the unseen, and the body to the seen?

That is most certain, Socrates.

And were we not saying long ago that the soul when using the body as an instrument of perception, that is to say, when using the sense of sight or hearing or some other sense (for the meaning of perceiving through the body is perceiving through the senses), — were we not saying that the soul too is then dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her, and she is like a drunkard when under their influence?

Very true.

But when returning into herself she reflects; then she passes into the realm of purity, and eternity, and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives, when she is by herself and is not let or hindered; then she ceases from her erring ways, and being in communion with the unchanging is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom?

That is well and truly said, Socrates, he replied.

And to which class is the soul more nearly alike and akin, as far as may be inferred from this argument, as well as from the preceding one?

I think, Socrates, that, in the opinion of every one who follows the argument, the soul will be infinitely more like the unchangeable, — even the most stupid person will not deny that.

And the body is more like the changing?

Yes.

Yet once more consider the matter in this light: When the soul and the body are united, then nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve.

⁸⁰ Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine? and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal that which is subject and servant?

True.

And which does the soul resemble?

The soul resembles the divine, and the body the mortal, — there can be no doubt of that, Socrates.

Then reflect, Cebes: is not the conclusion of the whole matter this, — that the soul is in the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable; and the body is in the very likeness of the human, and mortal, and unintelligible, and multiform, and dissoluble, and changeable. Can this, my dear Cebes, be denied?

No, indeed.

But if this is true, then is not the body liable to speedy dissolution? and is not the soul almost or altogether indissoluble?

Certainly.

And do you further observe, that after a man is dead, the body, which is the visible part of man, and has a visible framework, which is called a corpse, and which would naturally be dissolved and decomposed and dissipated, is not dissolved or decomposed at once, but may remain for a good while, if the constitution be sound at the time of death, and the season of the year favorable? For the body when

shrunk and embalmed, as is the custom in Egypt, may remain almost entire through infinite ages; and even in decay, still there are some portions, such as the bones and ligaments, which are practically indestructible. You allow that?

Yes.

And are we to suppose that the soul, which is invisible, in passing to the true Hades, which like her is invisible, and pure, and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is also soon to go,—that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, is blown away and perishes immediately on quitting the body, as the many say? That can never be, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth rather is that the soul which is pure at departing draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself (for such abstraction has been the study of her life). And what does this mean but that she has been a true disciple of philosophy, and has practised how to die easily? And is not philosophy the practise of death?

81

Certainly.

That soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world,—to the divine and immortal and rational: thither arriving, she lives in bliss and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions and all other human ills, and forever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods. Is not this true, Cebes?

Yes, said Cebes, beyond a doubt.

But the soul which has been polluted, and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, and is in love with and fascinated by the body and by the desires and pleasures of the body, until she is led to believe that the truth only exists in a bodily form, which a man may touch and see and taste and use for the purposes of his lusts,—the soul, I mean, accustomed to hate and fear and avoid the intellectual principle, which to the bodily eye is dark and invisible, and can be attained only by philosophy,—do you suppose that such a soul as this will depart pure and unalloyed?

That is impossible, he replied.

She is engrossed by the corporeal, which the continual

association and constant care of the body have made natural to her.

Very true.

And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthy element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below — prowling about tombs and sepulchers, in the neighborhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight and therefore visible.¹

That is very likely, Socrates.

Yes, that is very likely, Cebes; and these must be the souls, not of the good, but of the evil, who are compelled to wander about such places in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life; and they continue to wander until the desire which haunts them is satisfied and they are imprisoned in another body. And they may be supposed to be fixed in the same natures which they had in their former life.

What natures do you mean, Socrates?

I mean to say that men who have followed after gluttony, and wantonness, and drunkenness, and have had no thought of avoiding them, would pass into asses and animals of that sort. What do you think?

I think that exceedingly probable.

82 And those who have chosen the portion of injustice, and tyranny, and violence, will pass into wolves, or

¹ Compare Milton, "Comus," 463 foll. :—

"But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Embodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchers,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state."

hawks, and kites; whither else can we suppose them to go?

Yes, said Cebes; that is doubtless the place of natures such as theirs.

And there is no difficulty, he said, in assigning to all of them places answering to their several natures and propensities?

There is not, he said.

Even among them some are happier than others; and the happiest both in themselves and their place of abode are those who have practised the civil and social virtues which are called temperance and justice, and are acquired by habit and attention without philosophy and mind.

Why are they the happiest?

Because they may be expected to pass into some gentle, social nature which is like their own, such as that of bees or ants, or even back again into the form of man, and just and moderate men spring from them.

That is not impossible.

But he who is a philosopher or lover of learning, and is entirely pure at departing, is alone permitted to reach the gods. And this is the reason, Simmias and Cebes, why the true votaries of philosophy abstain from all fleshly lusts, and endure and refuse to give themselves up to them, — not because they fear poverty or the ruin of their families, like the lovers of money, and the world in general; nor like the lovers of power and honor, because they dread the dishonor or disgrace of evil deeds.

No, Socrates, that would not become them, said Cebes.

No, indeed, he replied; and therefore they who have a care of their souls, and do not merely live in the fashions of the body, say farewell to all this; they will not walk in the ways of the blind: and when Philosophy offers them purification and release from evil, they feel that they ought not to resist her influence, and to her they incline, and whither she leads they follow her.

What do you mean, Socrates?

I will tell you, he said. The lovers of knowledge are conscious that their souls, when philosophy receives them, are simply fastened and glued to their bodies: the soul is only

able to view existence through the bars of a prison, and not in her own nature; she is wallowing in the mire of all ignorance; and philosophy, seeing the terrible nature of her confinement, and that the captive through desire is led to

83 conspire in her own captivity (for the lovers of knowledge are aware that this was the original state of the soul, and that when she was in this state philosophy received and gently counseled her, and wanted to release her, pointing out to her that the eye is full of deceit, and also the ear and the other senses, and persuading her to retire from them in all but the necessary use of them and to be gathered up and collected into herself, and to trust only to herself and her own intuitions of absolute existence, and mistrust that which comes to her through others and is subject to vicissitude)—philosophy shows her that this is visible and tangible, but that what she sees in her own nature is intellectual and invisible. And the soul of the true philosopher thinks that she ought not to resist this deliverance, and therefore abstains from pleasures and desires and pains and fears, as far as she is able; reflecting that when a man has great joys or sorrows or fears or desires, he suffers from them, not the sort of evil which might be anticipated, — as, for example, the loss of his health or property, which he has sacrificed to his lusts, — but he has suffered an evil greater far, which is the greatest and worst of all evils, and one of which he never thinks.

And what is that, Socrates? said Cebes.

Why this: When the feeling of pleasure or pain in the soul is most intense, all of us naturally suppose that the object of this intense feeling is then plainest and truest: but this is not the case.

Very true.

And this is the state in which the soul is most enthralled by the body.

How is that?

Why, because each pleasure and pain is a sort of nail which nails and rivets the soul to the body, and engrosses her and makes her believe that to be true which the body affirms to be true; and from agreeing with the body and having the same delights she is obliged to have the same habits and ways, and is not likely ever to be pure at her departure

to the world below, but is always saturated with the body; so that she soon sinks into another body and there germinates and grows, and has therefore no part in the communion of the divine and pure and simple.

That is most true, Socrates, answered Cebes.

And this, Cebes, is the reason why the true lovers of knowledge are temperate and brave; and not for the reason which the world gives.

Certainly not.

Certainly not! For not in that way does the soul of ⁸⁴ a philosopher reason; she will not ask philosophy to release her in order that when released she may deliver herself up again to the thralldom of pleasures and pains, doing a work only to be undone again, weaving instead of unweaving her Penelope's web. But she will make herself a calm of passion, and follow Reason, and dwell in her, beholding the true and divine (which is not matter of opinion), and thence derive nourishment. Thus she seeks to live while she lives, and after death she hopes to go to her own kindred and to be freed from human ills. Never fear, Simmias and Cebes, that a soul which has been thus nurtured and has had these pursuits, will at her departure from the body be scattered and blown away by the winds and be nowhere and nothing.

When Socrates had done speaking, for a considerable time there was silence; he himself and most of us appeared to be meditating on what had been said; only Cebes and Simmias spoke a few words to one another. And Socrates observing this asked them what they thought of the argument, and whether there was anything wanting? For, said he, much is still open to suspicion and attack, if any one were disposed to sift the matter thoroughly. If you are talking of something else I would rather not interrupt you, but if you are still doubtful about the argument do not hesitate to say exactly what you think, and let us have anything better which you can suggest; and if I am likely to be of any use, allow me to help you.

Simmias said: I must confess, Socrates, that doubts did arise in our minds, and each of us was urging and inciting the other to put the question which we wanted to have answered and which neither of us liked to ask, fearing that our importunity might be troublesome under present circumstances.

Socrates smiled and said : O Simmias, how strange that is ; I am not very likely to persuade other men that I do not regard my present situation as a misfortune, if I am unable to persuade you, and you will keep fancying that I am at all more troubled now than at any other time. Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans ? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung
85 all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the god whose ministers they are. But men, because they are themselves afraid of death, slanderously affirm of the swans that they sing a lament at the last, not considering that no bird sings when cold, or hungry, or in pain, not even the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor yet the hoopoe ; which are said indeed to tune a lay of sorrow, although I do not believe this to be true of them any more than of the swans. But because they are sacred to Apollo and have the gift of prophecy and anticipate the good things of another world, therefore they sing and rejoice in that day more than they ever did before. And I, too, believing myself to be the consecrated servant of the same God, and the fellow servant of the swans, and thinking that I have received from my master gifts of prophecy which are not inferior to theirs, would not go out of life less merrily than the swans. Cease to mind then about this, but speak and ask anything which you like, while the eleven magistrates of Athens allow.

Well, Socrates, said Simmias, then I will tell you my difficulty, and Cebes will tell you his. For I dare say that you, Socrates, feel as I do, how very hard or almost impossible is the attainment of any certainty about questions such as these in the present life. And yet I should deem him a coward who did not prove what is said about them to the uttermost, or whose heart failed him before he had examined them on every side. For he should persevere until he has attained one of two things : either he should discover or learn the truth about them ; or, if this is impossible, I would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human notions, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life—not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him. And now, as you bid

me, I will venture to question you, as I should not like to reproach myself hereafter with not having said at the time what I think. For when I consider the matter either alone or with Cebes, the argument does certainly appear to me, Socrates, to be not sufficient.

Socrates answered: I dare say, my friend, that you may be right, but I should like to know in what respect the argument is not sufficient.

In this respect, replied Simmias: Might not a person use the same argument about harmony and the lyre—might he not say that harmony is a thing invisible, incorporeal, fair, divine, abiding in the lyre which is harmonized, but that the lyre and the strings are matter and material, composite, earthy, and akin to mortality? And when some one breaks the lyre, or cuts and rends the strings, then he who takes this view would argue as you do, and on the same analogy, that the harmony survives and has not perished; for you cannot imagine, as he would say, that the lyre without the strings, and the broken strings themselves, remain, and yet that the harmony, which is of heavenly and immortal nature and kindred, has perished—and perished too before the mortal. That harmony, he would say, certainly exists somewhere, and the wood and strings will decay before that decays. For I suspect, Socrates, that the notion of the soul which we are all of us inclined to entertain, would also be yours, and that you too would conceive the body to be strung up, and held together, by the elements of hot and cold, wet and dry, and the like, and that the soul is the harmony or due proportionate admixture of them. And, if this is true, the inference clearly is that when the strings of the body are unduly loosened or overstrained through disorder or other injury, then the soul, though most divine, like other harmonies of music or of the works of art, of course perishes at once, although the material remains of the body may last for a considerable time, until they are either decayed or burnt. Now if any one maintained that the soul, being the harmony of the elements of the body, first perishes in that which is called death, how shall we answer him?

Socrates looked round at us as his manner was, and said with a smile: Simmias has reason on his side; and why does

not some one of you who is abler than myself answer him? for there is force in his attack upon me. But perhaps, before we answer him, we had better also hear what Cebes has to say against the argument — this will give us time for reflection, and when both of them have spoken, we may either assent to them, if their words appear to be in consonance with the truth, or if not, we may take up the other side, and argue with them. Please to tell me then, Cebes, he said, what was the difficulty which troubled you?

Cebes said: I will tell you. My feeling is that the argument is still in the same position, and open to the same
87 objections which were urged before; for I am ready to admit that the existence of the soul before entering into the bodily form has been very ingeniously, and, as I may be allowed to say, quite sufficiently proven; but the existence of the soul after death is still, in my judgment, unproven. Now my objection is not the same as that of Simmias; for I am not disposed to deny that the soul is stronger and more lasting than the body, being of opinion that in all such respects the soul very far excels the body. Well, then, says the argument to me, why do you remain unconvinced? When you see that the weaker is still in existence after the man is dead, will you not admit that the more lasting must also survive during the same period of time? Now I, like Simmias, must employ a figure; and I shall ask you to consider whether the figure is to the point. The parallel which I will suppose is that of an old weaver, who dies, and after his death somebody says: He is not dead, he must be alive; and he appeals to the coat which he himself wove and wore, and which is still whole and undecayed. And then he proceeds to ask of some one who is incredulous, whether a man lasts longer, or the coat which is in use and wear; and when he is answered that a man lasts far longer, thinks that he has thus certainly demonstrated the survival of the man, who is the more lasting, because the less lasting remains. But that, Simmias, as I would beg you to observe, is not the truth; every one sees that he who talks thus is talking nonsense. For the truth is that this weaver, having worn and woven many such coats, though he outlived several of them, was himself outlived by the last; but this is surely very far from

proving that a man is slighter and weaker than a coat. Now the relation of the body to the soul may be expressed in a similar figure; for you may say with reason that the soul is lasting, and the body weak and short-lived in comparison. And every soul may be said to wear out many bodies, especially in the course of a long life. For if while the man is alive the body deliquesces and decays, and yet the soul always weaves her garment anew and repairs the waste, then of course, when the soul perishes, she must have on her last garment, and this only will survive her; but then again when the soul is dead the body will at last show its native weakness, and soon pass into decay. And therefore this is an argument on which I would rather not rely as proving that the soul exists after death. For suppose that we grant 88 even more than you affirm as within the range of possibility, and besides acknowledging that the soul existed before birth admit also that after death the souls of some are existing still, and will exist, and will be born and die again and again, and that there is a natural strength in the soul which will hold out and be born many times — for all this, we may be still inclined to think that she will weary in the labors of successive births, and may at last succumb in one of her deaths and utterly perish; and this death and dissolution of the body which brings destruction to the soul may be unknown to any of us, for no one of us can have had any experience of it: and if this be true, then I say that he who is confident in death has but a foolish confidence, unless he is able to prove that the soul is altogether immortal and imperishable. But if he is not able to prove this, he who is about to die will always have reason to fear that when the body is disunited, the soul also may utterly perish.

All of us, as we afterwards remarked to one another, had an unpleasant feeling at hearing them say this. When we had been so firmly convinced before, now to have our faith shaken seemed to introduce a confusion and uncertainty, not only into the previous argument, but into any future one; either we were not good judges, or there were no real grounds of belief.

Ech. There I feel with you — indeed I do, Phædo, and when you were speaking, I was beginning to ask myself the

same question : What argument can I ever trust again? For what could be more convincing than the argument of Socrates, which has now fallen into discredit? That the soul is a harmony is a doctrine which has always had a wonderful attraction for me, and, when mentioned, came back to me at once, as my own original conviction. And now I must begin again and find another argument which will assure me that when the man is dead the soul dies not with him. Tell me, I beg, how did Socrates proceed? Did he appear to share the unpleasant feeling which you mention? or did he receive the interruption calmly and give a sufficient answer? Tell us, as exactly as you can, what passed.

Phæd. Often, Echecrates, as I have admired Socrates, I
 89 never admired him more than at that moment. That he should be able to answer was nothing, but what astonished me was, first, the gentle and pleasant and approving manner in which he regarded the words of the young men, and then his quick sense of the wound which had been inflicted by the argument, and his ready application of the healing art. He might be compared to a general rallying his defeated and broken army, urging them to follow him and return to the field of argument.

Ech. How was that?

Phæd. You shall hear, for I was close to him on his right hand, seated on a sort of stool, and he on a couch which was a good deal higher. Now he had a way of playing with my hair, and then he smoothed my head, and pressed the hair upon my neck, and said : To-morrow, Phædo, I suppose that these fair locks of yours will be severed.

Yes, Socrates, I suppose that they will, I replied.

Not so if you will take my advice.

What shall I do with them? I said.

To-day, he replied, and not to-morrow, if this argument dies and cannot be brought to life again by us, you and I will both shave our locks; and if I were you, and could not maintain my ground against Simmias and Cebes, I would myself take an oath, like the Argives, not to wear hair any more until I had renewed the conflict and defeated them.

Yes, I said, but Heracles himself is said not to be a match for two.

Summon me then, he said, and I will be your Iolaus until the sun goes down.

I summon you rather, I said, not as Heracles summoning Iolaus, but as Iolaus might summon Heracles.

That will be all the same, he said. But first let us take care that we avoid a danger.

And what is that? I said.

The danger of becoming misologists, he replied, which is one of the very worst things that can happen to us. For as there are misanthropists or haters of men, there are also misologists or haters of ideas, and both spring from the same cause, which is ignorance of the world. Misanthropy arises from the too great confidence of inexperience; you trust a man and think him altogether true and good and faithful, and then in a little while he turns out to be false and knavish; and then another and another, and when this has happened several times to a man, especially within the circle of his own most trusted friends, as he deems them, and he has often quarreled with them, he at last hates all men, and believes that no one has any good in him at all. I dare say that you must have observed this.

Yes, I said.

And is not this discreditable? The reason is that a man, having to deal with other men, has no knowledge of them; for if he had knowledge, he would have known the true state of the case, that few are the good and few the evil, ⁹⁰ and that the great majority are in the interval between them.

How do you mean? I said.

I mean, he replied, as you might say of the very large and very small, that nothing is more uncommon than a very large or a very small man; and this applies generally to all extremes, whether of great and small, or swift and slow, or fair and foul, or black and white: and whether the instances you select be men or dogs or anything else, few are the extremes, but many are in the mean between them. Did you never observe this?

Yes, I said, I have.

And do you not imagine, he said, that if there were a competition of evil, the first in evil would be found to be very few?

Yes, that is very likely, I said.

Yes, that is very likely, he replied; not that in this respect arguments are like men — there I was led on by you to say more than I had intended; but the point of comparison was that when a simple man who has no skill in dialectics believes an argument to be true which he afterwards imagines to be false, whether really false or not, and then another and another, he has no longer any faith left, and great disputers, as you know, come to think at last that they have grown to be the wisest of mankind; for they alone perceive the utter unsoundness and instability of all arguments, or, indeed, of all things, which, like the currents in the Euripus, are going up and down in never-ceasing ebb and flow.

That is quite true, I said.

Yes, Phædo, he replied, and very melancholy too, if there be such a thing as truth or certainty or power of knowing at all, that a man should have lighted upon some argument or other which at first seemed true and then turned out to be false, and instead of blaming himself and his own want of wit, because he is annoyed, should at last be too glad to transfer the blame from himself to arguments in general; and forever afterwards should hate and revile them, and lose the truth and knowledge of existence.

Yes, indeed, I said; that is very melancholy.

Let us, then, in the first place, he said, be careful of admitting into our souls the notion that there is no truth or health or soundness in any arguments at all; but let us rather say that there is as yet no health in us, and that we must quit ourselves like men and do our best to gain health, — you and
 91 all other men with a view to the whole of your future life, and I myself with a view to death. For at this moment I am sensible that I have not the temper of a philosopher; like the vulgar, I am only a partisan. For the partisan, when he is engaged in a dispute, cares nothing about the rights of the question, but is anxious only to convince his hearers of his own assertions. And the difference between him and me at the present moment is only this, — that whereas he seeks to convince his hearers that what he says is true, I am rather seeking to convince myself; to convince my hearers is a secondary matter with me. And do but see how much I

gain by this. For if what I say is true, then I do well to be persuaded of the truth, but if there be nothing after death, still, during the short time that remains, I shall save my friends from lamentations, and my ignorance will not last, and therefore no harm will be done. This is the state of mind, Simmias and Cebes, in which I approach the argument. And I would ask you to be thinking of the truth and not of Socrates: agree with me, if I seem to you to be speaking the truth; or if not, withstand me might and main, that I may not deceive you as well as myself in my enthusiasm, and, like the bee, leave my sting in you before I die.

And now let us proceed, he said. And first of all let me be sure that I have in my mind what you were saying. Simmias, if I remember rightly, has fears and misgivings whether the soul, being in the form of harmony, although a fairer and diviner thing than the body, may not perish first. On the other hand, Cebes appeared to grant that the soul was more lasting than the body, but he said that no one could know whether the soul, after having worn out many bodies, might not perish herself and leave her last body behind her; and that this is death, which is the destruction not of the body but of the soul, for in the body the work of destruction is ever going on. Are not these, Simmias and Cebes, the points which we have to consider?

They both agreed to this statement of them.

He proceeded: And did you deny the force of the whole preceding argument, or of a part only?

Of a part only, they replied.

And what did you think, he said, of that part of the argument in which we said that knowledge was recollection only, and inferred from this that the soul must have previously existed somewhere else before she was enclosed in the body?

92 Cebes said that he had been wonderfully impressed by that part of the argument, and that his conviction remained unshaken. Simmias agreed, and added that he himself could hardly imagine the possibility of his ever thinking differently about that.

But, rejoined Socrates, you will have to think differently, my Theban friend, if you still maintain that harmony is a compound, and that the soul is a harmony which is made out of

strings set in the frame of the body ; for you will surely never allow yourself to say that a harmony is prior to the elements which compose the harmony.

No, Socrates, that is impossible.

But do you not see that you *are* saying this when you say that the soul existed before she took the form and body of man, and was made up of elements which as yet had no existence ? For harmony is not a sort of thing like the soul, as you suppose ; but first the lyre, and the strings, and the sounds exist in a state of discord, and then harmony is made last of all, and perishes first. And how can such a notion of the soul as this agree with the other ?

Not at all, replied Simmias.

And yet, he said, there surely ought to be harmony when harmony is the theme of discourse.

There ought, replied Simmias.

But there is no harmony, he said, in the two propositions that knowledge is recollection, and that the soul is a harmony. Which of them, then, will you retain ?

I think, he replied, that I have a much stronger faith, Socrates, in the first of the two, which has been fully demonstrated to me, than in the latter, which has not been demonstrated at all, but rests only on probable and plausible grounds ; and I know too well that these arguments from probabilities are impostors, and unless great caution is observed in the use of them they are apt to be deceptive—in geometry, and in other things too. But the doctrine of knowledge and recollection has been proven to me on trustworthy grounds ; and the proof was that the soul must have existed before she came into the body, because to her belongs the essence of which the very name implies existence. Having, as I am convinced, rightly accepted this conclusion, and on sufficient grounds, I must, as I suppose, cease to argue or allow others to argue that the soul is a harmony.

Let me put the matter, Simmias, he said, in another point of view : Do you imagine that a harmony or any other composition can be in a state other than that of the elements
93 out of which it is compounded ?

Certainly not.

Or do or suffer anything other than they do or suffer ?

He agreed.

Then a harmony does not lead the parts or elements which make up the harmony, but only follows them.

He assented.

For harmony cannot possibly have any motion, or sound, or other quality which is opposed to the parts.

That would be impossible, he replied.

And does not every harmony depend upon the manner in which the elements are harmonized?

I do not understand you, he said.

I mean to say that a harmony admits of degrees, and is more of a harmony, and more completely a harmony, when more completely harmonized, if that be possible; and less of a harmony, and less completely a harmony, when less harmonized.

True.

But does the soul admit of degrees? or is one soul in the very least degree more or less, or more or less completely, a soul than another?

Not in the least.

Yet surely one soul is said to have intelligence and virtue, and to be good, and another soul is said to have folly and vice, and to be an evil soul: and this is said truly?

Yes, truly.

But what will those who maintain the soul to be a harmony say of this presence of virtue and vice in the soul? — will they say that here is another harmony, and another discord, and that the virtuous soul is harmonized, and herself being harmony has another harmony within her, and that the vicious soul is inharmonical and has no harmony within her?

I cannot say, replied Simmias; but I suppose that something of that kind would be asserted by those who take this view.

And the admission is already made that no soul is more a soul than another; and this is equivalent to admitting that harmony is not more or less harmony, or more or less completely a harmony?

Quite true.

And that which is not more or less a harmony is not more or less harmonized?

True.

And that which is not more or less harmonized cannot have more or less of harmony, but only an equal harmony?

Yes, an equal harmony.

Then one soul not being more or less absolutely a soul than another, is not more or less harmonized?

Exactly.

And therefore has neither more nor less of harmony or of discord?

She has not.

And having neither more nor less of harmony or of discord, one soul has no more vice or virtue than another, if vice be discord and virtue harmony?

Not at all more.

Or speaking more correctly, Simmias, the soul, if she is a
94 harmony, will never have any vice; because a harmony, being absolutely a harmony, has no part in the inharmonical?

No.

And therefore a soul which is absolutely a soul has no vice?

How can she have, consistently with the preceding argument?

Then, according to this, if the souls of all animals are equally and absolutely souls, they will be equally good?

I agree with you, Socrates, he said.

And can all this be true, think you? he said; and are all these consequences admissible — which nevertheless seem to follow from the assumption that the soul is a harmony?

Certainly not, he said.

Once more, he said, what ruling principle is there of human things other than the soul, and especially the wise soul? Do you know of any?

Indeed, I do not.

And is the soul in agreement with the affections of the body? or is she at variance with them? For example, when the body is hot and thirsty, does not the soul incline us against drinking? and when the body is hungry, against eating? And this is only one instance out of ten thousand of the opposition of the soul to the things of the body.

Very true.

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Photogravure from the painting by David.



But we have already acknowledged that the soul, being a harmony, can never utter a note at variance with the tensions and relaxations and vibrations and other affections of the strings out of which she is composed; she can only follow, she cannot lead them?

Yes, he said, we acknowledged that, certainly.

And yet do we not now discover the soul to be doing the exact opposite — leading the elements of which she is believed to be composed; almost always opposing and coercing them in all sorts of ways throughout life, sometimes more violently with the pains of medicine and gymnastic; then again more gently; threatening and also reprimanding the desires, passions, fears, as if talking to a thing which is not herself, as Homer in the "Odyssey" represents Odysseus doing in the words,

"He beat his breast, and thus reproached his heart:
Endure, my heart; far worse hast thou endured!"

Do you think that Homer could have written this under the idea that the soul is a harmony capable of being led by the affections of the body, and not rather of a nature which leads and masters them; and herself a far diviner thing than any harmony?

Yes, Socrates, I quite agree to that.

Then, my friend, we can never be right in saying that the soul is a harmony, for that would clearly contradict the divine Homer as well as ourselves.

95

True, he said.

Thus much, said Socrates, of Harmonia, your Theban goddess, Cebes, who has not been ungracious to us, I think; but what shall I say to the Theban Cadmus, and how shall I propitiate him?

I think that you will discover a way of propitiating him, said Cebes; I am sure that you have answered the argument about harmony in a manner that I could never have expected. For when Simmias mentioned his objection, I quite imagined that no answer could be given to him, and therefore I was surprised at finding that his argument could not sustain the first onset of yours; and not impossibly the other, whom you call Cadmus, may share a similar fate.

Nay, my good friend, said Socrates, let us not boast, lest

some evil eye should put to flight the word which I am about to speak. That, however, may be left in the hands of those above, while I draw near in Homeric fashion, and try the mettle of your words. Briefly, the sum of your objection is as follows: You want to have proven to you that the soul is imperishable and immortal, and you think that the philosopher who is confident in death has but a vain and foolish confidence, if he thinks that he will fare better than one who has led another sort of life, in the world below, unless he can prove this; and you say that the demonstration of the strength and divinity of the soul, and of her existence prior to our becoming men, does not necessarily imply her immortality. Granting that the soul is long-lived, and has known and done much in a former state, still she is not on that account immortal; and her entrance into the human form may be a sort of disease which is the beginning of dissolution, and may at last, after the toils of life are over, end in that which is called death. And whether the soul enters into the body once only or many times, that, as you would say, makes no difference in the fears of individuals. For any man, who is not devoid of natural feeling, has reason to fear, if he has no knowledge or proof of the soul's immortality. That is what I suppose you to say, Cebes, which I designedly repeat, in order that nothing may escape us, and that you may, if you wish, add or subtract anything.

But, said Cebes, as far as I can see at present, I have nothing to add or subtract; you have expressed my meaning.

Socrates paused awhile, and seemed to be absorbed in reflection. At length he said: This is a very serious inquiry which you are raising, Cebes, involving the whole question of
 96 generation and corruption, about which I will, if you like, give you my own experience; and you can apply this, if you think that anything which I say will avail towards the solution of your difficulty.

I should very much like, said Cebes, to hear what you have to say.

Then I will tell you, said Socrates. When I was young, Cebes, I had a prodigious desire to know that department of philosophy which is called Natural Science; this appeared to me to have lofty aims, as being the science which has to do with the causes of things, and which teaches why a thing is,

and is created and destroyed; and I was always agitating myself with the consideration of such questions as these: Is the growth of animals the result of some decay which the hot and cold principle contract, as some have said? Is the blood the element with which we think, or the air, or the fire? or perhaps nothing of this sort—but the brain may be the originating power of the perceptions of hearing and sight and smell, and memory and opinion may come from them, and science may be based on memory and opinion when no longer in motion, but at rest. And then I went on to examine the decay of them, and then to the things of heaven and earth, and at last I concluded that I was wholly incapable of these inquiries, as I will satisfactorily prove to you. For I was fascinated by them to such a degree that my eyes grew blind to things that I had seemed to myself, and also to others, to know quite well; and I forgot what I had before thought to be self-evident, that the growth of man is the result of eating and drinking; for when by the digestion of food flesh is added to flesh and bone to bone, and whenever there is an aggregation of congenial elements, the lesser bulk becomes larger and the small man greater. Was not that a reasonable notion?

Yes, said Cebes, I think so.

Well; but let me tell you something more. There was a time when I thought that I understood the meaning of greater and less pretty well; and when I saw a great man standing by a little one I fancied that one was taller than the other by a head, or one horse would appear to be greater than another horse: and still more clearly did I seem to perceive that ten is two more than eight, and that two cubits are more than one, because two is twice one.

And what is now your notion of such matters? said Cebes.

I should be far enough from imagining, he replied, that I knew the cause of any of them, indeed I should, for I cannot satisfy myself that when one is added to one, the one to which the addition is made becomes two, or that the two units added together make two by reason of the addition. For 97
I cannot understand how, when separated from the other, each of them was one and not two, and now, when they are brought together, the mere juxtaposition of them can be the cause of their becoming two: nor can I understand how the division

of one is the way to make two; for then a different cause would produce the same effect,—as in the former instance the addition and juxtaposition of one to one was the cause of two, in this the separation and subtraction of one from the other would be the cause. Nor am I any longer satisfied that I understand the reason why one or anything else either is generated or destroyed or is at all, but I have in my mind some confused notion of another method, and can never admit this.

Then I heard some one who had a book of Anaxagoras, as he said, out of which he read that mind was the disposer and cause of all, and I was quite delighted at the notion of this, which appeared admirable, and I said to myself: If mind is the disposer, mind will dispose all for the best, and put each particular in the best place; and I argued that if any one desired to find out the cause of the generation or destruction or existence of anything, he must find out what state of being or suffering or doing was best for that thing, and therefore a man had only to consider the best for himself and others, and then he would also know the worse, for that the same science comprised both. And I rejoiced to think that I had found in Anaxagoras a teacher of the causes of existence such as I desired, and I imagined that he would tell me first whether the earth is flat or round; and then he would further explain the cause and the necessity of this, and would teach me the nature of the best and show that this was best; and if he said that the earth was in the center, he would explain that

98 this position was the best, and I should be satisfied if this were shown to me, and not want any other sort of cause.

And I thought that I would then go on and ask him about the sun and moon and stars, and that he would explain to me their comparative swiftness, and their returnings and various states, and how their several affections, active and passive, were all for the best. For I could not imagine that when he spoke of mind as the disposer of them, he would give any other account of their being as they are, except that this was best; and I thought that when he had explained to me in detail the cause of each and the cause of all, he would go on to explain to me what was best for each and what was best for all. I had hopes which I would not have sold for much,

and I seized the books and read them as fast as I could in my eagerness to know the better and the worse.

What hopes I had formed, and how grievously was I disappointed! As I proceeded, I found my philosopher altogether forsaking mind or any other principle of order, but having recourse to air, and ether, and water, and other eccentricities. I might compare him to a person who began by maintaining generally that mind is the cause of the actions of Socrates, but who, when he endeavored to explain the causes of my several actions in detail, went on to show that I sit here because my body is made up of bones and muscles; and the bones, as he would say, are hard and have ligaments which divide them, and the muscles are elastic, and they cover the bones, which have also a covering or environment of flesh and skin which contains them; and as the bones are lifted at their joints by the contraction or relaxation of the muscles, I am able to bend my limbs, and this is why I am sitting here in a curved posture: that is what he would say, and he would have a similar explanation of my talking to you, which he would attribute to sound, and air, and hearing, and he would assign ten thousand other causes of the same sort, forgetting to mention the true cause, which is that 99 the Athenians have thought fit to condemn me, and accordingly I have thought it better and more right to remain here and undergo my sentence; for I am inclined to think that these muscles and bones of mine would have gone off to Megara or Bœotia,—by the dog of Egypt they would, if they had been guided only by their own idea of what was best, and if I had not chosen as the better and nobler part, instead of playing truant and running away, to undergo any punishment which the State inflicts. There is surely a strange confusion of causes and conditions in all this. It may be said, indeed, that without bones and muscles and the other parts of the body I cannot execute my purposes. But to say that I do as I do because of them, and that this is the way in which mind acts, and not from the choice of the best, is a very careless and idle mode of speaking. I wonder that they cannot distinguish the cause from the condition, which the many, feeling about in the dark, are always mistaking and misnaming. And thus one man makes a vortex all round

and steadies the earth by the heaven; another gives the air as a support to the earth, which is a sort of broad trough. Any power which in disposing them as they are disposes them for the best never enters into their minds, nor do they imagine that there is any superhuman strength in that; they rather expect to find another Atlas of the world who is stronger and more everlasting and more containing than the good is, and are clearly of opinion that the obligatory and containing power of the good is as nothing; and yet this is the principle which I would fain learn if any one would teach me. But as I have failed either to discover myself, or to learn of any one else, the nature of the best, I will exhibit to you, if you like, what I have found to be the second best mode of inquiring into the cause.

I should very much like to hear that, he replied.

Socrates proceeded: I thought that as I had failed in the contemplation of true existence, I ought to be careful that I did not lose the eye of my soul; as people may injure their bodily eye by observing and gazing on the sun during an eclipse, unless they take the precaution of only looking at the image reflected in the water, or in some similar medium. That occurred to me, and I was afraid that my soul might be
100 blinded altogether if I looked at things with my eyes or tried by the help of the senses to apprehend them. And I thought that I had better have recourse to ideas, and seek in them the truth of existence. I dare say that the simile is not perfect — for I am very far from admitting that he who contemplates existences through the medium of ideas, sees them only “through a glass darkly,” any more than he who sees them in their working and effects. However, this was the method which I adopted: I first assumed some principle which I judged to be the strongest, and then I affirmed as true whatever seemed to agree with this, whether relating to the cause or to anything else; and that which disagreed I regarded as untrue. But I should like to explain my meaning clearly, as I do not think that you understand me.

No, indeed, replied Cebes, not very well.

There is nothing new, he said, in what I am about to tell you; but only what I have been always and everywhere repeating in the previous discussion and on other occasions:

I want to show you the nature of that cause which has occupied my thoughts, and I shall have to go back to those familiar words which are in the mouth of every one, and first of all assume that there is an absolute beauty and goodness, and greatness, and the like; grant me this, and I hope to be able to show you the nature of the cause, and to prove the immortality of the soul.

Cebes said: You may proceed at once with the proof, as I readily grant you this.

Well, he said, then I should like to know whether you agree with me in the next step; for I cannot help thinking that if there be anything beautiful other than absolute beauty, that can only be beautiful in as far as it partakes of absolute beauty — and this I should say of everything. Do you agree in this notion of the cause?

Yes, he said, I agree.

He proceeded: I know nothing and can understand nothing of any other of those wise causes which are alleged; and if a person says to me that the bloom of color, or form, or anything else of that sort is a source of beauty, I leave all that, which is only confusing to me, and simply and singly, and perhaps foolishly, hold and am assured in my own mind that nothing makes a thing beautiful but the presence and participation of beauty in whatever way or manner obtained; for as to the manner I am uncertain, but I stoutly contend that by beauty all beautiful things become beautiful. That appears to me to be the only safe answer that I can give, either to myself or to any other, and to that I cling, in the persuasion that I shall never be overthrown, and that I may safely answer to myself or any other that by beauty beautiful things become beautiful. Do you not agree to that?

Yes, I agree.

And that by greatness only great things become great and greater greater, and by smallness the less becomes less.

True.

Then if a person remarks that A is taller by a head ¹⁰¹ than B, and B less by a head than A, you would refuse to admit this, and would stoutly contend that what you mean is only that the greater is greater by, and by reason of, greatness, and the less is less only by, or by reason of, smallness;

and thus you would avoid the danger of saying that the greater is greater and the less less by the measure of the head, which is the same in both, and would also avoid the monstrous absurdity of supposing that the greater man is greater by reason of the head, which is small. Would you not be afraid of that?

Indeed, I should, said Cebes, laughing.

In like manner you would be afraid to say that ten exceeded eight by, and by reason of, two; but would say by, and by reason of, number; or that two cubits exceed one cubit by a half, but by magnitude; — that is what you would say, for there is the same danger in both cases.

Very true, he said.

Again, would you not be cautious of affirming that the addition of one to one, or the division of one, is the cause of two? And you would loudly asseverate that you know of no way in which anything comes into existence except by participation in its own proper essence, and consequently, as far as you know, the only cause of two is the participation in duality; that is, the way to make two, and the participation in one is the way to make one. You would say: I will let alone puzzles of division and addition — wiser heads than mine may answer them; inexperienced as I am, and ready to start, as the proverb says, at my own shadow, I cannot afford to give up the sure ground of a principle. And if any one assails you there, you would not mind him, or answer him until you had seen whether the consequences which follow agree with one another or not, and when you are further required to give an explanation of this principle, you would go on to assume a higher principle, and the best of the higher ones until you found a resting-place; but you would not confuse the principle and the consequences in your reasoning, like the Eristics — at least if you wanted to discover real existence. Not that this confusion signifies to them who never care or think about the matter at all, for they have the wit to be well pleased with themselves, however great may
 102 be the turmoil of their ideas. But you, if you are a philosopher, will, I believe, do as I say.

What you say is most true, said Simmias and Cebes, both speaking at once.

Ech. Yes, Phædo; and I don't wonder at their assenting. Any one who has the least sense will acknowledge the wonderful clearness of Socrates's reasoning.

Phæd. Certainly, Echecrates; and that was the feeling of the whole company at the time.

Ech. Yes, and equally of ourselves, who were not of the company, and are now listening to your recital. But what followed?

Phæd. After all this was admitted, and they had agreed about the existence of ideas and the participation in them of the other things which derive their names from them, Socrates, if I remember rightly, said:—

This is your way of speaking; and yet when you say that Simmias is greater than Socrates and less than Phædo, do you not predicate of Simmias both greatness and smallness?

Yes, I do.

But still you allow that Simmias does not really exceed Socrates, as the words may seem to imply, because he is Simmias, but by reason of the size which he has; just as Simmias does not exceed Socrates because he is Simmias, any more than because Socrates is Socrates, but because he has smallness when compared with the greatness of Simmias?

True.

And if Phædo exceeds him in size, that is not because Phædo is Phædo, but because Phædo has greatness relatively to Simmias, who is comparatively smaller?

That is true.

And therefore Simmias is said to be great, and is also said to be small, because he is in a mean between them, exceeding the smallness of the one by his greatness, and allowing the greatness of the other to exceed his smallness. He added, laughing, I am speaking like a book, but I believe that what I am saying is true.

Simmias assented to this.

The reason why I say this is that I want you to agree with me in thinking, not only that absolute greatness will never be great and also small, but that greatness in us or in the concrete will never admit the small or admit of being exceeded: instead of this, one of two things will happen,—either the greater will fly or retire before the opposite, which is the less,

or at the advance of the less will cease to exist ; but will not, if allowing or admitting smallness, be changed by that ; even as I, having received and admitted smallness when compared with Simmias, remain just as I was, and am the same small person. And as the idea of greatness cannot condescend ever to be or become small, in like manner the smallness in us cannot be or become great ; nor can any other opposite
 103 which remains the same ever be or become its own opposite, but either passes away or perishes in the change.

That, replied Cebes, is quite my notion.

One of the company, though I do not exactly remember which of them, on hearing this, said : By Heaven, is not this the direct contrary of what was admitted before — that out of the greater came the less and out of the less the greater, and that opposites were simply generated from opposites ; whereas now this seems to be utterly denied.

Socrates inclined his head to the speaker and listened. I like your courage, he said, in reminding us of this. But you do not observe that there is a difference in the two cases. For then we were speaking of opposites in the concrete, and now of the essential opposite which, as is affirmed, neither in us nor in nature can ever be at variance with itself : then, my friend, we were speaking of things in which opposites are inherent and which are called after them, but now about the opposites which are inherent in them and which give their name to them ; these essential opposites will never, as we maintain, admit of generation into or out of one another. At the same time, turning to Cebes, he said : Were you at all disconcerted, Cebes, at our friend's objection ?

That was not my feeling, said Cebes ; and yet I cannot deny that I am apt to be disconcerted.

Then we are agreed after all, said Socrates, that the opposite will never in any case be opposed to itself ?

To that we are quite agreed, he replied.

Yet once more let me ask you to consider the question from another point of view, and see whether you agree with me : There is a thing which you term heat, and another thing which you term cold ?

Certainly.

But are they the same as fire and snow?

Most assuredly not.

Heat is not the same as fire, nor is cold the same as snow?

No.

And yet you will surely admit that when snow, as was before said, is under the influence of heat, they will not remain snow and heat; but at the advance of the heat the snow will either retire or perish?

Very true, he replied.

And the fire too at the advance of the cold will either retire or perish; and when the fire is under the influence of the cold, they will not remain as before, fire and cold.

That is true, he said.

And in some cases the name of the idea is not confined to the idea; but anything else which, not being the idea, exists only in the form of the idea, may also lay claim to it. I will try to make this clearer by an example: The odd number is always called by the name of odd?

Very true.

But is this the only thing which is called odd? Are ¹⁰⁴ there not other things which have their own name, and yet are called odd, because, although not the same as oddness, they are never without oddness?—that is what I mean to ask—whether numbers such as the number three are not of the class of odd. And there are many other examples: would you not say, for example, that three may be called by its proper name, and also be called odd, which is not the same with three? and this may be said not only of three but also of five, and every alternate number—each of them without being oddness is odd, and in the same way two and four, and the whole series of alternate numbers, has every number even, without being evenness. Do you admit that?

Yes, he said, how can I deny that?

Then now mark the point at which I am aiming: not only do essential opposites exclude one another, but also concrete things, which, although not in themselves opposed, contain opposites; these, I say, also reject the idea which is opposed to that which is contained in them, and at the advance of that they either perish or withdraw. There is the number three for example; will not that endure annihilation or anything

sooner than be converted into an even number, remaining three?

Very true, said Cebes.

And yet, he said, the number two is certainly not opposed to the number three?

It is not.

Then not only do opposite ideas repel the advance of one another, but also there are other things which repel the approach of opposites.

That is quite true, he said.

Suppose, he said, that we endeavor, if possible, to determine what these are.

By all means.

Are they not, Cebes, such as compel the things of which they have possession, not only to take their own form, but also the form of some opposite?

What do you mean?

I mean, as I was just now saying, and have no need to repeat to you, that those things which are possessed by the number three must not only be three in number, but must also be odd.

Quite true.

And on this oddness, of which the number three has the impress, the opposite idea will never intrude?

No.

And this impress was given by the odd principle?

Yes.

And to the odd is opposed the even?

True.

Then the idea of the even number will never arrive at three?

No.

Then three has no part in the even?

None.

Then the triad or number three is uneven?

Very true.

To return then to my distinction of natures which are not opposites, and yet do not admit opposites: as in this instance, three, although not opposed to the even, does not any the more admit of the even, but always brings the opposite into

play on the other side; or as two does not receive the odd, or fire the cold — from these examples (and there ¹⁰⁵ are many more of them) perhaps you may be able to arrive at the general conclusion that not only opposites will not receive opposites, but also that nothing which brings the opposite will admit the opposite of that which it brings in that to which it is brought. And here let me recapitulate — for there is no harm in repetition. The number five will not admit the nature of the even, any more than ten, which is the double of five, will admit the nature of the odd — the double, though not strictly opposed to the odd, rejects the odd altogether. Nor again will parts in the ratio of 3 : 2, nor any fraction in which there is a half, nor again in which there is a third, admit the notion of the whole, although they are not opposed to the whole. You will agree to that?

Yes, he said, I entirely agree and go along with you in that.

And now, he said, I think that I may begin again; and to the question which I am about to ask I will beg you to give not the old safe answer, but another, of which I will offer you an example; and I hope that you will find in what has been just said another foundation which is as safe. I mean that if any one asks you "What that is, the inherence of which makes the body hot?" you will reply not heat (this is what I call the safe and stupid answer), but fire, a far better answer, which we are now in a condition to give. Or if any one asks you "Why a body is diseased," you will not say from disease, but from fever; and instead of saying that oddness is the cause of odd numbers, you will say that the monad is the cause of them: and so of things in general, as I dare say that you will understand sufficiently without my adducing any further examples.

Yes, he said, I quite understand you.

Tell me, then, what is that the inherence of which will render the body alive?

The soul, he replied.

And is this always the case?

Yes, he said, of course.

Then whatever the soul possesses, to that she comes bearing life?

Yes, certainly.

And is there any opposite to life?

There is, he said.

And what is that?

Death.

Then the soul, as has been acknowledged, will never receive the opposite of what she brings. And now, he said, what did we call that principle which repels the even?

The odd.

And that principle which repels the musical, or the just?

The unmusical, he said, and the unjust.

And what do we call that principle which does not admit of death?

The immortal, he said.

And does the soul admit of death?

No.

Then the soul is immortal?

Yes, he said.

And may we say that this is proven?

Yes, abundantly proven, Socrates, he replied.

106 And supposing that the odd were imperishable, must not three be imperishable?

Of course.

And if that which is cold were imperishable, when the warm principle came attacking the snow, must not the snow have retired whole and unmelted — for it could never have perished, nor could it have remained and admitted the heat?

True, he said.

Again, if the uncooling or warm principle were imperishable, the fire when assailed by cold would not have perished or have been extinguished, but would have gone away unaffected?

Certainly, he said.

And the same may be said of the immortal: if the immortal is also imperishable, the soul when attacked by death cannot perish; for the preceding argument shows that the soul will not admit of death, or ever be dead, any more than three or the odd number will admit of the even, or fire, or the heat in the fire, of the cold. Yet a person may say: "But although the odd will not become even at the approach of

the even, why may not the odd perish and the even take the place of the odd?" Now to him who makes this objection, we cannot answer that the odd principle is imperishable; for this has not been acknowledged, but if this had been acknowledged, there would have been no difficulty in contending that at the approach of the even the odd principle and the number three took up their departure; and the same argument would have held good of fire and heat and any other thing.

Very true.

And the same may be said of the immortal: if the immortal is also imperishable, then the soul will be imperishable as well as immortal; but if not, some other proof of her imperishableness will have to be given.

No other proof is needed, he said; for if the immortal, being eternal, is liable to perish, then nothing is imperishable.

Yes, replied Socrates, all men will agree that God, and the essential form of life, and the immortal in general will never perish.

Yes, all men, he said,—that is true; and what is more, gods, if I am not mistaken, as well as men.

Seeing then that the immortal is indestructible, must not the soul, if she is immortal, be also imperishable?

Most certainly.

Then when death attacks a man, the mortal portion of him may be supposed to die, but the immortal goes out of the way of death and is preserved safe and sound?

True.

Then, Cebes, beyond question the soul is immortal and imperishable, and our souls will truly exist in another 107 world!

I am convinced, Socrates, said Cebes, and have nothing more to object; but if my friend Simmias, or any one else, has any further objection, he had better speak out, and not keep silence, since I do not know how there can ever be a more fitting time to which he can defer the discussion, if there is anything which he wants to say or have said.

But I have nothing more to say, replied Simmias; nor do I see any room for uncertainty, except that which arises necessarily out of the greatness of the subject and the feebleness of man, and which I cannot help feeling.

Yes, Simmias, replied Socrates, that is well said: and more than that, first principles, even if they appear certain, should be carefully considered; and when they are satisfactorily ascertained, then, with a sort of hesitating confidence in human reason, you may, I think, follow the course of the argument; and if this is clear, there will be no need for any further inquiry.

That, he said, is true.

But then, O my friends, he said, if the soul is really immortal, what care should be taken of her, not only in respect of the portion of time which is called life, but of eternity! And the danger of neglecting her from this point of view does indeed appear to be awful. If death had only been the end of all, the wicked would have had a good bargain in dying, for they would have been happily quit not only of their body, but of their own evil together with their souls. But now, as the soul plainly appears to be immortal, there is no release or salvation from evil except the attainment of the highest virtue and wisdom. For the soul when on her progress to the world below takes nothing with her but nurture and education; which are indeed said greatly to benefit or greatly to injure the departed, at the very beginning of his pilgrimage in the other world.

For after death, as they say, the genius of each individual, to whom he belonged in life, leads him to a certain place in which the dead are gathered together for judgment, whence they go into the world below, following the guide who is appointed to conduct them from this world to the other: and when they have there received their due and remained their time, another guide brings them back again after many revolutions of ages. Now this journey to the other world is not, as *Æschylus* says in the "*Telephus*," a single and straight path,

108 — no guide would be wanted for that, and no one could miss a single path; but there are many partings of the road, and windings, as I must infer from the rites and sacrifices which are offered to the gods below in places where three ways meet on earth. The wise and orderly soul is conscious of her situation, and follows in the path; but the soul which desires the body, and which, as I was relating before, has long been fluttering about the lifeless frame and

the world of sight, is after many struggles and many sufferings hardly and with violence carried away by her attendant genius, and when she arrives at the place where the other souls are gathered, if she be impure and have done impure deeds, or been concerned in foul murders or other crimes which are the brothers of these, and the works of brothers in crime, — from that soul every one flees and turns away; no one will be her companion, no one her guide, but alone she wanders in extremity of evil until certain times are fulfilled, and when they are fulfilled, she is borne irresistibly to her own fitting habitation; as every pure and just soul which has passed through life in the company and under the guidance of the gods has also her own proper home.

Now the earth has divers wonderful regions, and is indeed in nature and extent very unlike the notions of geographers, as I believe on the authority of one who shall be nameless.

What do you mean, Socrates? said Simmias. I have myself heard many descriptions of the earth, but I do not know in what you are putting your faith, and I should like to know.

Well, Simmias, replied Socrates, the recital of a tale does not, I think, require the art of Glaucus; and I know not that the art of Glaucus could prove the truth of my tale, which I myself should never be able to prove, and even if I could, I fear, Simmias, that my life would come to an end before the argument was completed. I may describe to you, however, the form and regions of the earth according to my conception of them.

That, said Simmias, will be enough.

Well, then, he said, my conviction is that the earth is a round body in the center of the heavens, and therefore has no need of air or any similar force as a support, but is kept there and hindered from falling or inclining any way by the equability of the surrounding heaven and by her own equipoise. For that which, being in equipoise, is in the center of that which is equally diffused, will not incline any way in any degree, but will always remain in the same state and not deviate. And this is my first notion.

Which is surely a correct one, said Simmias.

Also I believe that the earth is very vast, and that we who

dwell in the region extending from the river Phasis to the Pillars of Heracles, along the borders of the sea, are just like ants or frogs about a marsh, and inhabit a small portion only, and that many others dwell in many like places. For I should say that in all parts of the earth there are hollows of various forms and sizes, into which the water and the mist and the air collect; and that the true earth is pure and in the pure heaven, in which also are the stars — that is the heaven which is commonly spoken of as the ether, of which this is but the sediment collecting in the hollows of the earth. But we who live in these hollows are deceived into the notion that we are dwelling above on the surface of the earth; which is just as if a creature who was at the bottom of the sea were to fancy that he was on the surface of the water, and that the sea was the heaven through which he saw the sun and the other stars, — he having never come to the surface by reason of his feebleness and sluggishness, and having never lifted up his head and seen, nor ever heard from one who had seen, this other region which is so much purer and fairer than his own. Now this is exactly our case: for we are dwelling in a hollow of the earth, and fancy that we are on the surface; and the air we call the heaven, and in this we imagine that the stars move. But this is also owing to our feebleness and sluggishness, which prevent our reaching the surface of the air: for if any man could arrive at the exterior limit, or take the wings of a bird and fly upward, like a fish who puts his head out and sees this world, he would see a world beyond; and, if the nature of man could sustain the sight, he would acknowledge that this was the place of the true heaven and the true light and the true stars. For this earth, and the stones, and
110 the entire region which surrounds us are spoilt and corroded, like the things in the sea which are corroded by the brine; for in the sea too there is hardly any noble or perfect growth, but clefts only, and sand, and an endless slough of mud: and even the shore is not to be compared to the fairer sights of this world. And greater far is the superiority of the other. Now of that upper earth which is under the heaven, I can tell you a charming tale, Simmias, which is well worth hearing.

And we, Socrates, replied Simmias, shall be charmed to listen.

The tale, my friend, he said, is as follows. In the first place, the earth, when looked at from above, is like one of those balls which have leather coverings in twelve pieces, and is of divers colors, of which the colors which painters use on earth are only a sample. But there the whole earth is made up of them, and they are brighter far and clearer than ours; there is a purple of wonderful luster, also the radiance of gold, and the white which is in the earth is whiter than any chalk or snow. Of these and other colors the earth is made up, and they are more in number and fairer than the eye of man has ever seen; and the very hollows (of which I was speaking) filled with air and water are seen like light flashing amid the other colors, and have a color of their own, which gives a sort of unity to the variety of earth. And in this fair region everything that grows—trees, and flowers, and fruits—is in a like degree fairer than any here; and there are hills, and stones in them in a like degree smoother, and more transparent, and fairer in color than our highly valued emeralds and sardonyxes and jaspers, and other gems, which are but minute fragments of them: for there all the stones are like our precious stones, and fairer still. The reason of this is that they are pure, and not, like our precious stones, infected or corroded by the corrupt briny elements which coagulate among us, and which breed foulness and disease both in earth and stones, as well as in animals and plants. They are the jewels of the upper earth, which also shines with gold and silver and the like, and they are visible to sight and large and abundant and found in every region of the earth, and 111 blessed is he who sees them. And upon the earth are animals and men, some in a middle region, others dwelling about the air as we dwell about the sea; others in islands which the air flows round, near the continent: and in a word, the air is used by them as the water and the sea are by us, and the ether is to them what the air is to us. Moreover, the temperament of their seasons is such that they have no disease, and live much longer than we do, and have sight and hearing and smell, and all the other senses, in far greater perfection, in the same degree that air is purer than water or the ether than air. Also they have temples and sacred places in which the gods really dwell, and they hear their voices and receive their

answers, and are conscious of them and hold converse with them, and they see the sun, moon, and stars as they really are, and their other blessedness is of a piece with this.

Such is the nature of the whole earth, and of the things which are around the earth; and there are divers regions in the hollows on the face of the globe everywhere, some of them deeper and also wider than that which we inhabit, others deeper and with a narrower opening than ours, and some are shallower and wider; all have numerous perforations, and passages broad and narrow in the interior of the earth, connecting them with one another; and there flows into and out of them, as into basins, a vast tide of water, and huge subterranean streams of perennial rivers, and springs hot and cold, and a great fire, and great rivers of fire, and streams of liquid mud, thin or thick (like the rivers of mud in Sicily, and the lava-streams which follow them), and the regions about which they happen to flow are filled up with them. And there is a sort of swing in the interior of the earth which moves all this up and down. Now the swing is in this wise: There is a chasm which is the vastest of them all, and pierces
 112 right through the whole earth; this is that which Homer describes in the words, —

“Far off, where is the inmost depth beneath the earth”;

and which he in other places, and many other poets, have called Tartarus. And the swing is caused by the streams flowing into and out of this chasm, and they each have the nature of the soil through which they flow. And the reason why the streams are always flowing in and out is that the watery element has no bed or bottom, and is surging and swinging up and down, and the surrounding wind and air do the same; they follow the water up and down, hither and thither, over the earth — just as in respiring the air is always in process of inhalation and exhalation; and the wind swinging with the water in and out produces fearful and irresistible blasts: when the waters retire with a rush into the lower parts of the earth, as they are called, they flow through the earth into those regions, and fill them up as with the alternate motion of a pump, and then when they leave those regions and rush back hither, they again fill the hollows here, and

when these are filled, flow through subterranean channels and find their way to their several places, forming seas, and lakes, and rivers, and springs. Thence they again enter the earth, some of them making a long circuit into many lands, others going to few places and those not distant, and again fall into Tartarus, some at a point a good deal lower than that at which they rose, and others not much lower, but all in some degree lower than the point of issue. And some burst forth again on the opposite side, and some on the same side, and some wind round the earth with one or many folds, like the coils of a serpent, and descend as far as they can, but always return and fall into the lake. The rivers on either side can descend only to the center and no further, for to the rivers on both sides the opposite side is a precipice.

Now these rivers are many, and mighty, and diverse, and there are four principal ones, of which the greatest and outermost is that called Oceanus, which flows round the earth in a circle; and in the opposite direction flows Acheron, which passes under the earth through desert places, into the Acherusian lake: this is the lake to the shores of which ¹¹³ the souls of the many go when they are dead, and after waiting an appointed time, which is to some a longer and to some a shorter time, they are sent back again to be born as animals. The third river rises between the two, and near the place of rising pours into a vast region of fire, and forms a lake larger than the Mediterranean Sea, boiling with water and mud; and proceeding muddy and turbid, and winding about the earth, comes, among other places, to the extremities of the Acherusian lake, but mingles not with the waters of the lake, and after making many coils about the earth plunges into Tartarus at a deeper level. This is that Pyriphlegethon, as the stream is called, which throws up jets of fire in all sorts of places. The fourth river goes out on the opposite side, and falls first of all into a wild and savage region, which is all of a dark-blue color, like lapis lazuli; and this is that river which is called the Stygian river, and falls into and forms the lake Styx, and after falling into the lake and receiving strange powers in the waters, passes under the earth, winding round in the opposite direction to Pyriphlegethon, and meeting in the Acherusian lake from the opposite side. And the water

of this river too mingles with no other, but flows round in a circle and falls into Tartarus over against Pyriphlegethon; and the name of this river, as the poets say, is Cocytus.

Such is the nature of the other world; and when the dead arrive at the place to which the genius of each severally conveys them, first of all they have sentence passed upon them, as they have lived well and piously or not. And those who appear to have lived neither well nor ill, go to the river Acheron, and mount such conveyances as they can get, and are carried in them to the lake, and there they dwell and are purified of their evil deeds, and suffer the penalty of the wrongs which they have done to others, and are absolved, and receive the rewards of their good deeds according to their deserts. But those who appear to be incurable by reason of the greatness of their crimes,—who have committed many and terrible deeds of sacrilege, murders foul and violent, or the like,—such are hurled into Tartarus, which is their suitable destiny, and they never come out. Those again who have committed crimes, which, although great, are not unpardonable,—who in a moment of anger, for example, have done violence to a father or a mother, and have
 114 repented for the remainder of their lives, or who have taken the life of another under the like extenuating circumstances,—these are plunged into Tartarus, the pains of which they are compelled to undergo for a year, but at the end of the year the wave casts them forth,—mere homicides by way of Cocytus, parricides and matricides by Pyriphlegethon,—and they are borne to the Acherusian lake, and there they lift up their voices and call upon the victims whom they have slain or wronged, to have pity on them, and to receive them, and to let them come out of the river into the lake. And if they prevail, then they come forth and cease from their troubles; but if not, they are carried back again into Tartarus and from thence into the rivers unceasingly, until they obtain mercy from those whom they have wronged: for that is the sentence inflicted upon them by their judges. Those also who are remarkable for having led holy lives are released from this earthly prison, and go to their pure home which is above, and dwell in the purer earth; and those who have duly purified themselves with philosophy

live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer far than these, which may not be described, and of which the time would fail me to tell.

Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do in order to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great.

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead. 115

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates, — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like ; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile : I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument ; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks, How shall he bury me ? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed, — these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial : but let the promise be of another sort ; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart ; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him ; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of
116 good cheer, then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath chamber with Crito, who bade us wait ; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow ; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him — (he had two young sons and an elder one) ; and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito ; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying : To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came

to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison — indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me ; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be ; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said : I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then, turning to us, he said, How charming the man is : since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito ; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared : if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hilltops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights ; do not hasten, then, there is still time.

Socrates said : Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay ; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later ; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone : I could only laugh at myself for this. ¹¹⁷ Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant ; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said : You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered : You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said : What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god ? May I, or not ? The man answered : We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I under-

stand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world — may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience.

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, no; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and

118 said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words) — he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

